THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 196, Number 37

MARCH 15, 1924

5c. The Copy
10c. in Canada

Ben Ames Williams—Kenneth L. Roberts—Oma Almona Davies—Albert J. Beveridge
David Lawrence—F. Scott Fitzgerald—George Agnew Chamberlain—Charles Brackett

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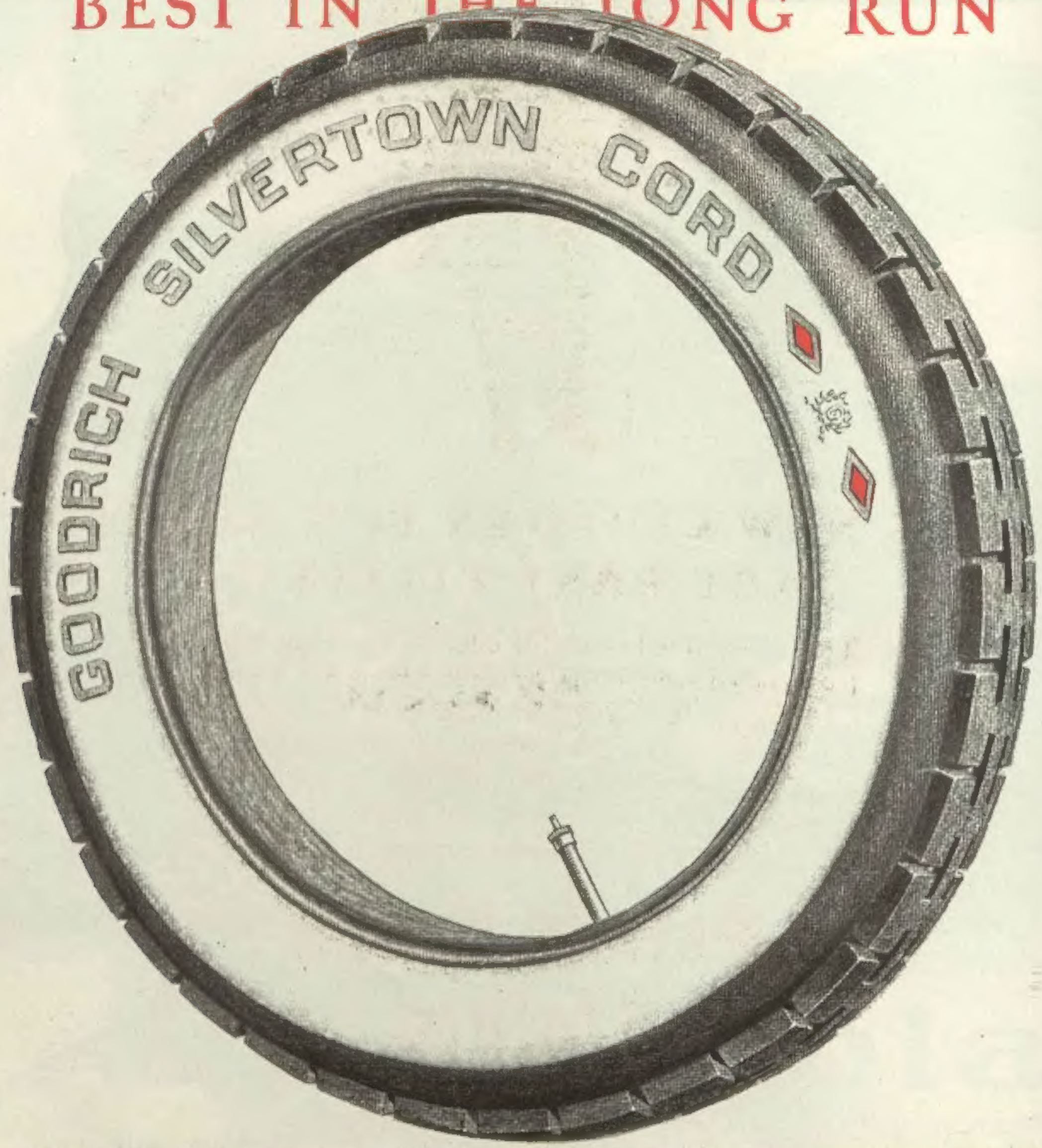

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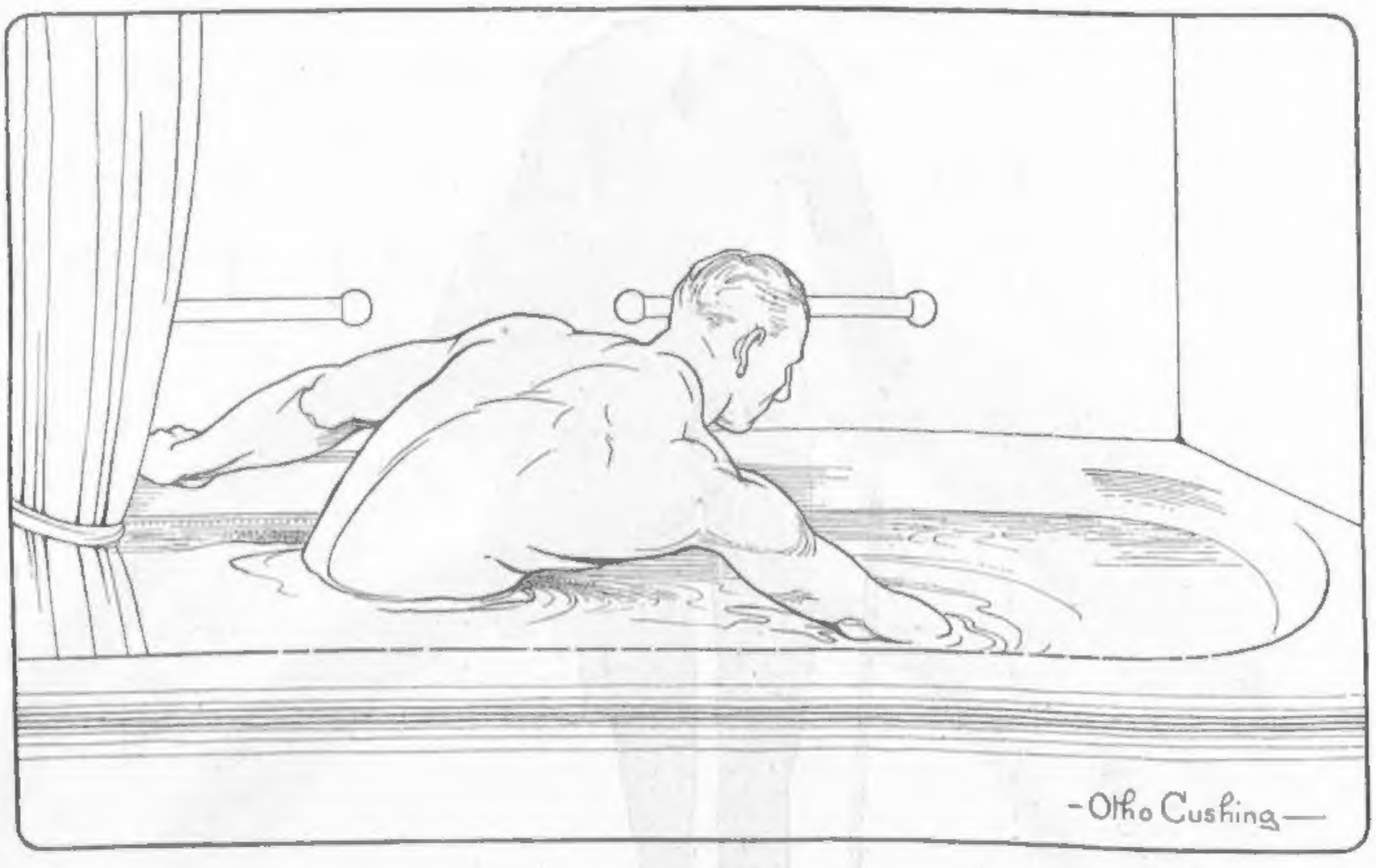

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 16, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 15, 1924 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 37

PARTRIDGE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"I Didn't Know You Had Folks Coming." "Get Down," She Invited. "I Want You to Meet These People"

SOUTHWARD from Fraternity village the road ascends a stiff grade for half a mile, then forks. One fork climbs still higher, to the crest of the ridge, and follows that crest for half a score of miles, an overwhelming panorama of valleys and far hills unrolling on either hand. The other fork skirts the flank of the ridge, now dipping a little, now climbing again, to drop at last into the valley of the George's River. A little way beyond the fork, on the left-hand side of the road, the old Law place stands. Three generations of Laws had been born there before the blood thinned and the family dwindled. The little house had been long deserted; the roof and siding of the barn were rotting away; the sheds for wood, for chickens and for pigs were sagging into shapeless hovels. Below the house a score or so of ancient apple trees had surrendered to the thriving growth of suckers which overwhelmed them; under the rigors of winter some of them died and dried where they stood, branches slowly rotting off and falling away. These apple trees were on a steep slope; from the windows of the house one overlooked them to the valley below, where a twenty-year-old growth of hackmatack and hemlock and pine, pushing up through the birches, had taken possession of the old pasture and now served to screen the river which meandered within the shades of the wood. Beyond and to the southward the eye ranged down the wooded valley along a vista full of beauty, to come to rest at last upon the hills far away.

In May a carpenter by the name of Mulock came out from East Harbor, inquiring his way to the Law place. He stopped at Will Bissell's store, and in response to Will's inquiries said that Betty Law was coming home to live. He knew no more about her, save that she now dwelt in Portland and that he had heard she painted pictures. Her mother and father were dead and, though an uncle or two and an aunt still survived, the place was hers.

"I guess she don't figure to farm any," Mulock told Bissell. "She wants I should fix up the barn for a kind of studio, and just make the house so she can live in it."

"That's right good land too," Will commented. "It's the earliest land in town. Things get a quick start there."

"She's fixing to spend some money on it," Mulock remarked. "I just come out today to see what needed doing, but she wants the barn fixed up anyhow, and the house if it will stand it."

"The farm ain't worth hardly anything the way it is," Will said. "Just about what the lumber on it would bring."

Mulock asked whether there were men in town who could help him, and Bissell was doubtful. "They've got their farming to do," he explained. "But maybe in a couple of weeks you could get someone."

When he left the store the carpenter drove up the hill past Chet McAusland's farm and came to the Law place beyond. The small home stood on the lower side of the road, shaded by two well-grown maples. An elm, larger than the maples, stood between the road and the barn.

The house itself was fast shut, with doors and windows boarded up; but with a hammer from his car he ripped off the boards on the door and forced his way inside. Within, there lay the dust of long desertion. Ancient pieces of furniture, some of them in hopeless disrepair, others capable of renovation, stood in the dark and shadowed rooms. Cobwebs filled the corners, and he heard the scuttling of mice behind the plastering.

From a leak in the roof, water had made its way into one of the upper rooms, weakened the plaster on the ceiling below, and molded the carpet which floored the main room on the first floor.

The house was not large. The front door opened into a small square hall, from which the stairwell rose. There was a sitting room on the right, in the southern end of the house; and on the left a small dining room gave access to pantries and kitchen. From the kitchen itself a door opened into the woodshed. Upstairs Mulock found two bedrooms, one in either end of the house, a narrow hall between. The only windows in these bedrooms were in the gable ends, small and inadequate. Roof leaks had worked havoc here.

The man, with a notebook in his hand, slowly itemized the tasks that needed doing. During the following week he wrote Miss Law and had in reply voluminous directions. Eventually, with another man to help him, and lumber from the mill on the George's, two miles away, he set to work.

He began by tearing down the detached sheds. The easiest way of disposing of the resulting litter of shingles and boards and studding would have been to burn them; but in New England, where the winters are long and cold and coal is hard to come by, fuel is of value, so Mulock heaped this stuff in a pile and hired Lee Motley's boy to reduce the fragments to a size convenient for use in the stove. He then put the woodshed in condition to receive them.

On the house itself he began at the bottom, replacing sills and floor timbers; shifted to the roof and spliced a rafter or two and put on new shingles. In the process he

She Rode Up in the Stage From Union, Having Come That Far by Train

cut dormers facing the east in each bedroom, so that sunlight streamed in. The windows were wide, of the casement type, permitting the entrance of a maximum of air. Two masons worked a day and a half building a new fireplace and repairing the chimney. The plaster Mulock stripped from the walls; then upon the laths affixed white-pine boards, smooth and bright. The floors in the bedrooms were in better condition than he had thought; he had only to replace a board here and there. Below stairs, pine again replaced the plaster, and he cut two more windows in the living room so that on the south and east the walls were almost wholly of glass. He laid here a floor of wide matched boards, which shellac would make sufficiently serviceable.

In the barn his labors were more extensive. The litter of moldy hay and the accumulation of farming implements and tools and bits of harness had to be removed; the old floor and the dividing walls were ripped out, and when the frame was exposed he attacked it, splicing into the timbers which rot had weakened fresh sound stock. Wide windows on the north side, lower windows to the south and east, and an enormous chimney in the east end. New roof, new siding, and a floor laid upon the old floor timbers so that, though it was level along one side and down the middle, at the other side, where the tie-up had been, it was a step lower.

As the work progressed Mulock took more and more interest in it and in the problems it presented. The town was likewise interested, and sometimes in the late afternoons before supper curious folk came to see what had been done. They were critical; they could not be convinced that the board walls were as draftproof as plaster; they thought the fireplace too large and the windows too wide.

"I guess she don't plan to stay here after it gets cold," Will Belter decided. "A man can tell that."

But Mulock said this was her understood intent.

"Get an air-tight stove in here and she can keep warm enough for anybody," he argued. "She knows what she wants all right; and you don't want to make any mistake about that."

It was Belter, with his talent for discovering the business of others and his delight in bringing ill news, who first reported that the girl was ill. "She's got the consumption," he said in the store one night. "I heard that straight, from a man I know in Portland that knows her. He says she's mighty peaked-looking, and she's coming up here to get over it."

Will's tales were so often untrue that no one accepted this without a grain of salt; nevertheless they discussed the possibility. In the end they decided they could tell when they saw her.

Not many saw her on her first coming. This was when the work was hardly half done, the house barely livable. Mulock had word to expect her, but he did not spread the news. Chet McAusland's farm lay toward the village, and Mulock stopped there to ask whether Mrs. McAusland could come and make up a bed in the Law house and get some groceries in, and Mrs. McAusland and Chet were thus waiting to welcome the girl when she arrived. She rode up in the stage from Union, having come that far by train, and reached the farm a little after seven o'clock in the evening. The stage driver reported her arrival at the store and faced a catechism which he satisfied as well as he could. She was young, he said, and pretty; he spoke of her as kind of brown-looking. They asked if she looked ill, and he shook his head very positively.

Will Belter retorted: "That don't matter. They don't. Jim Vade's wife looked all right, up till a week or two before she died. Her cheeks were just as red. 'Course she was thin."

They tried to make the stage driver specify, demanded that he guess how much she weighed, harassed the man with questions until he departed in some irritation. When he was gone the discussion still went on. Public opinion inclined to the belief that she was probably sick, as Belter said. Then Chet McAusland came down to get his mail; and, because they knew from the stage driver that he had seen her, they turned to him as an authority.

"Sick? Why, no," he said positively. "She looks as well as anybody. We had some supper ready, and she ate more than I did."

But Chet's reputation for speaking well was as definitely understood as Belter's for speaking ill. The matter remained doubtful and undecided.

On this first coming, few of the townsfolk had any opportunity to judge with their own eyes. Betty did not visit the store; but she did send word by Chet that she would like a pound of coffee and some bacon. Dan Bissell, Will's son, took them up to her, driving the truck in which he transported from East Harbor the merchandise with which Will was accustomed to replenish his stock. This was in the morning after her coming. When young Dan stopped on the road in front of the Law place Mulock, at work on one of the window frames, greeted him with a word. Dan—he was a tall young man, lean and strong and pleasant of countenance—responded, then took the coffee and the packet of bacon in his hands and went to the door. Betty met him there, extending her hands for the things he carried. He decided on the spot that if she were ill the rest of the world was in worse case. His impression was somewhat confused; he was able afterward to remember only that her eyes were large and friendly and humorously inclined, and that her hair was beautiful; and he noted the justice of the stage driver's remark that she was "kind of brown-looking." This not because her clear skin wore the darker color lent by contact with sun and wind, but more because of the color of her eyes and her hair, and of the garments she wore.

She thanked him for bringing what she wanted. "I oughtn't to have made you come up here," she confessed. "But I'm only staying till tomorrow morning, and there are so many things to do."

"Why, I didn't mind," he protested. "I can go right along this way and take the back road to town. I had to go to town anyway."

"I suppose I ought to remember who you are," she apologized. "But I was just a little girl when we moved to Portland."

"I'm Will Bissell's son," he explained. "You wouldn't remember me anyhow."

"Do you remember me?" she asked, amusement dancing in her eyes. And Dan said honestly, "No'm."

"But I suppose you know all about me," she suggested. "I expect you've all been talking me over for weeks."

He smiled awkwardly. "Yes'm," he confessed.

"You haven't told me your own name," she reminded him.

"Dan," he said. "My name's Dan Bissell."

She extended one hand; said smilingly, "How do you do, Dan?"

His hand touched hers, hurriedly and awkwardly; then he tugged on his cap and turned away. From the high seat of the truck he looked back to see if she were watching, but she had disappeared within the house.

II

AS A MATTER of fact, Will Belter had been both right and wrong. Betty Law was not ill, but neither was she well. The girl, born of an ancient and dwindling stock, had by some alchemy collected into herself much of the vigor and the heart which had been the heritage of her forefathers; she had with it not the robust body which they possessed, but a compensating keenness of vision and a spiritual gusto which manifested themselves in a desire to paint, and in a certain gift in that direction. The death of her mother and then of her father had left her in possession of a modest sum of money, sufficient to return a small income; she had financed a course of study in Boston and in New York, had gone so far as to succeed in marketing at a fair price some of her canvases. This modest success spurred her to furiously renewed efforts. At home in Portland—for that had been her home since babyhood, and her friends were there—she worked with something like an unreasoning ferocity, neglecting other considerations. The result, as might have been expected, was loss of appetite and consequent loss of weight. Late in the previous fall she had contracted a slight cold which developed into a persistent cough from which her unremitting labors gave her small opportunity to recover. She might have worked herself into a definitely dangerous physical collapse if it had not been for Bert Marlatt.

Bert was a doctor, a young man who had known Betty for a dozen years and whose devotion to her was accepted by their mutual friends in a matter-of-fact way, as though it were to be expected. Most people thought well of Bert. He was a big man with wide shoulders which seemed too heavy so that he bore them like a burden, stooping a little forward. This slight stoop gave him a brooding posture which was effective in the sick room. A student of phrenology would have found his cranium interesting, for though his profile was of the convex type, the forehead receding and already slightly bald, the nose heavy and blunt, the lips full and the chin small and withdrawn, his head itself was not round. Flat on top and at the back, it formed something like an angle where these two planes met. His brows were heavy and his eyes were a little larger than they need have been. This man's mouth bespoke his sense of humor; there was always a heavy mirth in his eyes; his upper lip, forming a convex line from nostril to mouth, was wide enough to be convincing proof of his ancestry. Marlatt had been fond of Betty for years; the mere persistence of his devotion won him a certain eminence. Other young men had paid her many attentions, not only in Portland but away from home; she had accepted their friendships smilingly and repaid them in kind; but those who sought to move her failed to do so and turned elsewhere. Only Bert persisted. She was beginning to believe she loved him; certainly she liked him very well indeed.

It was Bert who repeatedly warned her that she was working too hard; who persisted in his warnings though she laughed at him.

"You doctors always look at people as though you were dissecting them," she protested. "I wish you'd leave your professional eye in your professional office, Bert."

He smiled, his wide mouth twisting. "That's all right, Betty," he replied. "I can't help seeing; but I keep what I see to myself unless I'm mighty fond of the person in question."

"I'm not your patient," she reminded him.

And he replied, "You're in a fair way to become someone's."

Toward the end of the winter, by his sheer persistence, he persuaded her to listen. She put herself in his hands, but he shook his head.

"Lord, no," he laughed. "I wasn't trying to drum up trade. What you want to do is to go see a good man."

He suggested one, and she promised to do as he asked. She was beginning to be faintly alarmed on her own account; had of late discovered certain symptoms which distressed and worried her. So after some delay she did as she had promised.

The physician told her what Bert had told her, that she was working too hard. When she confessed she had been losing weight he groaned.

"Why won't women accept a certain amount of flesh as good life insurance?" he demanded. "This craze for being thin ——"

"I didn't try to get thin," Betty reminded him. "I just did."

After his examination he said that though her lungs were not yet affected they might soon be. He bade her give up her work for a while; but she flatly declined to do this. Then he said she must devote a systematic portion of each day to her health; spoke of exercise, of the open air, of diet. Her brows a little constricted—though she kept a brave enough countenance—she replied that she knew so many people; they were always making demands upon her time.

"Get away from them," he advised.

Out of this and subsequent conversations with him and with Bert rose Betty's decision to repair her father's old farmhouse and spend some time there—the summer at least, perhaps the winter. She painted landscapes by preference, and she reminded herself that the hills about Fraternity were beautiful.

"I can do so much work," she decided; "it will really pay me."

Bert reminded her that she was going for her health, not to work. There was so much concern in his voice that she felt a warmer response toward him in her heart. Her eyes must have betrayed her, for the man perceived this and seized his moment. She was very much alone in the world, and she was a little frightened, and she clung to him hungrily; said she loved him; nodded her head against his shoulder when he begged her to marry him. But when he spoke of times and seasons she raised her defenses again and put him off.

"You mustn't have a sick wife," she reminded him. "We'll have to wait and see; wait and see."

His insistence failed to overbear her determination. She said she would marry him—some day. "If I don't change my mind," she amended, with a touch of coquetry.

It was coquetry and nothing more, for at that time she could imagine no other man bulking so large in her life as did Bert. In the end he ceased to urge her. It would be as well to wait, he reminded himself. His practice, though it was promising, was relatively small and not as yet particularly lucrative. It supported him well enough as a bachelor; but he had accustomed himself to certain comforts and luxuries which might have to be given up if he and Betty acted with too much precipitation. So they decided to wait till fall; to wait perhaps for a year.

"Because the more I think of it, the more I think I'll spend the winter up there," she explained. "I've heard father talk about the winters. He liked them so much. Mother didn't; but I believe I will."

They planned the remodeling of the house together; planned what her life should be like while she stayed in it. She would have house parties, she decided; many of them. Cots in the big barn studio for overflow guests.

"The men out there, the girls in the house," she exclaimed. "And pumpkin pies, and cider, and fried ham!"

He was delighted that she should speak thus zestfully of food. "That's what you want to do," he applauded. "Live on pork and potatoes till your cheeks puff out so far you can't open your eyes."

They had originally planned to go up together at the time when Betty made her visit of inspection; but Bert found himself unexpectedly entangled in work and could not get away, so Betty took the train. Upon her return and her report of the progress that had been made they rejoiced together.

When the time came for her final departure he was able to go with her; and they planned to drive through in his car.

"I'll have to get back the same night," he explained, "but if we start early that will give me several hours there. It's only a three-hour trip. I can run up and see you almost any day."

"I'll want you to," she assured him. "I'll probably be frightfully lonely at first."

She was half dreading the removal, dreading the life alone and so far from her friends; but she hid this dread from him or referred to it in tones of jest. Bert did not guess its existence. In spite of the fact that he loved her it was often impossible for him to follow and understand her swiftly varying moods. He was a matter-of-fact young man, with a capacity for seeing the humorous side of almost any event, and with his fair share of that ruthlessness which is so often a part of the equipment of the young physician, hardened by his training and not yet mellowed by life. Sometimes when he spoke of his work to her Betty caught hints of this quality; and she was inclined to be disturbed by it. Once she had spoken to him about it; and though he was unable to see her point of view he nevertheless took pains thereafter to conceal from her this aspect of his character. That this effort on his part was not always successful was not his fault.

The day they drove to Fraternity was late in June. Betty's boxes and her trunk had gone by express to Union, where the stage would pick them up; there was only her bag to go in the car. They planned to start at six in the morning; and Betty awoke to find rain storming against her windows, and telephoned Bert to suggest that they delay the enterprise. He could not do this.

"I've appointments tomorrow," he explained. "I have to plan a week or so ahead, to get a day like this, you know." He argued that the rain was only a shower, would soon stop. "Rain before seven, you know," he reminded her.

They got away a little later than they had planned, and within the closed car, the rain lashing at the glass windows, Betty gave herself over to a delicious and excited anticipation. Bert drove in silence, his eyes upon the road; and they had spoken scarce half a dozen times when the car rolled into the outskirts of Bath. It was toward eight o'clock, and the rain had stopped.

Bert alighted and studied the skies and when he got into the car again he said with a certain triumph in his tone, "The rain's over. It will be clear in half an hour."

It was indeed clear by the time they reached Wiscasset. The fairly level road between Portland and Bath had given way to a succession of short, abrupt dips and climbs; on

(Continued on Page 157)

She Flamed at Him Defensively. "Why Did You Have to Poke Fun at Dan Bissell? He's Been Nice to Me"

GOOSE STUFFING

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IT SO happens that I have been thrown by life's fortune first into the whirlpool of domestic politics, again into sharp, intimate contact with the machinery that is supposed to make public opinion. Sometimes I have been thrown into international politics and strategy, and once into the arena where war is brought forth to exhibit to an astonished mankind and sold for what it is not.

Often and often I have remembered what a distinguished correspondent—a seasoned veteran, sincere, well-baked, done-on-both-sides, foreign newspaper man—said to me as we came together out of one of the great European conferences.

He said, "God help those who manipulate public opinion with this propaganda hypodermic if the world ever discovers what is being stuck into its arm!"

I have been a radical when it appeared that we folks needed a shaking up, and a conservative ever since the war when it has appeared that we needed shaking down. I am willing to see the mob led up a hill, but I hate to see it wheedled down blind alleys. I have no particular prejudice about this wild age of propaganda except one prejudice:

I am prejudiced against either myself or my wife and children being filled with goose stuffing.

What the Public Wants to Hear

THE innocent ones of my family may be exposed to it; and I, who have come enough in contact with those who move the checkers on the board to believe that I have developed a kind of cynical immunity, would do whatever I could, in their behalf, to snatch the masks off the various deceptions. These deceptions used to rely upon the spoken word and the printed word—the orator and the morning news. Tomorrow—watch the radio and the moving picture! That is one of the things I would say to the gullible child upon my knee. That is what I would say to the American public, and that would only be a beginning.

President Harding once said to me, "Depend upon it, the public wants the truth."

I do not desire to be a cynic, but I am not so sure of that. Certainly, at times, as I said to Harding in reply, the last thing the public desires is the truth. There is nothing quite so vicious as a perverter of decent progress as the terrible hunger of people to be given a diet of fact and opinion that satisfies their temporary appetite for the thing they really wish to believe.

I used to think in the dark days of war—I was weaving journalistically and semiofficially between London and Washington, the Russian front and the devastation of France, traveling over lands where bombs came down from skies and up from the seven seas—that when war was over mankind would be disillusioned about the lies.

I used to hear the lies and think, "Well, this is war. Let 'em go! If I deny 'em I'll be arrested anyhow. It's a part of the disease of war and it will have its reaction. When the smoke has cleared and the dust has settled we'll have the sunshine of truth because the people want it."

I was a fool. War was over five painful years ago. If anyone has seen anything of the spiritual awakening that was touted as coming from the war, I would like to have him stop in this jazz of materialism; I would like to have him pause, in the rush of the sheep whose tongues are hanging out and whose eyes know not where they are going, to point out the spiritual awakening to me. Where is it? And if there is the new world that was shown on the billboards of the intellectuals and modernists and the advance agents of idealism, let's find it now! And if there is more truth in circulation now than in the good old days before the war in the United States, it must be because truth crushed to earth by propaganda is getting ready to rise again.

A better day is coming, but war left us with a habit of the multitude and a devilish skill of the minority in wholesale, inspired lying, and in hypocritical, pious adroitness in untruth that I want to enter as one of the highest costs of the war. Others may point to reparations and chaos in economic conditions as being the great losses and humiliations of war. I would tell my own family that I had seen the thing from the inside and that to my mind the greatest humiliation of war is that the minds of men and women can be poisoned, fevered, corrupted, deluded and hoodwinked until they run like a stampeded herd, red-eyed and panting, after a lie or two.

The passage of time will allow any man who knows the inside to say that there was not a government in the war that failed to lie to its people. What were the British allowed to believe about the Battle of Jutland? What monstrous nonsense was fed by Germany to its easy marks about that famous sea engagement—and everything else! The Russians were stuffed like Christmas geese about the condition of their army. British propaganda spread all over the Far East, where deep prejudice exists against desecrations of corpses, the cock-and-bull nonsense about the Germans boiling their own dead to make some kind of imaginary oil for munition purposes. A young American who had enlisted showed me a picture of himself standing beside one of the big guns at Fortress Monroe, in Virginia—the nearest he ever went to the seat of war. It was labeled "Our cannon in action on the French front." Pictures of battleships owned by Chile were sent out labeled "Our ships in foreign waters." British propaganda about the antisubmarine campaign was aimed to conceal lack of success.

Speakers for Liberty Loan drives exhibited clubs studded with nails that every military expert knew were designed for beating down and nipping up barbed-wire entanglements; they were exhibited, however, as horrible instruments for killing the French and Italian wounded!

German Spies as an Asset

I REMEMBER in those days when half my friends were playing the fool by being detectives of imaginary German spies it suddenly struck me forcibly that German spies might be a tremendous asset to the United States. I went to the Navy Department and to the Department of War; I went to the man who then was the most intimate friend and counselor of the President.

Everywhere I asked, "What information can the Germans get in the United States that would do us harm?"

The answers, boiled down, revealed that the number of real secrets to be guarded, so far from the fighting front, was almost negligible. Encouraged by that, I made a suggestion for our secret service. I said:

"The best propaganda we can get to the German people is the immensity and efficiency of our preparations. Now over in Siberia there is a whole prison camp of German officers. I know some of them. I saw them in Russia. Let's take fifty of them, selected by the diversity of their residence in the German Empire. Let's take them out from Vladivostok, give them a chance to see almost anything they want to see in America, and then run them back over the Russian front where they will go to their homes. Their story will help to end the war."

Only a few months ago, when I told this to a German staff officer, he exclaimed, "It is no joke. It might have saved us all many lives."

The difficulty, however, with destroying the spyphobia is that the spyphobia has a use quite apart from any real menace of spies; it is a well-known aid to war madness and is deliberately fostered for that end as a neat bit of goose stuffing.

I might go on for a volume, piling up examples of the way war not only brings human beings down in the dignity

of sacrifice but builds vast machinery of lying that brings humanity down into a disgraceful and ridiculous, cheap and petty wallow of untruth, until mankind is no more dignified than a drunken yokel enticed into a crooked shell game at a county fair. I have heard defenders of the crooked method of whipping people up to a war spirit say that it is necessary.

My answer is that if the day ever comes when the people of the United States cannot go to war without being lied into it or through it, let's put off war until we can make our mental preparedness equal our material preparedness upon the basis of cold facts and truth and our will to do. The only thing about the war that makes me feel queer is the knowledge that I went through it for a time too closely associated with a kind of intellectual grogshop where official and semiofficial bartenders treated the public to drugged beverages.

Nor does the drugging end with war. On the contrary! The editor of one of our great publications told me in 1918 that he was sure there would be a reaction from propaganda that is fabricated to make the American public throw back its head and go off after a poor scent, in full cry. To be sure, there has been some advance in the wisdom of the innocent. It is harder now to stuff the geese. But the attempts are being made—oftener and harder and with more perfected stuffing machinery—and that is why I am willing to tell as well as I can how anyone may know the poisoned needle. I do not want my mind waltzed with and jazzed with, and most men feel the same way about their own.

The Power of Mere Assertion

THIS being so, any shrewd fellow ought to remember the extraordinary power that lies—yes, lies!—in mere assertion. There is a recognition of this fact in the old political saw that twenty years of politics in America has taught me:

"If your opponent calls you a liar do not deny it; call him a thief!"

This saying is based upon the truth that an assertion is usually accepted at face value. If anyone yells "Fire!" in a theater, it takes a lot of evidence, hard to produce and painfully stated, to convince the audience that there is no fire. Today the best criminal opportunity in the world is blackmail. All that is necessary is for a rosy pair of lips to say that old Judge John Roe did so and so. Fifty-eight years of respectable past and forty-four more of explanatory future will not serve to wipe out the belief. This is particularly true because, by some perversity of human nature, the public likes to believe black rather than white. Exactly in the same way a mere assertion in international propaganda has a vast value regardless of the facts behind it—especially where the goose stuffing consists of some kind of an accusation, charge, indictment and assertion.

An example? Very well! There is the story of the secret arming of Germany today. There is not a military attaché of an embassy in Europe who does not know that the oversight given and the sanction to prevent Germany from arming are bars to any progress in German militarism. Yet those who would have the United States shudder with the idea of a rearmed Germany united with that stuffed shirt of a red army of Russia are constantly raising this ghost. They make the assertion. It sounds good. It requires and has no evidence. But behold, a goosy shudder runs through the world. Down steps Truth with her blindfold and her scales and joins Justice in the mud. And up mounts Dame Propaganda with her beady eyes set too close together.

It is not of great consequence that the wise ones know that it is not a horde of peasants without arms who make a modern army, but, rather, years of preparation, and airplanes in huge fleets, and cannon that cannot be made secretly in vast numbers; but it is of great consequence that a politician seeking a trade with Russia, dresses Russia in the costume of a powerful slumbering dragon and appeals successfully to the world's fear. The fear of a German-Russian military machine may be made by a single gesture of mere assertion by a statesman seeking election, or by the carefully distributed propaganda of some other nation interested in having us startled by the picture. Truth, however, only comes out of the knowledge of the military experts and out of the true opinion of the nations along the Russian border which know the red army and German preparation for the fakes that they are. Truth goes chasing after Propaganda—and is left behind, panting, waddling on short legs.

Mere assertion! Do you remember the story of the Chinese cashiers in Japanese banks? It went this way:

"Oh, I much prefer the Chinese to the Japanese. The Chinese are honest. The Japanese will not even trust their own people. In all the Japanese banks they employ Chinese to handle the money."

This assertion was worth a hundred times more to Chinese propaganda in the United States than all the so-called, high-paid—in Confederate money—"advisers" of the Chinese Government who were scattered around the United States. Of course there is not a word of truth in this nonsense; it would be as truthful and sensible to say that all the Federal Reserve Banks in the United States so distrusted Americans that Mexicans were employed in all responsible positions. Yet it has gone over big by mere one-sided assertion.

So strongly do I believe in the power of mere assertion that I have about given up the idea that skillful propaganda in America requires subtlety, restraint and time. I have begun to believe that there may be great virtue in bald statement, reiterated brazenly; and that, for the man or party or nation which has a handful of goose stuffing, a bird in the fingers today is worth two in the bushes of tomorrow.

Fake News Cabled From Europe

THE nonsense that comes over from Europe or is written in certain newspaper offices of our fair land is bad enough; it is even worse when it insults the innocent and raises scandal about the unoffending. Last summer, when certain racial and prosocialistic influences in the United States feared Mussolini and the King of Italy as being the apostles of order, work and discipline, it so happened that the two Italian princesses were stricken with typhoid fever. Such responsible correspondents as those of the American press associations in Italy were therefore astounded to find that the assertion was being made in the United States that these two princesses, who in fact are happy, unaffected young girls, had become so cynical about the life of royalty that they had entered into a suicide compact and had endeavored to kill themselves!

The only important lesson in the story is this: I was traveling in Italy last summer and I had such connections with the medical profession there that I knew beyond all doubts the absurdity of the ghost story upon which the people of my nation were being fed. But when I returned for the winter my

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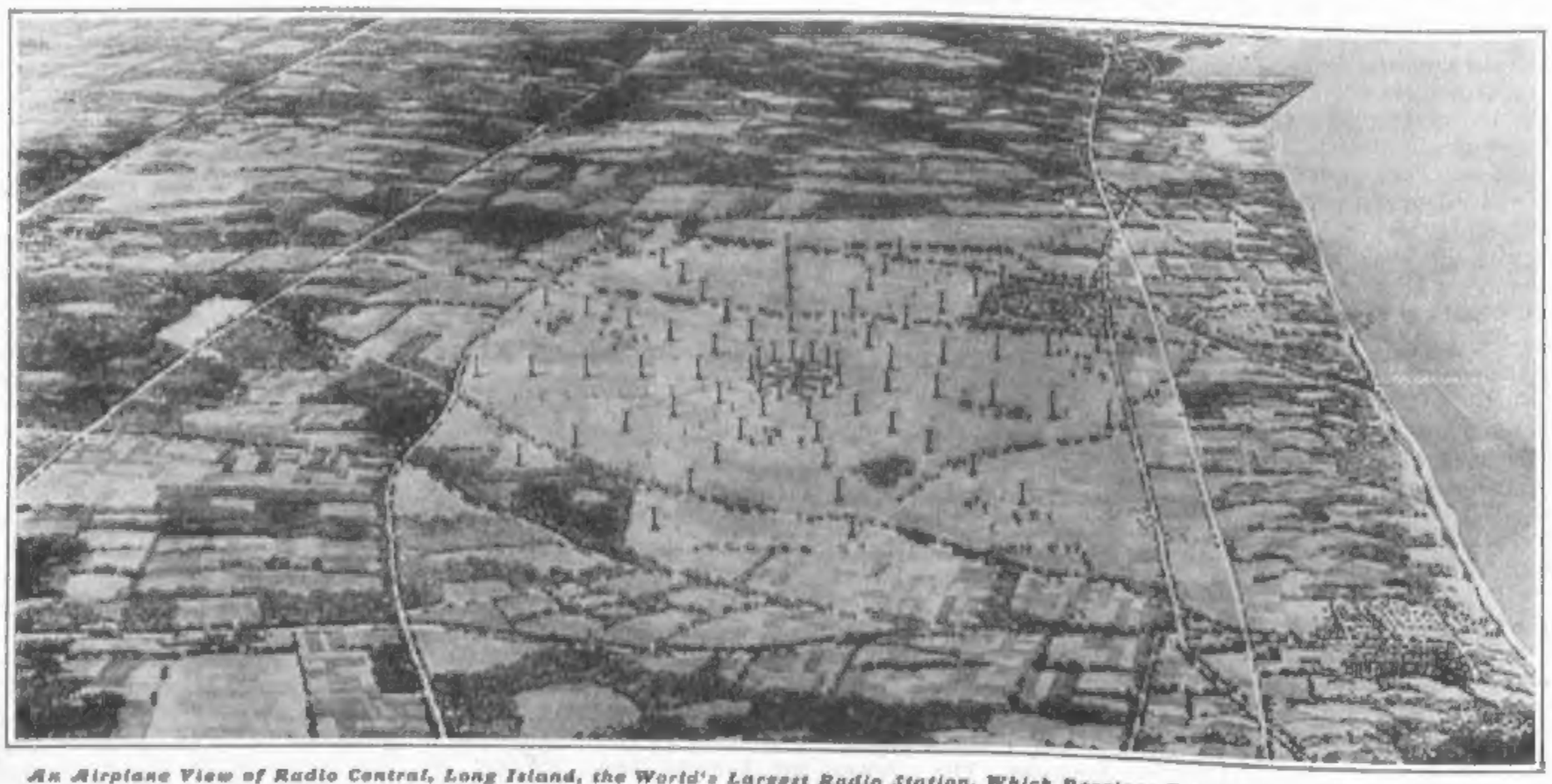
STATION U. S. A.—By David Lawrence

America, the Radio Center of the World



An Airplane View of Radio Central, Long Island, the World's Largest Radio Station, Which Receives From Seven Different Countries, Automatically Unscrambles Them and Passes the Messages on Without Relay to the Main Office in New York City

OUT of the earth has come a vast wealth—gold, silver, coal, iron, copper and oil. On the earth's surface there has been created an even greater wealth—the yield of the soil and the manufacture of raw materials into finished products. Going higher—above the earth—what new wealth will man achieve out of the air?

Many a new industry has already come out of the sky—the manufacture of airplanes and airships and the inauguration of transportation service by air, as, for instance, between the principal capitals of Europe. But it has remained for radio to revolutionize the distribution of intelligence throughout the world; it has created a new means of communication and stimulated the old.

The commercial side of the air, and particularly radio, is at the moment nebulous. Capital looks with an anxious eye to the future, but the progress that has been made in the last two years is so extensive that the pioneers of the air are confident that civilization will in another few years absorb the radio as it has the telegraph and the telephone, and produce for mankind a better world.

The amateur with his receiving set and the family party listening to the loud speaker present the external evidence of radio development, but the greater and perhaps more lasting effects upon modern life will be not merely the addition of a new form of entertainment or the broadcasting of speeches and information through the air, helpful as these undoubtedly will be, but the direct benefit to business and trade and the contacts of peoples with one another afforded by an instantaneous means of communication.

The railroad and steamship line, the telegraph, the telephone, the motortruck, the airplane, and now the radio, connect the big business centers of the world with one another. Messages flashed back and forth between London and New York, Poland and New York, Berlin and New York, Tokio and San Francisco, New York and Buenos Aires—distances that reach halfway round the globe—all this has been the triumph of radio and collateral inventions.

Radio Stabilized

TIME was when London was the commercial center of the world. The British Empire prided itself not only that the sun never set on its dominions but that a direct cable system circumvented the globe and connected all the English-speaking peoples with one another.

In a long, narrow room on the tenth story of an ordinary office building in Broad Street, New York City, is today the communication center of the world. It is called Radio Central. For America has taken the lead in radio not only in development of communication but in every other phase of the radio industry. Europe has lacked the capital to keep pace with us, and our inventors have been stimulated by radio opportunities to such an extent that the most important devices are patented by Americans.

There is nothing very complicated about Radio Central, but there is much that grips the imagination. A hundred young men wearing ear phones and sitting at typewriters form a nucleus of what some day will probably be, if it isn't already, the eighth wonder of the world.

A big placard on each table as one passes along through Radio Central indicates the country with which communication is constantly being maintained. Looking over the shoulder of the operator, you see him receiving message after message from London. You look down the room and see other placards for France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Argentina, Poland, Holland, and you ask your guide to explain just how these messages are being received. You find that communication across the Atlantic no longer is a haphazard series of relays, ship by ship, and that the sending of messages to a huge station somewhere on the seacoast is already obsolete. You learn that the young man sitting at the typewriter is actually receiving a message from another young man sitting at a sending key in an office building in London, and that they are communicating directly without any relay between them. They talk with each other by the use of the radio with as much freedom as two telegraphic operators on land wires. There is no longer the uncertainty there used to be about radio telegraph. It has become systematized and stabilized.

In the operating room of the British Marconi Company, in the heart of London—or the Compagnie Radio-France, in Paris, or the Telefunken Company, in Berlin—one finds operators working direct circuits through the air with many countries in Europe, so that messages from India, Turkey, Austria, Rumania, Spain, Switzerland, points in Russia, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Northern Africa, and the Near East generally, are sent direct to London, Paris or Berlin, passed across the room to another operator and relayed instantly to the operator in New York.

PHOTOG. BY THOMAS CORE KNIGHT, N. Y. C., FOR THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Official Opening of Direct Polish Service, New York–Warsaw. General J. G. Harbord, President Radio Corporation of America; Dr. J. Grotowski, Polish Consul; and W. A. Winterbottom, Traffic Manager

The air itself can be imagined as divided into circuits. The radio operators talk of the circuit just as if it were an imaginary line through the air.

"We have two circuits to Paris," said Mr. W. A. Winterbottom, traffic manager of the Radio Corporation of America, as we walked through Radio Central. "Our first circuit is worked at high speed and it takes the messages just as fast as humanly possible—in fact more so. The other circuit is used for the overflow, also corrections and service telegrams between our New York and Paris offices, so that we do not have to interrupt our main circuit. Would you like to listen to messages being hurled across the Atlantic at the rate of one hundred words a minute?"

Automatic Sending and Receiving

WE STOPPED, and then I took the ear phones. A buzz of code, sent so fast that no human hand could transcribe it, came sharply through the air at lightninglike speed.

"How can anyone be sure he is getting all the dots and dashes correctly?" I asked.

"No human being," he replied, "can copy as fast as the radio can send, no typist can do it, except for a short interval, for we have run up the speed to a continuous rate of one hundred and twenty words a minute, and we can keep it at that speed for many hours at a time if we wish to do so, and we have an electrical receiver which relieves us of the possibility of any human failure to transcribe the signals.

"Through the invention of an automatic sending device the operator in London simply sits at his typewriter pounding the keys, and out of his machine comes a perforated tape. This tape can be read just as easily as handwriting. The tape is fed into the sending machine, which makes the dots and dashes accurately and sends them through the air at high speed.

"Then there is the receiving tape. It differs in appearance from the tape at the sending end. Here it is." And he picked up a tape the size of a typewriter ribbon, and on it was a thin, wavy line of blue ink with sharp angles in it just as precise as any shorthand system ever devised. The receiving machine makes no mistakes. It furnishes an absolute record of the signals that have been sent, and all the receiving operators can translate what they see on the tape without the slightest difficulty after they have been through the usual training process.

The receiving tape with its blue line, like mountains, hills and valleys, its upward curves and downward slopes, tells the whole story. The receiving operators, like so many stenographers transcribing their notes, sit in front of the tape all day and type directly on message blanks the words that have come through the air. One to three operators are transcribing at one circuit, according to the speed at which the circuit is working, so that it is possible to transcribe all the messages simply by cutting off the tape and giving each operator a piece of it. I actually saw dozens of messages come over the tape, transcribed in a few minutes on the typewriter, put in the hands of delivery boys and sent to their destination in the financial district in New York, all within three or four minutes.

Indeed, some of the stock-market transactions and speculation in foreign exchange have prompted certain

individuals in New York to pay what is known as urgent rate in order to get one-minute service between the Berlin and New York stock exchanges or the stock exchanges in Paris and New York. The individuals who use this type of communication simply telephone the messages from their offices to the switchboard on the same floor with Radio Central, a boy dashes to the other room, and the message is in London in a jiffy. At the other end the telephone carries the message from the radio-receiving operator's desk to destination.

I listened to messages passing directly to and from Berlin. I heard Warsaw sending to New York, and saw the operator send messages in reply. Buenos Aires and New York were working directly with each other—and all this without a single intervening relay at a shore station

Time was when the sending of a radio message from New York City meant the telegraphing by land wire to radio stations erected on the Jersey or New England coast. Messages received from Europe were caught at these immense stations and then relayed. But this proved uneconomical, and through the persistent efforts of Mr. Winterbottom and the radio engineers, the shore aërials were simply used as way stations, through which the dots and dashes come to Radio Central. In other words, the messages that travel through the air are actually caught from several countries on one big aërial at Riverhead, Long Island, automatically unscrambled and fed into thirteen separate land wires, so that the impulse of the sending operator in London, for instance, is instantaneously received by the operator in an office building in New York. Concurrently the Berlin operator is sending to a receiving operator in the same office a few feet away. To make sure sometimes that all is going well, every receiving operator in Radio Central, New York, is tuned in so that he hears London sending, simultaneously with the automatic reception on the tape of the same signals, as they come through the air and pass through the shore station at Riverhead to New York.

Similarly when sending a message to London the operator in New York listens with his ear phones to the dots and dashes which he is sending through the air via Rocky Point, Long Island where all the outgoing signals are broadcast

Stimulated by the development of quick radio communication, the cable companies have not lagged behind They, too, have begun to connect up their submarine cables with land wires, so that one circuit can be operated direct from interior points in the United States to London and Paris

The competition between the telegraph companies inside the United States, the race between the cable and radio companies for message business, the consequent effect upon the entire business world all this is a fascinating web of complicated relationships which the Government in Washington has been trying to straighten out. Already there is plenty of litigation Many of the patents involved in radio are the subject of lawsuits. The Federal Trade Commission, whose duty it is to watch for unfair methods of competition, has instituted an inquiry into the whole business

Power House, Antennas and Water-Cooling Pond of Radio Central, Rocky Point, Long Island

interruptions of more than two or three hours as a result of atmospheric disturbances and these usually in the summer months. The radio companies contend, moreover, that they have direct communication and can keep it up all the time, whereas the cable companies cannot afford, in their judgment, to spend the sums that must be spent in order to give direct communication between interior cities in Europe and interior cities in the United States without relay Land lines in Europe are usually in the hands of the various governments, and the difficulties of leasing wires from cable terminals to interior points are numerous

The competition between the radio and the cable is, of course, keen. The radio managers, for instance, point out that submarine cables are frequently injured by disturbances under water and that it often takes weeks to repair them. Across the Pacific, for instance, the cable has been out of commission for weeks at a time, and business houses in Tokio and Peking have had to send their messages around the globe through London to New York. In past years when four or five Atlantic cables have been interrupted, the cable companies would find it difficult to handle messages as promptly as before. Within a year four out of the eighteen cables across the Atlantic were broken, and yet the world was none the wiser. Cable ships can be operated only at favorable seasons of the year and the repair work is very expensive

The cable companies, realizing the enormous expense of maintaining their lines of communication under the sea, have not been asleep, but have kept pace with the march of invention. Over the cables today messages can be sent more rapidly than before. The capacity of the cables has been more than doubled by inventions, and some idea of the confidence which the cable people have in their proposition is indicated by the recent announcement that more Atlantic cables would be laid.

What does it all mean? Simply that if the business of the world expands, the communication facilities hitherto provided can be doubled and trebled without meeting the demand. There is business enough for both the radio and the cable

As both means of communication are improved and made more economical to operate, unquestionably there will be a rate war, provided, of course, there are no agreements between the companies to maintain certain rates, the subject of which will sooner or later come under government scrutiny.

Rivals

WILL the radio hurt the cable? No two men in the business will give you the same answer.

Defenders of the cable say that theirs is a sure method of communication all the year round, and that static hinders reception of radio in the summer months. The radio people, on the other hand, insist they have a means of largely overcoming static, and that in the last year or so they have never had

Increasing Demand for Service

FOR the moment, the radio has stimulated the cable companies and developed a direct means of communication to points hitherto reachable only by indirect routes. The radio will go to points on the earth's surface where it would be impossible or unprofitable to lay a cable The radio will compete across the Atlantic and here in the Pacific with the cable companies The newspapers of the world have never felt that they could get news as speedily as they should have it. At the present time the newspapers of the United States receive more special messages from other countries by cable and radio than most of the other countries of the world receive from outside sources The British Government for years has found it necessary to subsidize cable communication so that press messages could be sent at a low rate No such subsidies have been granted to American companies, but they have carried press telegrams at a low rate in the public interest.

Radio possibilities as a means of international intercourse are limitless. When the war broke out, the British Fleet promptly cut cable communication with Germany. Interior countries in Europe which were neutral suffered because of the lack of communication. Norway and Sweden found themselves dependent upon the censorship in London Holland was embarrassed by the necessity of conducting her commercial relations through London

Switzerland was isolated, and so was Italy All these countries have since appropriated money for the erection of radio stations controlled by the government. With practically all these stations the Radio Corporation of America has entered into agreements for the handling of message business. The result is that the business man in Christiania communicates directly with his agents in New York, and the business man in Stockholm also has direct communication with America, and there is no

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Central Radio Office, the Center of International Radio Communication in the United States

UP FROM HEAVEN

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

WHAT is man? Is he a cog-wheel or a whole engine? Is he fuel or furnace? Does he eat or is he eaten? Is he stationary, centrifugal or progressive? If he moves, does he run on a track, or as a chicken crosses the road? Whither if anywhere is he going, and what can he do about it? These are a few of the playful questions which took possession of Trumper Bromleigh's brain when he slammed its door, leaving business on the outside, and proceeded uptown at the lunch hour for the purpose of assisting Magyar Williams in the choice of two new hats.

This friendly office he performed every few months, owing to the fact that however well Mr. Williams might be turned out as to clothes by his tailor and as to linen by his shirt maker, no hat of his own choosing ever succeeded in making him look other than the rough diamond he had been before he accumulated his millions and Trumper's friendship. Hence the nickname of Magyar, for evidently there persists among members of the stock exchange a conception of a Magyar as something a bit wild, and it must be admitted that when Williams picked his own hats they had a decided Finno-Ugric inflection.

A satisfactory selection had been made and the two men had emerged from the thoroughly littered shop to the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue when the sudden blare of a motor horn tore two girls apart. One retreated in disorder to the sidewalk; the other crossed in front of the car in such a manner as to rivet Trumper's attention. Few are the women who can be graceful in a hurry, but this girl had been more than graceful; she had made of the perilous crossing an esthetic exhibition. Uplifted arms, three long steps in the stiff-kneed manner which was yet to bring fame to more than one arched instep and pointed toe, a whirl on the opposite curb, and then collapse into laughter at her frightened friend, poised white-faced on the far side of the street. Her abandon was so natural, so gay and complete, that it had seemed for a moment to reserve the entire Island of Manhattan as a frolic ground for two young shopgirls returning from their noontime sundae.

"Anything in the World You Want. Anything—and Always. You Know What I Mean. A Knife Across My Throat if You Ask It"

When the reunited friends started up the Avenue Trumper followed them; and Magyar, after one swift glance at his companion, trailed along. He had heard strange things of how Two-Point Bromleigh spent his time in the many hours away from the ticker tape, but Mr. Williams was not of those who live by hearsay. He got his tips not through the ears but in the selfsame manner in which he had won many a jackpot from the clotted cream of the poker players of Silver City. Observation was his forte and he had seen something infinitesimal happen to the muscles of Trumper's jaw which in Magyar's experience indicated a pat full, too suddenly realized. He felt that he had found a weak spot in the paragon of all the virtues of New York, such as they are; for Trumper had unwittingly broken Mr. Williams' basic rule of life: "Always take the time to skin your hand."

There may be those of the present soft and pampered generation to whom Magyar's motto stands for so much Greek. If any such would have a lasting translation, let him find all his cash on the green board and attached to its owner only by five cards strung on the thin thread of his wisdom. Let him pick up those cards in a solid stack, pressed together to form a single thickness. Then let him thumb or skin them apart, face up, from left to right, one-thousandth of an inch at a time, until he, and he alone, to the exclusion even of the most inquisitive bystander, divines their mathematical significance. If he be of a nervous temperament let him perform the operation all the more slowly, so that those who covet his gold, seeing in his face the set expression of the plaster on a wall, may quail when he murmurs, "I'll play what I have."

What puzzled Magyar to the extent of making him ignore an important lunch engagement was the fact that the girl who had danced to the tune of the motor hooter seemed to him a rather drab individual, totally lacking in the beauty which leaps to meet the eye. Stable fed, hand groomed, clipped and docked, she might possibly develop the smooth lines to match her action, which he granted was above par. What he could not admit was that Trumper possessed the peculiarly trained faculty to look so far into a problematical future. Another thought also worried Magyar and gradually blotted out all other speculations, amateur or professional. It can be summed up in the following question: How would a man of Bromleigh's wealth and social position go about the vulgar business of picking acquaintance with a passer-by?

No sooner was the query formed in his mind than he collided with an outstretched hand—Trumper's hand, held out in unmistakable farewell. It was not Mr. Bromleigh's usual custom to shake hands when parting with a friend and by the time Mr. Williams realized that he had been dismissed his companion of the moment before had disappeared into a smart shoe store. Magyar looked at the girls, sauntering ahead, and then at a cab, cruising along the curb. Being a man of ready action, he hailed it, entered, dropped the front window and gave the driver succinct instructions, presenting the alternative of a liberal tip or no tip whatever, according to performance.

Considering that Trumper came out with a small package under his arm, his stay in the shop was amazingly brief. Magyar had not seen him lay a [illegible] show case for [illegible] say to the busy clerk, "Let me have a pair of your best imported lady's silk hose, please—dark brown, size eight and a half—and give the change to the Red Cross while I catch my train." Nor the clerk's subsequent conciliatory remark to a momentarily neglected customer, "Them kind always forgets their wedding anniversary until they're on the way to the station."

At Trumper's reappearance Mr. Williams signaled to the driver, who nodded understandingly and proceeded to dog the rapid footsteps of the young man with the package as they set out to overtake the two girls. Magyar was relieved to note that Trumper was in no hurry to accost his quarry upon coming up with it. What he was waiting for was not evident, but his confident manner made it plain that he had a definite plan. He walked slowly at a leisurely pace, swinging his stick when there was room, and apparently oblivious of his surroundings. This negligent demeanor changed suddenly, however, when the girls, having waited for an opportunity, started to cross the Avenue. Trumper plunged after them, shifting the package from under his arm to an outstretched hand. Catching the eye of the policeman in the middle of the street, he pointed with his stick at the dancing girl and called, "Stop her, cap! Ask her did she drop something." Simultaneously Mr. Williams' brainy driver swung to the inside of the car ahead of him and drew up for the turn directly behind the traffic officer.

"Why couldn't you stop her yourself, sir?" the policeman was asking, even as he seized one corner of the girl's flying cape.

"Because I know better," replied Trumper with an open smile which had proved on many an occasion as valid as a passport signed by the Secretary of State and stamped with the national seal.

"What have I done?" asked the girl, her cheeks white, but fire in her eyes.

"Nothing," said Trumper quickly, his smile broadening. "It's careless to drop a package, but it isn't a crime. Here. I've been chasing you for two blocks."

He thrust the parcel into her hands, raised his hat and started to turn.

"Wait a minute, please," exclaimed the girl hastily. "I didn't drop this; it isn't mine."

"What!" cried Trumper, smile gone and amazement on his face in its stead. "You say you didn't drop it?"

"No."

"But are you sure?"

"I'm sure I didn't."

"I mean are you positive?" insisted Trumper, feigning the impatience of the cocksure male with such genius that the listening Mr. Williams felt impulsively ready to swear that he also had seen the girl drop the package. "Look in," continued Trumper; "please look in—and you may remember"

"Do what he says," ordered the officer.

The girl bit her lip, hunched her shoulders, unhooked the flap of the envelope and peered within; she even inserted two fingers and examined a tag.

"Imported French hose," she reported; "brown, size eight and a half, and they cost twenty-nine dollars and eighty cents the pair."

"Gee!" breathed the policeman. "How many pairs are there?"

"One," she answered. "The size fits me, but you have to take only one look to know that the price doesn't. Here, take them back quickly, please."

She thrust the parcel toward Trumper

"Me!" he cried, drawing away. "A pair of long silk stockings! Why, my dear young lady, I'd rather go home with a stick of dynamite in my pocket."

"Then you," said the girl, offering the packet to the officer, who swiftly clasped his hands behind his back.

"Not on your life!" he asserted. "I'm married too."

"You two big sillies!" cried the girl, threw back her head and laughed as if once more she assumed the exclusive use of the Borough of Manhattan.

Her friend plucked her cloak and gasped, "Betty, remember where you are!"

"I'll tell you," said Trumper, feeling for card and pencil. "Here's my card. You give me your name and address and take the slithery things home. I'll advertise, and if nobody answers—why, you just keep the leg wear. How's that, captain?"

"Perfect," replied the policeman. "It ——"

The impatient blare of a motor horn interrupted him. He turned to give the impertinent driver a piece of his mind, but Trumper stopped him.

"Let it pass, officer; let them all pass as soon as we get across. So long."

"So long, sir. No need to run."

During the entire outrageous stopping of the traffic Mr. Williams had sat in the shadow of his cab with one ear opened toward the lowered window. As he caught a last glimpse of the girl writing her name and address on the back of Trumper's card, a look of awe mingled with admiration spread over his face and into his eyes. "So," mused Magyar, "that is how it is done."

The more he thought the matter over, the more did he consider ways and means of forcing Trumper to accept a business partnership. Many a man has stepped on a strange girl's foot and then tried to talk to her about it, but here was one who, without exciting suspicion or enmity, arranged for an exchange of cards before a police force to assist at the formal introduction, secured the complete name, address and telephone number of his victim, and presented her with a pair of imported silk stockings, all within ten minutes of having laid eyes on her for the first time. Adding finesse to art in the manner of him who paints the lily, Two-Point Bromfield had not even permitted himself one small laugh. That was the sort of comprehensive efficiency to which Magyar humbly could doff one of his new hats.

Although wholly unconscious of his friend's commendation, Trumper went to a late lunch feeling unusually well satisfied with himself. Not since he had dragged an ungainly maiden out of pony peonage on the stage and launched her on the road to marrying Jimmy Van Peiss and his millions had he felt such creative elation. There was something deserving of attention in this youngster of the gay step and gayer laughter. He did not know just what, but it was there, awaiting as surely as Galatea in a block of marble the hand that should dig it out for all the world to see, and the breath that should give it life.

He had promised her he would advertise for the owner of the stockings. Well, a promise was a promise. On the back of a menu card he evolved the following: "Found on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-fourth and Fifty-seventh, a parcel containing two articles of wear. Owner may identify by telephone ——." He paused for a moment, then added "between four and five P M.," and inserted the number of the apparatus in his studio.

He filed the advertisement and felt that he had not only made good his word but had turned a trick beyond his contract. Miss Elizabeth Bannon had told him that she would have to go down three flights of stairs to answer the telephone. There would probably have been no occasion for her to do so, even if he gave her number, but she could not know that. Upon reading the advertisement, if she thought about the matter at all, she would appreciate his thoughtfulness and would call up in due course to ask when she might safely start wearing the hosiery.

At two minutes past four on the following afternoon, when Trumper was alone in the studio pottering with crayon and sketch pad, the telephone rang. He was surprised, and wondered who it could be, as that special instrument was used far more frequently for outgoing than for incoming messages. He picked up the receiver and said, "Hello?" A woman's voice answered. He had a remarkable memory for tonal qualities and was instantly sure he was listening to the speaker for the first time in his life.

"I'm calling you about the advertisement in the morning paper," said the lady coolly. "I dropped a package—an envelope, really—containing two articles of wear."

"Indeed," said Trumper, sparring for time. "What were they?"

"Two imported silk stockings, left and right foot, size eight and a half, price twenty-nine dollars and eighty cents."

Instinctively Trumper clapped his hand over the mouthpiece before he gasped. Several thoughts raced through his mind. What an extraordinary coincidence, and what an assured, matter-of-fact voice! Well, there was only one thing to do

He removed his hand and reached for scratch pad and pencil while he said, "One moment, please. There is one dollar and forty cents to be paid for the advertisement, which you will please contribute to the Home for Crippled Children upon receipt of your lost property. Now will you give me your name and address?"

The lady complied; she was a Mrs. Cavanaugh, whom he did not know. He hung up and started to return to his sketching, but before he could leave the telephone it rang again.

"Say," shrilled a vulgar feminine voice, "I lost a parcel like you advertised. My best beau give them to me for an engagement present. Brown, size eight and a half, twenty-nine bucks and eighty cents the pair. Is that right?"

"One minute," stuttered Trumper, his eyes bulging. "Who are you?"

"If it's what you found," said the lady, "never mind who I am. I'll be right up to fetch them if you'll tell me where you are."

"Oh, no, you won't!" replied Trumper, rendering thanks that he had not included his studio address in the advertisement. "If you want the parcel back you'll send me a postal order made out to McClin, Brown & McClin, of 120 Wall Street, for one dollar and forty-four cents, and give me your mailing address"

"So it's a come-on game, is it?" shrilled the lady. "At a dollar forty-four the throw! Gee, but you're a cheap guy! Well, I was born in this small town and I'll call your bluff. I'll send the money order, like you said, and if I don't get the stockings inside twenty-four hours, you'll have somebody on your track that was brought up on shadow soup. Send 'em to Miss Sadie O'Neill, General Delivery, Eighth Avenue and Thirty-third Street. Never worry but what I can identify myself and them."

She rang off and immediately Trumper began to curse himself for a fool Why had he not agreed to meet this brazen hussy face to face? Now he would have to call up his lawyers, explain about the incoming money order, and do a lot of other troublesome things His brow puckered. Heretofore he had always thought of a coincidence as twice, yet here were trip lets! His frown deepened Was it—could it be possible

The phone interrupted the first flight of doubt as to the integrity of the girl who had entranced him through esthetic action and gay laughter, flinging their defiance in the face of a hard-boiled town. Oh, no! Not that! He snatched up the receiver

"Allo! Allo!" murmured a foreign accent. "Are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here," replied Trumper testily "What is it?"

"So sorry to trouble you, sure," drawled the soft voice. "I talk for Mrs. Burton Case, at the Biltless Hotel. She drop one small packet—what you call—*box de soie française*—size eight—ond one-haalf ——"

"*Bien, madame,*" interrupted Trumper. "*Il ne faut pas de plus. J'y les envoyerais aujourd'hui même.*"

"*Mais merci, m'sieu!*" cried the maid with that flattering, purring intonation

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"Get the Idea," Whispered Trumper, Holding Her Hand Tightly; "Get it, and Cling to It"

AND WEST IS WEST

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

Scotch Emigrants From Glasgow Bound for America

THE Norwegians are a hardy, adventurous and persistent people, with a strong leaning toward good government, fair dealing, self-reliance, hard work, thrift and education. Like the Scotch, they are a careful lot, as may be seen from the experience of Cleng Peerson, of Tysbaer Parish, and Knud Olsen Eide, of the island of Fogn, back in the year 1821.

In that year a number of vague but generally favorable reports concerning a country named America had come to the ears of sundry residents of Norway, the substance of the reports being that in America one did not need to pick upwards of 357 rocks out of every square foot of earth by hand as one did in parts of Norway, in order to find room to insert a seed in the earth and give its roots a chance; and that one could sink a pickax into the earth in almost any part of America without ever paralyzing one's wrists by having it strike a rocky ledge; and that by working for only fourteen hours a day during the summer months, instead of the twenty hours that one had to work in Norway, one could easily raise a sufficient amount of food to support as large and as hungry a family as the most enthusiastic Norwegian could raise.

When the original rumors about America reached Norway in 1821, a number of Quakers who heard them shook their heads dubiously over the wild tales, and then raised a sufficient amount of money to send two investigators to America to study conditions. The investigators that they picked were Cleng Peerson and Knud Olson Eide, and Peerson and Eide were three years in making their investigation.

When Peerson and Eide came back to Norway, they agreed that the rumors about America hadn't been exaggerated; and as a result, several families determined to emigrate. The first Norwegian emigrants, fifty-two in number, sailed from Stavanger, July 4, 1825, and reached New York on October ninth—a trip that would probably kill the delicate transatlantic travelers of the present day, who emit such piercing screams of anguish when their liners are delayed two or three hours around the first of the month because of the necessity of complying with the immigration law.

Norwegians as Pioneers

THEY went at once to Murray, Orleans County, New York, reaching there in November. They purchased land at five dollars an acre and agreed to pay for it in ten yearly installments; and then, in order to earn enough food to keep them through the winter, they threshed their neighbors' grain with their flails, taking every eleventh bushel as their pay.

The numbers that emigrated from Norway to America increased rapidly, and in the seventy years between 1850 and 1920 nearly 800,000 Norwegians emigrated to the United States.

In one way, these numbers don't compare favorably with the numbers that have come to America from Russia or from Italy. Very few immigrants from Russia or Italy came to America while she was engaged in clearing her farms and populating her waste lands and perfecting her form of government; but after the work of the pioneers had been accomplished and plenty of factories had risen in the cities to attract cheap laborers from Europe, the inhabitants of these eastern and southern countries began to flow to America by the million.

Italy sent more than 800,000 immigrants to America in the four years before the war. So did Russia. So did Austria-Hungary. Norway took seventy years to send 800,000, but Norway's 800,000 were different.

Nearly 50 per cent of all Norwegians in America are farmers.

Great numbers of them flocked to the Northwestern states and became strong factors in the political and economic development of these states. A state official of Minnesota recently declared that about one-third of the farms of Minnesota were owned by Norwegians or the descendants of Norwegians.

There were 165,000 farms in Minnesota at that time, so that Norwegians would have owned 55,000 farms. If one makes a conservative estimate that these farms average 300 acres apiece and have a value of $12,000 the property of the Norwegian farmers of Minnesota alone will show a valuation of $660,000,000.

There are no illiterates in Norway with the exception of imbeciles; and because of centuries of struggle for political liberty, all Norwegians are well grounded in popular self-government. Consequently Norwegian immigrants have readily fitted into the political life of the United States and taken an active part in government. A recent compilation of Norwegian political activities in the United States showed that five Norwegians have been governors of states; four have been lieutenant governors; twelve have been representatives; three have been United States senators—and the mother of Senator Smoot, of Utah, was a Norwegian; eight have been secretaries of state; seven have been state treasurers; four have been state auditors; two have been judges of state supreme courts; and there have been other high positions in state and Federal governments held by Norwegians.

A Norwegian Fisherman With the Grandfather of All the Flounders

Knut Gjerset, in his History of the Norwegian People, says concerning Norwegians in the United States:

"The freedom of the Norwegian people is the result of long development, and their struggle for liberty has been of the same conservative sort as that of the English. They didn't win it suddenly through a revolutionary uprising; but the struggle, which lasted through centuries, was waged for the sake of preserving the freedom which was theirs from time immemorial. Throughout the period of union with Denmark, conflicts were small and scattered, but so bitter that they fostered an intense spirit of liberty and served to develop a marked willfulness in popular character. . . . In their long struggles the Norwegian people . . . have developed a self-assertive social temperament, an austere spirit of liberty, a rigid adherence to established principles and a conservatism of thought clearly noticeable in their political life in the New World. They have for the most part joined the Republican Party, which represented the principles of freedom and the rights of man in the Civil War. They found in this party to a large extent their own ideals . . . and have clung to it with a fidelity which finds an explanation in their own long struggle for liberty.

"In politics a Norwegian could never be an opportunist. He takes the matter seriously, and demands clear issues and rigid principles which he can sanction. For this reason he is never very successful in American city politics, where bosses have held sway, where everything is allowed, and where principles are often regarded as political stupidity. . . . The Norwegian-American papers have always regarded new parties and untried political principles with skepticism, and have maintained that reforms and true progress could best be secured through a tried old party."

Raw Propaganda

THERE is a mistaken impression in many parts of the country, fostered by misleading statements issued by persons and organizations that are interested in securing free admission into America of European slum dwellers, that the existing movement for immigration restriction in America is the result of racial and religious bigotry.

This claim is made, for example, in a magazine which has recently appeared on editorial desks in newspaper offices in many parts of the country. It is an expensive magazine, printed on heavy, glossy paper, and it devotes a large amount of space to declaring heatedly that America cannot exist without large numbers of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe; that the demand for immigration restriction comes from "an alert money-puffed lobby in Washington," which, "with selfish purpose, exerts constant pressure, with threats of political annihilation, to secure in the forthcoming Congress a permanent restriction of immigration"; and that those who are demanding such restriction "forget that

America was discovered by a Genoese whose caravel, in 1492, was manned by Roman Catholics, Jews, Portuguese, Italians and Spaniards—men from the South and East of Europe."

A notice on the front page of the magazine states that "editors and publishers of newspapers and periodicals are invited to reprint the material appearing in it, and claim full credit."

It might be well to repeat at this juncture that the desire for immigration restriction, instead of being inspired by race hatred and bigotry, has been and still is inspired by the extremely low types of immigrants that have been swarming to this country from Eastern and Southern Europe.

The demand for restriction comes from the persons who have had the closest and most unbiased contact with immigration—American consular and diplomatic officers in Europe, American military attachés, the European correspondents of reputable American newspapers and magazines, and all Americans who are not blinded to the evils of Eastern and Southern European immigration by racial or financial ties—and it also comes from great masses of Americans whose eyes have suddenly been opened by the reports of these experienced, trustworthy and unprejudiced American observers.

And no immigration restrictionist forgets that Columbus discovered America. The fact that the Santa Maria blundered into a little West Indian island in its efforts to reach China has nothing whatever to do with America's immigration policy.

This magazine, arguing that "our industrial system would cease functioning without the immigrant," that its "welfare and its extension today largely depend upon the continued large influx of foreigners," and that "without such influx the country's expansion is ended, its progress stopped, development ended and opportunity banned," declares that "Germans built up Pennsylvania; Scandinavians developed the grain fields of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas; the Scotch, Welsh and Irish did the elemental work in the stone quarries, in the coal and iron mines, and the manual labor native Americans will not do."

There is no inclination on the part of immigration restrictionists to keep these people out of America. The natural tendency in fact is to increase the quotas from England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France—from the countries, in short, whose immigrants have best shown the ability and inclination to grasp American institutions and take part in its national life.

The people that the restrictionists wish to restrict are those who differ so widely from the early immigrants and colonists who formed the American people that they set themselves apart from the American people in their speech, their ideas and their manner of living, and show little ability or inclination for American citizenship.

Washington Knew

THE antirestrictionists, all of whom appear to hold briefs for the immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe, and never for the immigrants from Northern and Western Europe, deny warmly that there is any way of knowing that Southeastern Europeans make undesirable immigrants. One of New York's greatest newspapers, which is read by large numbers of influential Americans, recently printed on its editorial page a series of articles denouncing immigration restriction, denying that America was settled and built by people of similar race and type, claiming that America must have illiterate alien immigration for farm labor and subway digging, since "literates, native or foreign-born, will scarcely ever engage here in such pursuits," and adding that "statistics show that English-born immigrants are least disposed to become naturalized here because of their greater attachment to their nonpersecuting native land."

Such statements as these are being shown broadcast over the country. They are particularly dangerous when given the implied editorial approval of great newspapers, for they may lead the American people to think that the evils of unrestricted immigration have been exaggerated.

George Washington was probably in a better position to know the make-up of the American people after he had served two terms as President than are present-day propagandists for unrestricted immigration from Southeastern Europe. He stated in his Farewell Address that "with slight shades of difference," they had "the same religion, manners, habits and political principles." They were Northwestern Europeans—a race and type markedly similar in all countries, and extremely different from the races and types that one finds in Southern and Eastern Europe.

Some persons call this race and type Germanic, some call it Nordic; but it can be called Scandic or Blondic or Atlantic or anything at all without altering the fact that it is the type that is common to Northwestern Europe which colonized, built up and wrote the laws of America, and which America wants to keep as her predominant type without further uncontrolled dilution from the very different types from the south and east.

Migrations from Norway and Denmark poured into Scotland during the ninth century and fixed the Scotch type. Later the Scotch went over to Ireland and established the so-called Scotch-Irish type. England, Belgium and France were heavily affected by so-called Germanic invasions. The purest examples of the Germanic types are found in Sweden, with Norway, Denmark, Holland, Germany, England and Scotland running it a close second. This general type has become the American type, just as it has become the Canadian, the Australian and the New Zealand type

"The whole idea of relative race values," declare the antirestrictionists, "is objectionable, unreasonable and grossly offensive. It is not science, but pseudo-science Ever since Edmund Burke's famous saying, it has been recognized that you cannot draw an indictment against a whole nation."

Attractive Members of Norway's Younger Set

The Bureau of the Census, which won't for a moment admit that it is pseudo-scientific in its activities, has been fairly successful in its indictment drawing in spite of Edmund Burke; for the 1920 census shows that whereas the percentage of naturalization among the English in America was 63.1, among the Scotch 60.1, among the Welsh 72.9, among the Irish 65.7, among the Norwegians 61.4, among the Swedes 69, among the Danes 69, and so on, it was only 28 among the Poles, 28 among the Italians, 16.8 among the Greeks, 12.1 among the Bulgars, and so on.

They have all had an equal chance, as has everyone in America; but they weren't born equal in intelligence or ability. Consequently the bulk of the Northwestern European immigrants have become a part of America while the bulk of the Southeastern European immigrants have remained Southeastern Europeans. And if Edmund Burke tried to prove otherwise, he'd be out of luck

The Norwegians that one encounters at the American Consulate in Christiania seeking visas for America are very different from the people that one meets on the same errand in the consulates of Eastern and Southern Europe They are not the middlemen, the sweatshop workers, the peddlers, the petty tradesmen, the under-sized, dazed-looking, excitable, illiterate folk from the agricultural and town slums of the south and east who pour into the slums of America each year under the 3 per cent law in sufficient numbers to populate a good-sized city

A Norwegian Family in Their Sunday Costumes

Why They Come

THE Norwegians for the most part are strong and capable-looking, quick to understand any question that may be asked of them, calm and patient under trying conditions. All of them can read and write—a state of affairs common to all the Scandinavian countries, where the educational system is on such a high plane that illiteracy is unknown. Most of them are farmers or fishermen or lumbermen or skilled workmen; and most of them are bound for the farms and the small towns.

In spite of the fact that the physical appearance, the literacy and the intelligence of the Norwegian emigrants to America are much higher than corresponding characteristics in emigrants from Southeastern Europe, there is no occasion to become hysterical or maudlin over them. Norwegians come to America for exactly the same reason that Poles, Greeks, Hungarians, Russians and all the other varieties of Europeans come to America. They come to get better jobs than they can get in Europe; and since that is so, there is no reason why America, like the other nations of Europe, and like any other organization anywhere, shouldn't make sure that there are jobs for them to get and that they are the best applicants in sight for the positions

The customary attitude of Norwegians in Norway toward emigration to America is that it is a loss of national strength and a loss of blood; but a loss which, when the history of the Norwegian people is written some centuries in the future, may turn out to be Norway's greatest investment. They say that they regret it mildly, but they make no effort to stop it.

(Continued on Page 90)

GRETCHEN'S FORTY WINKS

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE sidewalks were scratched with brittle leaves and the wind blew the wet laundry stiff on the line. Snow before night, sure. Autumn was over. This, of course, raised the coal question and the Christmas question; but Roger Halsey, standing on his own front porch, announced to the dead suburban sky that he hadn't time for worrying about the weather. Then he let himself hurriedly into the house and left the subject out in the cold twilight.

The hall was dark, but from above he heard the voices of his wife and the nursemaid and the baby in one of their interminable conversations, which consisted chiefly of "Don't!" and "Look out, Maxy!" and "Oh, there he *goes!*" punctuated by wild threats and vague bumpings and the recurrent sound of small, venturing feet.

Roger turned on the hall light and walked into the living room and turned on the red silk lamp. He put his bulging portfolio on the table, and sitting down rested his intense young face in his hand for a few minutes, shading his eyes carefully from the light. Then he lit a cigarette, squashed it out, and going to the foot of the stairs called for his wife.

"Gretchen!"

"Hello, dear." Her voice was full of laughter. "Come see baby."

He swore softly.

"I can't see baby now," he said aloud. "How long 'fore you'll be down?"

There was a mysterious pause and then a succession of Don'ts and Look out, Maxy's, evidently meant to avert some threatened catastrophe.

"How long 'fore you'll be down?" repeated Roger, slightly irritated

"Oh, I'll be right down."

"How soon?" he shouted.

He had trouble every day at this hour in adapting his voice from the urgent key of the city to the proper casualness for a model home. But tonight he was deliberately impatient. It almost disappointed him when Gretchen came running down the stairs, three at a time, crying "What is it?" in a rather surprised voice.

They kissed—lingered over it some moments. They had been married three years, and they were much more in love than that implies. It was only seldom that they hated each other with that violent hate of which only young couples are capable, for Roger was still actively sensitive to her beauty.

"Come in here," he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you."

His wife, a bright-colored, Titian-haired girl, vivid as a French rag doll, followed him wonderingly into the living room

"Listen, Gretchen"—he sat down at the end of the sofa—"beginning with tonight I'm going to —— What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm just looking for a cigarette. Go on."

She tiptoed breathlessly back to the sofa and settled at the other end.

"Gretchen ——" Again he broke off. Her hand, palm upward, was extended toward him. "Well, what is it?" he asked wildly.

"Matches."

"What?"

In his impatience it seemed incredible that she should ask for matches, but he fumbled automatically in his pocket.

"Thank you," she whispered. "I didn't mean to interrupt you. Go on."

"Gretch "

Scratch! The match flared. They exchanged a tense look.

Her fawn's eyes apologized mutely this time and he laughed. After all, she had done no more than light a cigarette; but when he was in this mood her slightest positive action irritated him beyond measure.

"Why, Roger, You Must be Crazy! Don't You Think I Know What Day it Is?"

"When you've got time to listen," he said crossly, "you might be interested in discussing the poorhouse question with me."

"What poorhouse?" Her eyes were wide, startled; she sat quiet as a mouse.

"That was just to get your attention. But, beginning tonight, I start on what'll probably be the most important six weeks of my life—the six weeks that'll decide whether we're going on forever in this rotten little house in this rotten little suburban town."

Boredom replaced alarm in Gretchen's black eyes. She was a Southern girl and any question that had to do with getting ahead in the world always tended to give her a headache.

"Six months ago I left the New York Lithographic Company," announced Roger, "and went in the advertising business for myself."

"I know," interrupted Gretchen resentfully; "and now instead of getting six hundred a month sure, we're living on a risky five hundred "

"Gretchen," said Roger sharply, "if you'll just believe in me as hard as you can for six weeks more we'll be rich. I've got a chance now to get some of the biggest accounts in the country." He hesitated. "And for these six weeks we won't go out at all and we won't have anyone here. I'm going to bring home work every night and we'll pull down all the blinds and if anyone rings the doorbell we won't answer."

He smiled airily as if it were a new game they were going to play. Then, as Gretchen was silent, his smile faded and he looked at her uncertainly.

"Well, what's the matter?" she broke out finally. "Do you expect me to jump up and sing? You do enough work as it is. If you try to do any more you'll end up with a nervous breakdown. I read about a ——"

"Don't worry about me," he interrupted; "I'm all right. But you're going to be bored to death sitting here every evening."

"No, I won't," she said without conviction—"except tonight."

"What about tonight?"

"George Tompkins asked us to dinner."

"Did you accept?"

"Of course I did," she said impatiently. "Why not? You're always talking about what a terrible neighborhood this is and I thought maybe you'd like to go to a nicer one for a change."

"When I go to a nicer neighborhood I want to go for good," he said grimly.

"Well, can we go?"

"I suppose we'll have to if you've accepted."

Somewhat to his annoyance the conversation abruptly ended. Gretchen jumped up and kissed him sketchily and rushed into the kitchen to light the hot water for a bath With a sigh he carefully deposited his portfolio behind the bookcase—it contained only sketches and layouts for display advertising, but it seemed to him the first thing a burglar would look for. Then he went abstractedly upstairs, dropped into the baby's room for a casual moist kiss and began dressing for dinner.

They had no automobile, so George Tompkins called for them at 6:30. Tompkins was a successful interior decorator and his own house was a sort of intensification of all the houses he had ever designed. He was a broad, rosy man with a handsome mustache and a faint odor of imported perfume. He and Roger had once roomed side by side in a boarding house in New York, but they had met only intermittently in the past five years.

"We ought to see each other more," he told Roger tonight. "You ought to go out more often, old boy. Here, have a cocktail."

"No, thanks."

"No? Well, your beautiful wife will—won't you, Gretchen?"

"I love this house," she exclaimed, taking the glass and looking admiringly at the Chinese tapestry that took up one whole wall of the living room.

"I like it," said Tompkins with satisfaction. "I did it to please myself and I succeeded."

Roger stared moodily around the room.

"You look like the devil, Roger," said his host. "Have a cocktail and cheer up."

"Have one," urged Gretchen.

"What?" Roger turned around absently. "Oh, no, thanks. I've got to work after I get home."

"Work!" Tompkins smiled. "Listen, Roger, you'll kill yourself with work. Why don't you bring a little balance into your life—work a little, then play a little?"

"That's what I tell him," said Gretchen.

"Do you know an average business man's day?" demanded Tompkins as they went in to dinner. "Coffee in the morning, eight hours' work interrupted by a bolted luncheon and then home again with dyspepsia and a bad temper to give the wife a pleasant evening."

Roger laughed shortly.

"You've been going to the movies too much," he said dryly.

"What?" Tompkins looked at him with some irritation. "Movies? I've hardly ever been to the movies in my life. I think the movies are atrocious. My opinions on life are drawn from my own observations I believe in a balanced life."

"What's that?" demanded Roger.

"Well"—he hesitated—"probably the best way to tell you would be to describe my own day. Would that seem horribly egotistic?"

"Oh, no!" Gretchen looked at him with interest. "I'd love to hear about it."

"Well, in the morning I get up and go through a series of exercises. I've got one room fitted up as a little gymnasium, and I punch the bag and do shadow boxing and weight pulling for an hour. Then after a cold bath —— There's a thing now! Do you take a daily cold bath?"

"No," admitted Roger, "I take a hot bath in the evening three or four times a week."

A horrified silence fell. Tompkins and Gretchen exchanged a glance as if something obscene had been said.

"What's the matter?" broke out Roger, glancing from one to the other in some irritation. "You know I don't take a bath every day—I haven't got the time."

Tompkins gave a prolonged sigh.

"After my bath," he continued, "I have breakfast and drive to my office in New York, where I work until four. Then I lay off, and if it's summer I hurry out here for nine holes of golf, or if it's winter I play squash for an hour at my club. Then a good snappy game of bridge until dinner. Dinner is liable to have something to do with business, but in a pleasant way. Perhaps I've just finished a house for some customer and he wants me to be on hand for his first party to see that the lighting is soft enough and all that sort of thing. Or maybe I sit down with a good book of poetry and spend the evening alone. At any rate, I do something every night to get me out of myself."

"It must be wonderful," said Gretchen enthusiastically. "I wish we lived like that."

Tompkins bent forward earnestly over the table.

"You can," he said impressively. "There's no reason why you shouldn't. Look here, if Roger'll play nine holes of golf every day it'll do wonders for him. He won't know himself. He'll do his work better, never get that tired, nervous feeling —— What's the matter?"

He broke off. Roger had perceptibly yawned.

"Roger," cried Gretchen sharply, "there's no need to be so rude. If you did what George said, you'd be a lot better off." She turned indignantly to their host. "The latest is that he's going to work at night for the next six weeks. He says he's going to pull down the blinds and shut us up like hermits in a cave. He's been doing it every Sunday for the last year; now he's going to do it every night for six weeks."

Tompkins shook his head sadly.

"At the end of six weeks," he remarked, "he'll be starting for the sanitarium. Let me tell you, every private hospital in New York is full of cases like yours. You just strain the human nervous system a little too far, and bang!—you've broken something. And in order to save sixty hours you're laid up sixty weeks for repairs." He broke off, changed his tone and turned to Gretchen with a smile. "Not to mention what happens to you. It seems to me it's the wife rather than the husband who bears the brunt of these insane periods of overwork."

"I don't mind," protested Gretchen loyally.

"Yes, she does," said Roger grimly; "she minds like the devil. She's a shortsighted little egg and she thinks it's going to be forever until I get started and she can have some new clothes. But it can't be helped. The saddest thing about women is that, after all, their best trick is to sit down and fold their hands."

"Your ideas on women are about twenty years out of date," said Tompkins pityingly. "Women won't sit down and wait any more."

"Then they'd better marry men of forty," insisted Roger stubbornly. "If a girl marries a young man for love she ought to be willing to make any sacrifice within reason, so long as her husband keeps going ahead."

"Let's not talk about it," said Gretchen impatiently "Please, Roger, let's have a good time just this once."

When Tompkins dropped them in front of their house at eleven Roger and Gretchen stood for a moment on the sidewalk looking at the winter moon. There was a fine, damp, dusty snow in the air and Roger drew a long breath of it and put his arm around Gretchen exultantly.

"I can make more money than he can," he said tensely. "And I'll be doing it in just forty days."

"Forty days," she sighed. "It seems such a long time—when everybody else is always having fun. If I could only sleep for forty days."

"Why don't you, honey? Just take forty winks, and when you wake up everything'll be fine."

She was silent for a moment.

"Roger," she asked thoughtfully, "do you think George meant what he said about taking me horseback riding on Sunday?"

Roger frowned

"I don't know. Probably not—I hope to heaven he didn't." He hesitated. "As a matter of fact, he made me sort of sore tonight—all that junk about his cold bath."

With their arms about each other, they started up the walk to the house.

"I'll bet he doesn't take a cold bath every morning," continued Roger ruminatively; "or three times a week, either." He fumbled in his pocket for the key and inserted it in the lock with savage precision. Then he turned around defiantly. "I'll bet he hasn't had a bath for a month."

II

AFTER a fortnight of intensive work, Roger Halsey's days blurred into each other and passed by in blocks of twos and threes and fours. From eight until 5:30 he was in his office. Then a half hour on the commuting train, where he scrawled notes on the backs of envelopes under the dull yellow light. By 7:30 his crayons, sheets and

(Continued on Page 128)

"I'm the Friend of the Family and I'd Just as Soon See the Missus as the Mister." He Smiled Playfully. "But if I Were You, Roger, I'd Put Away My Work and Get a Good Night's Sleep"

INTERLOCUTORY

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

ONCE when Judith Baxter was a little girl Fräulein took her surreptitiously to a kaffeeklatsch the wife of the village butcher was giving in the flat over the shop, and was very annoyed when, just as things were growing *gemütlich*, the blond little girl began to cry disconsolately.

"*Was fehlt dir?*" Fräulein demanded.

All Judith could answer was, "I'm homesick."

The same sense of desolation smote Judith Pendarvis as she crossed the lounge of the country club. She wasn't going to like the Pueffer party. The large handsome women in glittering dresses who eyed her with unsmiling nods, the men clustered about the cocktail shaker and apparently trying to make the affair a stag party, the great joyless room with its tinny trophies—all made Judith want to be taken away.

Mrs. Pueffer advanced uncertainly and said, "I'm glad you got here," in the nervous voice which sounded as though she were annoyed.

In the dressing room Judith addressed the very lovely lady who looked out at her from the mirror, with some severity.

"What does it matter if you are a little uncomfortable?" she asked.

Certainly, when she and Jim Farley were married, which was to be as soon as her stupid interlocutory decree became final, they wouldn't bother themselves with local society. They intended to live direct, simple lives on Jim's estate, to which he referred, oddly enough, as a whole section, as though it were something one reserved on a train. They hoped there would be children. Glancing at the face in the glass, Judith surprised on it a look of something unnoyingly like panic.

It Was a Frightful Scene. Apparently One Had Scenes With Everybody

"Now don't be silly," she said, and composed her most gracious smile. Jim wasn't waiting for her. She could see him through the half door of what had once been, evidently, the bar of the country club and was now the iced locker room, helping Mr. Pueffer to perfect some elaborate beverage.

The women of the gaudy group were going through a phase of thinking Judith stuck up, talking before her more loudly, she imagined, than was their custom, and referring to homely matters with a flatness perhaps intended to be humorous. Jim's sister Belle, whom she was visiting, had accustomed her to the attitude.

Belle had said, "You'll have to get used to roughing it out here in the wild and woolly." Roughing it! Judith had never seen houses so ingeniously equipped to minister to one's comfort. Belle had said, "I suppose you never saw such a lot of hicks."

Judith had replied, "As a matter of fact, I find it all dazzling here. I was brought up in a quite tiny town, you know, and most of the last few years I've spent abroad."

The few unfortunate months she and Stan Pendarvis had passed in New York hardly counted. Those months when Stanley, the citizen of the world, had become relocalized enough to return to America and try to make money by lending his name, with its grandpaternal luster, to Larry Wagstaff's banking experiment, formed a period with which she refused to discredit the country.

Uprooted from a life on the Continent which she adored, Judith had disliked the sporting crowd which was Stan's New York group. She had resented its acceptance of her as merely a successful official beauty and Stan's wife.

One morning, when she was at the nadir of her displeasure with the situation, Fifi Pynchon had telephoned.

"My dear, what do you think has happened?" Fifi's excited voice gushed over the wire. "I'm being called on to be a helpmate! Isn't it outrageous? I tell Frank that I expect any day now that he'll want me to trudge down to his office with a pail of lunch."

"You are a tragic figure," Judith laughed. "What's the current outrage?"

"I've had to invite some man from the West Frank thinks can be of use to him, to dinner. I just said, 'Well, if I'm to be called on to do this humiliating sort of thing, I think at least it might be on a profit-sharing basis.' Wasn't that clever of me? Of course he reminded me of how much it cost to have my neck done over. Really, you'd think I'd sold myself into bondage. I'm putting the man next to you. I knew I might just as well. He can't bore you any more than the rest of the guests would."

That night when Judith arrived, however, she found Fifi exultant.

"My dear, he's divine. He has eyes like a wolf. The effect he's had on the women is wonderful. Just like a cinema when they flash back to a jungle, or a Babylonian orgy."

It was really noticeable; but Judith was hardly in a position to criticize. She herself had felt a little faint when the stranger took her hand. And Jim had never glanced at the others. In revenge, when the novelty of his physical magnificence had worn off, they had christened him Judy's cowboy.

Judith knew what they meant by it. Even in Jim's attitude toward her there was just a trace of the range leader.

What a relief it was after Stan's captious passion which depended on her looking her best and talking her wittiest, and exercising perpetually the social gift with which she had penetrated the world of Paris.

The women who nicknamed Jim hadn't understood that. They were neither charitable nor ingenuous women; and yet, when they learned that she had asked Stan Pendarvis for a divorce to marry Jim Farley, they were genuinely incredulous that she wished to make the exchange—as incredulous as these other women would be that anyone should fail to recognize Jim's supremacy.

She wondered what Belle Huber would think of Stan Pendarvis—Belle, who was busy showing her friends that she wasn't going to put on any airs before Jim's bride to be.

"Well," her strident voice was proclaiming, "I try to call mine the kitchen maid and the parlor maid, but I can't. They're just plain hired help. That's all we raise out here."

Mrs. Pueffer wabbled up. It was as though her nervousness had attracted a cause for itself.

"Mrs. Pendarvis," she said, "something awful has happened. Doctor McLenan, who was going to sit beside you, has been called away. I feel terrible, because I know you'd have liked the doctor. He's our society man here, next to Jim."

"I hope it doesn't throw your cards out hopelessly," Judy told her.

"Well, I wanted to explain. There's a young fellow named Gigsby, who comes from here, but is working on a newspaper in New York. He's back on a visit and I thought maybe I'd put him next to you."

"Gigsby?" said Judith. "What a curious name!"

It was apparently an unfortunate remark, because, after giving her an uncertain glance, Mrs. Pueffer said, "I'll bring him over and introduce him to you."

Judith had a distinct impression that Mr. Gigsby was to be offered on approval. She thought she would get Jim to tell Mrs. Pueffer she would take him sight unseen; but before she had quite reached the locker-room door Mrs. Pueffer ran her down.

Mr. Gigsby was a not unpleasantly awkward young man who had evidently not been in town long enough to absorb local gossip, for his first remark after Mrs. Pueffer had introduced and deserted him, was, "Say, I read a crazy article in our Sunday supplement not long ago about somebody named Pendarvis."

"Was that Why Did Larry Wagstaff Change His Filly's Name From Judy to Judas Girl?"

"Yeah."

In her mind's eye Judith saw Larry Wagstaff as he had wanted on her for their last interview, in immaculate morning clothes which changed him from the tweed person to whom she had grown accustomed. He'd wanted her to reconsider her request for a divorce. He was afraid the scandal of one might shake the precarious craft he and Stan were steering through a choppy year. Judith had been flippant.

"I believe," she had told Larry, "that you and my Aunt Kate are the only two people in America who still think there's some connection between divorce and scandal. Besides, everyone knows that Parisian divorces are expensive. It will be a good thing for your business, like those Romans who threw bread at the besiegers—or was it geese?"

Flippancy annoyed Larry Wagstaff. He'd flown into a rage and flung it at her that she was being carried away by a physical attraction. She'd been angry then.

"But how," Mr. Gigsby was pondering, "did Pendarvis come into that?"

"There was a second part to the title," Judith explained. "It ended, Was it Because Judy Pendarvis Divorced His Best Friend? You see, my name is Judith."

She was so distrait that she had had no idea how it would affect him.

Mr. Gigsby grew crimson and began mouthing without bringing forth any words. In the silence Judith could hear Mr. Pueffer and Jim, on the other side of the half door.

"Some little peach, Jim," Mr. Pueffer was remarking. "I certainly do congratulate you all right."

"Thanks, Walt."

It was nice of Jim to pretend not to notice his vulgarity.

"How do you think she'll like living here?"

"I don't believe she'll mind."

"Been used to pretty hot dog, hasn't she?"

It was an uncomfortable conversation to overhear; but before Judith could move Jim had spoken.

"Has she? Why, S. T. Pendarvis, her first husband, was one of the biggest swells in New York City! You ought to see the way she'd be treated at a party back East, all the dukes and earls in the place falling over themselves to dance with her."

Judith knew the way statesmen must feel, aloof and numb.

"I've left something in the dressing room," she said to Mr. Gigsby. "Will you take me there?"

And Mr. Gigsby had heard; he had forgotten his own embarrassment in dumb and embarrassed sympathy.

"I'll wait out here," he said at the door.

Judith didn't answer. She sank down in a slipper chair and she wanted Stan Pendarvis with a want as actual as a headache. A desperate voice inside her tried to argue that Jim was only boyish. It was sweet of him to want her to possess all her glamour in the eyes of his friends; but Judith didn't believe the voice for an instant. To boast about Stan's position to show what a conquest he was bringing home! It was only abysmally vulgar. It was a kind of vulgarity with which she couldn't be defiled.

Judith took up her gauzy chartreuse-colored cape. There was a door from the dressing room by which one reached the first tee. She skirted the clubhouse to the main entrance and told the man there to get her something to take her away.

At Jim's sister's, she told Hattie to pack, and sat at a glass-topped desk trying to write to Jim. It had always been hard to write to him, because he wasn't a literary person, and this time it was impossible. Instead, she made out a telegram to Stan.

May I see you to talk things over? Wire me care Aunt Kate.

JUDY.

The divorce wouldn't be final for a week. Stan would do something to keep it from being ever. Stan had been sweet all along. If only his friends

Judith told Hattie to hurry to the nearest telegraph office. While she was gone, Jim's sister panted in.

"My dear, were you sick? Jim's wild."

"No, I wasn't ill. I'm not going to marry Jim, Mrs. Huber. Will you tell him? I'll see him if he insists, but I'd far rather not. There doesn't seem to be anything to say."

Belle Huber didn't call her a dirty Eastern snob, but she made it perfectly clear that was what she thought. It was a frightful scene. Apparently one had scenes with everybody except Stan.

In Pomfret, Aunt Kate Baxter, who was dying because there was a divorce in the family, paused in that not entirely unenjoyable process to welcome the cause of her demise.

"Now that your Westerner's got you divorced, don't tell me he won't marry you," were her exact words.

"At least, we're not to be married," Judith replied. "I've wired Stan. Hasn't an answer come?"

"No."

There were actually two little bitter tears of anxiety in Aunt Kate's eyes.

"Oh, do you suppose he'll take you back?"

Judith didn't care for her aunt's tone.

"It's most unpleasant," she remarked, "to be spoken of as though one were an unsatisfactory purchase."

The telegram came—one word:

Sorry. STANLEY PENDARVIS.

It had been wired from Saratoga. He must be there at the races with Larry Wagstaff.

Judith sent for Archibald Kimball, who was Aunt Kate's lawyer and had told her about ways of divorcing.

"After all this trouble," she said, trying to make light of the matter, "I find I don't want to be divorced."

"But you are divorced," Mr. Kimball informed her.

"It's just interlocutory still. Isn't there some way one can stop it from getting to be anything else?"

"When does it become final?"

"This coming Friday."

"There's no way on earth then."

Mr. Kimball wasn't very sympathetic. After all, one of the first tenets of the law is that people shan't be encouraged to shilly-shally.

"But," Judith said, and she had to steady her lips, "I thought that the interlocutory time was given us to consider, and that if we changed our minds ——"

"I didn't understand," Mr. Kimball explained, "that you and Mr. Pendarvis were agreed on the point. Of course, if you want to resume your relation before Friday the decree will evaporate."

Judith told Hattie to put back anything she'd unpacked, as they were starting for Saratoga.

"People are so merciless!"

Mrs. Wayland clasped and unclasped her hands on the table in the clubhouse restaurant. It was the only response she could give to Judith's "Of course there must be some concerted movement to outlaw me. It can't be just accident."

Mrs. Wayland alone of Stan's set was being decent. It was Mrs. Wayland's reputation that she would share any friend's last crustacean, and Judith had paid for the luncheon. Nevertheless, there was in Mrs. Wayland an innate quality which preserved itself from the contamination of her gambling debts and her passion for the fleshpots, and which told the truth. She was, in fact, a lady.

"Is it on moral grounds?" Judith asked. "Hardly, I imagine. Certainly, if there were any rule of precedence, after the first stone there wouldn't be a pebble left for one of them to cast at a mere divorcée."

"Of course it isn't, my dear," Mrs. Wayland said. "They don't condemn anything you did except that they think that you treated Stan badly, and they're afraid he'll go back to you."

"I suppose they say that's why I'm here."

"People are so merciless."

"Besides, you see, that is why I am here."

"My dear!"

Mrs. Wayland touched Judith's hand and sighed, as profoundly as though she had lost at roulette.

"Is Stan at the track this afternoon?"

"They got him to go somewhere in a motor. Such a terribly good program too."

Mrs. Wayland's sigh that time was undoubtedly for Stan.

"If I could see him for ten minutes!"

Mrs. Wayland looked sorry, terribly sorry, but she rose

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"You Found Me," Judith Said, Swinging to Him. "How Astonishing of You!"

54.40 OR PHYFE

By AARON DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDNA DITZLER

MATHILDE DEL MONTE leaned back in her chair and scratched her ankle with a commonplace vigor that was in keeping neither with the clingatone sweetness of her name nor the cold impersonal formality of the New York interior-decorating studio in which she passed her days.

Back in Newton, Massachusetts, there were still folk who recalled the quite recent gold stars which the late Matilda Delafield Munty had received for a flawless Sunday-school attendance.

Mathilde had always been persistent. She had allowed no petty personal whims to get between her and the consummation of perfection in whatever she undertook. Before she had attained the age of self-determination it had been indicated to her that regular attendance at Sunday school was most desirable. From that day on it became an intense part of her existence, and later an intense pride to have her name over a column of uninterrupted gold stars on the honor list which hung inside the chapel door. She rode her persistence to a point of unreason. That week when it was feared she was in for pneumonia she dressed and sneaked from her bedroom through the hushed streets of the Sunday town to take her chair in the circle of the class that boasted her regularity, and with the stolid stare of fever regarded the teacher, who addressed her:

"Matilda, when the Lord spoke to little Samuel in the temple, what did little Samuel answer the Lord?"

"Take a long breath and say one, two, three."

Yes, Matilda was a bear for persistence.

Someone had once stated to Matilda, who was engaged in arranging the chapel for a social, that she possessed a distinct knack of making a place livable and attractive, and should become an interior decorator. Although Miss Munty had never considered it, she at once agreed to the charge. But Matilda was merely a woman, which means that she shared in the universal female belief that she personally owned a deep and sure understanding of how to make a home charming, backed by a sense of good taste that would be called genius should persons capable of judging observe it in action.

This belief and her persistence were the major assets of Miss Munty when she arrived in Manhattan, her soul heated with the greatness of her mission as an apostle of beauty. Others might make the world a safe place for democracy, but she—she would democratize beauty and make it essential and pleasing to the world. Her flaming ideals transcended such petty questionnaire of how and how much. She floated in a sweetened fog of indefiniteness in which she caught occasional glimpses of herself as the mistress mind in a civilization gone mad over perfect curtains—her curtains, or entrancing lamp shades—her lamp shades.

There were also little side scenes of herself smiling gently and graciously as she glanced over cables from—yes, from the Prince of Wales, imploring her aid as the arbiter in refurbishing his castles in Whitechapel or Soho or such lovely-sounding seats for castles. And she would then laugh quietly and dictate crisply in her return cable the receipt which should ease his perplexed mind and set the art world once again agog.

The descent from such saccharine speculations to the necessity of finding an actual job in a studio of decorations had been an idol-smashing journey for Matilda. It corrected somewhat her dreamy impressions of the business. But she was persistent. On the third day of her quest luck, such as it was, was with her. She met the owner of a shop as he was leaving the premises. He tapped his fawn-colored spats with an oversize walking stick and fingered his tortoise-shell watch chain as he listened to her.

Matilda Leaned Back and Sighed, and With Her Right Hand Administered a Gentle Scratch to Her Ankle

"What did you say your name was?" he asked quite irrelevantly.

"Matilda Munty."

Mr. Overly frowned, and a shadow of pain crossed his face and he pressed the back of his hand to his mouth.

"How frightful! Fancy handling *objets d'art* under such a handicap! Please try to show a trifle of imagination."

He turned toward the rear of his shop.

"Harry, has anyone taken Miss Rutherford's place in the sample department? No? Well, try out this young lady. I can't recall her name. As a matter of fact, I want to forget it. Do, please, make an honest effort to replace it with something that doesn't rack one so. I fairly believe my nerves are ruined for the day. I could scream!"

Matilda looked with interest and vast respect at Mr. Clyde Overly. He represented the gate to her new world, and a very ornamental gate he was; so extremely decorative in fact that she felt some compunction concerning the mention of wages, but she conquered her hesitancy and put the question.

"Wages?" gasped Mr. Overly. "Wages? There are no wages here. Do you imagine you are working in a tannery? Your salary will be eighteen dollars each week. Harry, show Miss—for God's sake change that name—show her about anyway, Harry, and tell her what she'll have to do."

And Mr. Overly swung out the door into the bright morning sun, allowing the azure of heaven to take fresh inspiration from the cerulean of his collar.

So Miss Munty set about learning her trade from the vantage point of sample girl with Clyde Overly, Inc. There was no great glory attached to such a position, but there was the chance to learn what the various wholesalers of decorative goods specialized in—that mauve was not a distinct color but the generic term for almost any shade from an off-tone Du Barry rose to a sun-spoiled magenta, and that no sincere female aspirant in her business was ever seen without bobbed hair and a bundle of chintz samples under her arm. When Matilda had conquered these points she felt with some justice that the great fundamentals of the business were hers. And consequently, in possession of such knowledge, she began to figure on the day when her acquired capital was sufficient for her to set up in business for herself; that is, when she had put by one thousand dollars, or maybe eleven hundred dollars.

Miss Munty, under the urge of Mr. Clyde Overly, and sensing herself that perhaps there was incongruity in mingling Matilda Munty with Florentine millefleurs, decided that all potential future greatness should be woven around herself as Mathilde Del Monte.

So it was Mathilde Del Monte, the owner of eight months' experience as an apprentice decorator and an ingrowing belief that she knew sufficient to launch a decorating business of her own, who leaned back in her chair to solace her ankle with an old-fashioned scratch and reread the letter from her father back home:

My dear daughter: I do feel hesitant to write again concerning financial matters; but owing to certain affairs of my own not turning out as I had every right to expect, I am unable to cope with the present situation. You understand as well as do I the splendid enthusiasms of your brother. That they sometimes happen to be stronger than his judgment is part of his inheritance from his good mother, and not his fault.

In the recent football contests between the team representing his college and those of other places of learning his proper loyalty carried him away to an extent that he wagered sums which he hoped to win, but unfortunately the reverse was true. The total of his losses by these wagers was sixty dollars. Of course I shall expect to defray a part of his misfortune, so if you can forward me $54.40 I can add to it the $5.60 necessary to efface this debt of honor.

Of course I need not emphasize to you how essential it is to do this, as you know how finely wrought your brother's spirit is.

I hope you are enjoying these pleasant autumn days. Do not forget each night to read a page in your Testament.

Your loving father,
DELAFIELD MUNTY

Matilda gazed cross-eyed with concentration for several minutes at the letter before pounding the desk with her little fist, which was in reality the most decorative thing in the room.

"I will not. It's uncanny. He has a perfect genius for knowing when I have saved something. This is the fourth time Junior has needed help, and each time it's larger. I won't do it. If they had any idea I'd saved two hundred dollars they'd ask for two hundred dollars. I'm through. They don't understand me at all. We have nothing in common. They are perfectly content to vegetate in that awful old house. They're perfectly oblivious of anything fine, and I really believe they actually have no feelings. To sit night after night surrounded by those awful pieces of furniture and not even have the desire to change them! Hopeless! Absolutely hopeless!"

From the gloomy black cavern of the front of the shop, gloomy because both antiques and reproductions assume possibilities of perfection in a half light, she heard Mr. Overly calling her name.

"Miss Del Monte!"

Mr. Overly's voice was laden with a great world weariness. Art held no quality which he did not fully comprehend. There were so few things of vital beauty on the earth that Mr. Overly was continually disappointed. Mr. Clyde Overly found pleasure only in a terse and constant criticism of the work of absolutely all other decorators and all architects except his brother-in-law, who frequently swung jobs his way.

Mr. Overly appeared in the doorway. An epic of suffering was written in his clenched jaw and clasped hands.

"Please, Miss Del Monte. Please! A frightful person. I haven't the faintest idea of what he wishes. Do go out and take him over. My nerves are completely unstrung. He actually smokes cigars, the beast!"

And Mr. Overly felt his way across the room to his private office. Even sight seemed to have been somewhat atrophied by his recent encounter.

Miss Munty trembled a little. She had never been called upon to face a client before. This was her début. She fluffed out the sides of her bobbed hair and reconsidered for a moment the subject of mauve, recalled a chance remark of Mr. Overly's that real salesmen found first what the buyer wanted and then unqualifiedly recommended that particular thing; and thus fortified, went out to meet fate in the dim room beyond.

Upon her entrance the customer dropped his cigar into a Ming jardinière of a late Trenton manufacture and smiled.

"Good morning. I'm a bachelor and have a bachelor apartment."

"Oh," said Miss Del Monte.

"Yes; and I want to have it sort of fixed up. Only have four rooms, but they are terrible now. Full of mission stuff left over from college, you know. Couldn't you sort of lay out a plan for them? Here's a sketch of the arrangement. Yes, I made it myself. And recommend what you'd think was nice."

"Why, certainly," said Miss Del Monte, buoyed up by her strong belief that she knew all about interiors because she knew that Hepplewhite made console tables with thin legs. "I'll be pleased to help you. What tremendous possibilities that living room has," said Miss Del Monte, indicating a room on the sketch before her. "So cozy. I detest large living rooms."

"No," corrected the client gently. "You have it upside down; that's the kitchenette."

"Oh, of course. How foolish of me! That is much better, isn't it? You have a superb chance to do the unusual thing there. Something a little out of the ordinary, you know. Nothing hackneyed. Maybe a monastic effect. Early oak and egg-white rough plaster—essentially masculine."

"Well, yes, that might do; but I'd rather had an idea in my head of sticking to the finest of the stuff that came towards the end of the Knickerbocker period—about 1820. Although, of course, according to Washington Irving, that period lasted until 1840."

"Knickerbocker?" questioned Miss Del Monte, picturing a windowful of sport clothes.

"Yes. The middle Duncan Phyfe type. Just before his transition into the adopted Empire, while he still had the influences of Sheraton strong in his work. I think that was a charming era."

"Oh, so do I," caroled Mathilde, quick to perceive that she was far from shore.

She knew that oak was English and mahogany was Colonial and walnut was French, and she had thought that was all there was to it. But that one should have to know such minutiæ as this—well, she hadn't even realized there were such extents to her business. As a matter of fact, neither had the successful Mr. Clyde Overly.

Had he been confronted with the charge, however, he would have dismissed it with a condescending look and the words, "My dear man, I understand all that perfectly; but can't you see that that entire period lacked the essential vitality?—and I refuse always to emasculate my work with anything decadent."

Whatever Mr. Overly chanced to dislike always lacked the essential vitality.

"Oh, so do I," said Mathilde. "A perfectly charming era. I had thought of it at the beginning; but to be perfectly frank with you, you looked like a person who preferred the early oak and rough plaster."

A thoughtful grimace struck the gentleman's face.

"That's funny. I don't know whether to be pleased or not. Eight decorators have said about the same thing: 'My dear sir, what you want is something a little out of the ordinary. Nothing hackneyed. A monastic effect. Oak. Troweled plaster. Ship models over the mantel. Essentially masculine.' But I'll be darned if I do; and as long as I've got to pay, I want to have some say in the matter. And I can't see where it's original if every damned decorator—excuse me, but I'm sort of sore—recommends the same scheme. I'm tired. Look here! Do you actually know anything about the period I mentioned—the Knickerbocker? Tell me the truth. Nothing will jump out and bite you if you don't know."

Even ordinarily Matilda inclined toward the truth; and thus, face to face with a flat inquiry concerning it, she attempted to explain her admission.

"No, I don't. You see, I'm new at this and I'm learning. But I will know. And know a lot, too, really; when I make up my mind I go through with a thing. It's an awfully big thing to ask, but if you'll give me a chance at this apartment I'll study the thing day and night until I know more than almost anyone else. I mean it."

The client was observing Matilda's sincerity with a surprised interest as she finished.

"By George, this is refreshing. All the others have floundered about and spilled the most awful lot of misinformation. Even Overly, the old sweetheart, pulled some terrible facts on me. Not a single soul put up your proposition. You interest me strangely. What's your name?"

For the moment even nonessential truth was strong in Matilda, and also she forgot herself.

"Matilda Munty—no, I mean Miss Del Monte."

"Well, which is it?"

"It's Miss Del Monte - here."

"And Matilda Munty outside?"

Matilda nodded and tried to look very dignified.

The gentleman gazed for a space at a lace lamp shade and a fur-trimmed sofa cushion, and muttered, "It should be. No question about it. It should be. Coördinates perfectly."

He rubbed his hat on his sleeve and took out a fresh cigar.

"Well, I'll be on my way. Perhaps I'll come back later and see you. Thanks."

Mr. Overly called her to his office immediately the client had departed.

"Who was that frightful person, Miss Del Monte?"

It was unpremeditated fortune that a chair happened to be behind Matilda as she slumped.

"Oh, my gracious, Mr. Overly! I completely forgot to ask him. Isn't that awful?"

Mr Overly was sincere, yet simple.

"Yes."

"I'm so sorry. He wanted help on a four-room apartment and I suggested the things I've always heard you and the others recommend to men—English oak and rough plaster. 'Essentially masculine,' I think you say. But he didn't seem to care for it, and insisted on Duncan Phyfe and Knickerbocker types. And—and I didn't know anything about it, and he seemed to sense that and asked me straight out, and I had to admit I didn't know. But what else could I do?"

Mr. Overly turned white and his lips twitched.

"Do you mean to say you let him get away without learning either his name or making an effort to land his job?"

"But I did try, and perhaps—he said perhaps ——"

"That might have been a twelve-thousand-dollar job He had money. Some of those roughs have. And you let him get away! Haven't you any sense? What's underneath your hair anyway? Don't you know that clients are fools? They don't know anything. Tell them what they ought to have. If they come in asking for Chinese Chippendale, what do they know about it? Sell 'em a Chinese

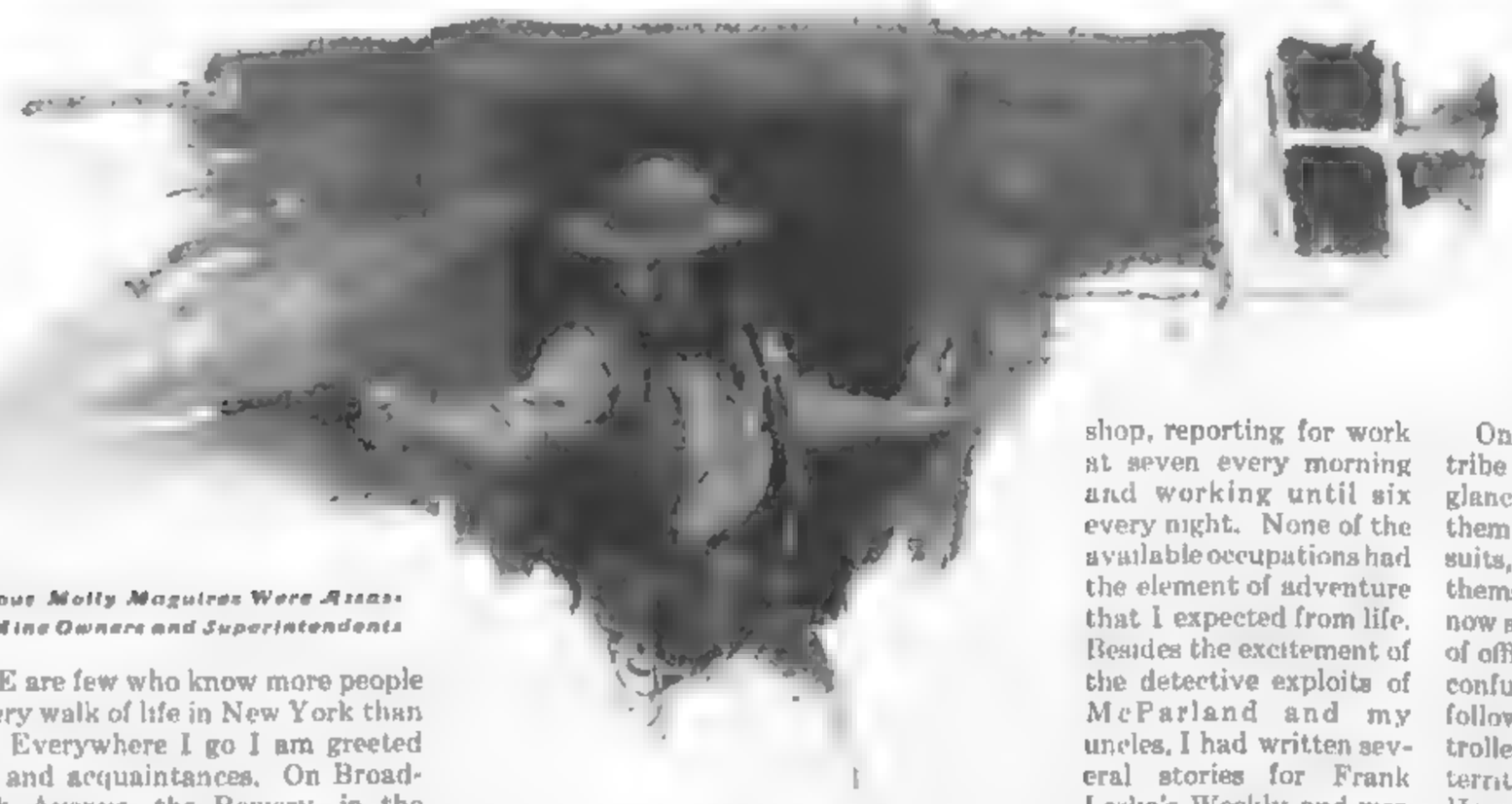
(Continued on Page 104)

"Listen to That!" Shrieked the Gorgeous One. "Hopeless — Absolutely! Go On! Get Your Money! Get Your Hat! Get Your Hat! Don't Let Me See You Around Here!"

The Criminal as a Human Being

By George S. Dougherty

Former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, New York Police Department



The Famous Molly Maguires Were Assassinating Mine Owners and Superintendents

THERE are few who know more people in every walk of life in New York than I do. Everywhere I go I am greeted by friends and acquaintances. On Broadway, Fifth Avenue, the Bowery, in the courts, the hotel lobbies, clubs, theaters, at the big fights, baseball and football games, on the race track, it is: "Hello, George!" "Good morning, chief." "How are you, commissioner?" This comes from an old friend, that from a fellow clubman, and so on

In between, somewhere, there is a quiet nod or a whispered salutation from a friend who wants me to know that he wishes me well, but is not anxious to be conspicuous. This timid individual is a criminal, sometimes actively engaged in his calling, but usually retired. Our acquaintance, ripening into friendship, may have begun years ago when we were both participants in crime—he as the offender against law and myself as the detector and prosecutor who sent him to prison.

Where is the basis for friendship? you probably wonder. It began with his discovery that I am a human being, and regard the criminal as human. This has not been a very common viewpoint among detectives, policemen or even prosecutors. Strong-arm methods still prevail in the dealings between policemen and criminals, but gradually officers of the law are coming to see that this violence is bad police work and defeats its own ends. My rise as an investigator has been due not to any mysterious sleuthing instincts or Sherlock Holmes deductions, but to a comprehensive study and understanding of the criminal, early recognition of the value of records in criminal matters, and to the confidence and friendship of criminals, based upon sympathetic treatment

Let me begin at the beginning. I was born in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania at the time when the famous Molly Maguires were assassinating mine owners and superintendents. The Pinkerton detective agency ended this reign of terror by police methods that were entirely new in the United States at that time. James McParland, a Chicago operator who assumed the name of James McKenna, was chosen for several necessary qualifications. He was an Irishman, a singer, dancer, boxer, and an expert at the popular coal-mining game of shin kicking. Burly miners in heavy boots would kick one another's shins until one or the other was exhausted. Also, he had outwardly the dumbness of the immigrant; and rigged as a greenhorn, he was sent to another part of Pennsylvania and slowly worked into the Molly Maguire territory. Gaining the confidence of the insiders, he secured evidence upon which between fifteen and twenty ringleaders were hung.

Taking the Phrenologist's Advice

THIS was adventure that aroused my admiration as a boy. Two of my uncles had been in the United States Secret Service during the Civil War. One was connected with the apprehension of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln; the other's experience gained in the secret service led to his connection with the Pinkerton agency. My father, a trained musician, was a railroad superintendent, and at nighttime during the worst era of the Molly Maguire reign of terror he went about the most dangerous sections teaching country choirs. Though he was warned again and again of possible danger, because this outlaw organization marked superintendents for its victims, he was unharmed.

I was one of a family of nineteen children. When the time came for me to choose an occupation there were several things at which I might have worked right in my native town. I might have had a white-shirt job, with a celluloid collar, and become a telegraph operator with little chance of promotion; or I could have taken a job in a machine shop, reporting for work at seven every morning and working until six every night. None of the available occupations had the element of adventure that I expected from life. Besides the excitement of the detective exploits of McParland and my uncles, I had written several stories for Frank Leslie's Weekly and won a twenty-five-dollar prize. So I was in no frame of mind to settle down to a routine trade. My great desire was travel and adventure.

To our little town one day there came a phrenologist, giving a performance in the town hall at which he lectured upon and read bumps. I knew he was coming and watched the two daily trains for him. I was right there to help him with his baggage and solicit work, distributing circulars, putting up advertising placards and taking tickets at the door. I stuck to him until he was leaving town, winning his thanks—and that was all!

When I saw that he did not mean to pay me anything I asked timidly, "Would you mind feeling my bumps and giving me one of your charts?"

These charts showed the human cranium divided into compartments, each denoting some special characteristic or occupation in life. I was delighted when he gave me one and marked upon it two occupations for which the science of phrenology declared I was peculiarly fitted newspaper man and detective.

Father was a staunch Democrat, and the general trend of the town was Democratic, and those were times in which parties meant more than they do today. But there was a little paper called The Republican in the next town, and on this I secured a job at four dollars a week, walking seven miles to work in the morning and the same distance home at night. Father was fearful that the paper might eventually make a Republican of me. On the other hand, what a foundation this was for my future career! My employer, J. Harry Zerbey, was a rugged, progressive individual, who by his teachings gave me every inspiration to succeed. He now owns and edits two flourishing dailies The Republican and The Morning Paper, at Pottsville, Pennsylvania. I learned the work of a country newspaper printer's devil, typesetter, press feeder, cub reporter. I was circulation agent, because I sold or delivered on Saturday all the papers that were printed. What joy to work all night in the pressroom and get her out in the morning! After a time that, too, failed to supply the adventure I craved, though it was interesting and taught me a great many things that are still useful.

So one day along came the Barnum and Bailey Circus. It was the year they had the sacred white elephant. I joined out with the aggregation and got a job in the ticket wagon. In a few seasons with them I found plenty of adventure and interest traveling about the country. This also proved unsatisfactory in time, not because circus life grew stale, but it led nowhere, except that it gave me a great insight into the operations of the criminal. He was a crafty individual and bobbed up serenely in every stand we played. Newcomers in the grafting game were frequent. The individual who always worked within the law was numerous — the shell worker, the three-card-monte men, O'Leary belt players, and so on; not thieves in their own estimation, but giving the victim the gambler's chance, so to speak. Birds of a feather surely flocked together. Sometimes they were arrested, but soon were bailed out and back on the job.

One rubbed elbows so much with them that knowing the tribe was natural. I got so I could recognize them at a glance from their peculiar characteristics. Nearly all of them dressed the part of a crook – colored vests, checkered suits, unusual shoes and hats. They actually branded themselves, like the bootleggers on Long Island, who are now so numerous that they have adopted and wear a badge of office so they can easily recognize one another and avoid confusion. Whole troupes of the criminal gentry used to follow the red wagons. Sometimes a general manager controlled a number of mobs, as they were called, allotted territory, fixed coppers, hired new tools when necessary. He paid regular visits of inspection to determine business conditions. With my circus experience I always figured how easy it would be to catch these vain crooks, who considered themselves many degrees smarter than their victims—and who always whined and whimpered every time someone smarter than they were nailed them.

Familiar Faces in the Rogues' Gallery

TO BE a detective—that was the phrenologist's second pick! So at the age of twenty, with an experience of life, people and places not enjoyed by most boys at that age, I boldly went to New York, walked into the Pinkerton office and asked for a job.

It is not the custom of this agency to hire persons who apply for employment. Not they! They know all about their man before they hire him. He answers an innocently worded advertisement to a post-office box, is selected from among a number of applicants, interviewed in an out-of-the-way office building—is hired and works for some time before he knows in whose employ he is. I was for twenty-three years in the Pinkerton service, from operator to superintendent of criminal investigations. It is easy to understand why they do not and will not engage personal applicants. Their operations are so extensive they cannot permit anyone to find employment with them and spy on their work and staff.

With me it was different. One of my uncles was an official. Another had gained a big reputation with the United States Secret Service in wartime. Besides, I was,

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"Why, You're the First Bull I Ever Met That I Could Talk To!"

Contrasts and Contradictions

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

THERE is no more extraordinary thing in this world to contemplate than the infinite variety of human life in India, unless it be the preëminence in the midst of this infinite variety of its least congruous element.

That a handful of men from the far-away fair little islands of Britain should have come, even in the long run of a long period of history, to dominate so vast a population with which they never could possibly have any characteristic in common is from no viewpoint so incomprehensible as from the viewpoint to be obtained by immediate contact with the reality.

We are quite sufficiently familiar with colonial conceptions and easily enough we get the idea of the white man's burden, knowing that the white man shoulders it in order that it may not repose as an obstacle in his own path of progress. We have in the past been content to see useless peoples eliminated when necessary, and we are all interested nowadays in the possible regeneration of those whom we regard as being unregenerate by means of an imposition upon them of our own civilization. But the United States in the Philippine Islands and on certain islands to the south of us; Holland in the East Indies; the various peoples of Europe in the vast lands of Africa; the world in conflict with Chinese tradition, ignorance, prejudice, lawlessness and lethargy—the greatest of these problems are problems shared and therefore all of them diminish in one's mind to the proportions of minor propositions in comparison with that which the handful of men from the far-away islands of Britain have dealt with and must continue to deal with in India.

Perhaps I should refer also to the Japanese in Korea and Formosa; not by way of including the Japanese among the white races, but only by way of including them among the highly responsible races. Curiously enough, they have tried to establish a claim to Caucasian descent. One wonders why, since they are what they are so superlatively. Quality and power, and not color and facial contour, should determine the relationships of the various nations; and perhaps they have begun to do so, since it is instinctive in one's mind to include the Japanese when considering the responsibilities of the socially eminent.

No Basis for Comparison

IN INDIA, time and again, I heard the Japanese referred to as a noble example to be emulated by the Indians; but no Indian I ever talked with had a clear conception of the difference between the Indian peoples and the Japanese. The difference is that the Japanese are grounded in a secure and profound sense of nationality, whereas the Indians are hopelessly divided by innumerable religious differences and racial antagoniams. A distinguished Indian said to me one day, "We are a vastly greater people than the Japanese both numerically and culturally, yet we have suffered ourselves for ages to be ruled by aliens as though we were the world's one nation of helpless imbeciles."

I wanted to say to him that to begin with there is no such nation as an Indian nation; but one hesitates to hurt the feelings of an Indian, so I contented myself with asking him if he had ever been in Japan.

"No," said he, "I never have."

"Then I must describe to you," I replied, "one of the most important sights to be seen in that country. Every morning and every afternoon, on the streets of every city and town and hamlet and on every country road, you see companies of boys and girls—from tiny tots to young men and young women—in school uniform and with book bags slung from their shoulders, trudging or romping along to or from school. These boys and girls throughout the empire are on a basis of absolute equality, and, up to a certain point, receive exactly the same instruction both spiritual and secular, and in a single language. When you can duplicate that picture in India even on a 20 per cent scale you will be approaching equality with the Japanese."

The Viceregal Lodge, Simla, India

He began earnestly to remind me that India was the inheritor of a splendid culture which was developed long before the Japanese emerged as an identifiable race.

"Yes," said I, "and what a pity it is that you are not prepared to scrap it, or at least such elements in it as hamper you in your modern aspirations."

I then went on to say that the Japanese also had an ancient culture; not so ancient as the culture of India perhaps, but ancient enough; and that the ruling caste in Japan, being Japanese first and samurai as a secondary consideration, had seen the wisdom of making this culture serve the ends of national unity when the need for national unity presented itself. A good many of the usages sanctioned by its code, which were out of harmony with Western conceptions they either modified or abandoned; they abolished the caste system and reëstablished their religious institutions in such a way that they became a mere picturesque and interesting background for the display of those qualities by which they were destined to prove their right to occupy the position among free nations which is now so peculiarly and indisputably their own.

"You cannot make comparisons between the peoples of India and the Japanese," said I, "because the unlikeness between them is almost as complete as the unlikeness between the Indians and the British."

Just for purposes of argument, he refused for the moment to concede this and expatiated quite learnedly for a brief interval on the subject of Oriental-mindedness as opposed to Occidental-mindedness, saying that the Japanese had received from India, through China and Korea, their principal religion and a large part of their finest culture, and that therefore they might be expected to achieve a better understanding of Indian psychology than the British ever could. I asked him, however, to remember that a tremendous majority of Indians had abandoned Buddhism—the religion from which the Japanese, during a long period, received so much ennobling inspiration—and had reverted to the least unifying, uplifting and modernizing principles of the conglomerate Hindu faith, which, in its finer and more subtle features, is really beyond the comprehension even of most Indians. He admitted that this was true, and admitted also that the Indian effort to achieve political emancipation could hardly result in much while the most important fact in the life of India continued to be religious and social enslavement.

When I began to write I had no intention of referring to this little discussion; but, having mentioned Japan, I was reminded of it and of the frequency with which the Japanese are held up in India as an example of a brown people demonstrating that brown peoples are capable of governing themselves; so, one word bringing on another, I went along with it. I began to write, as a matter of fact, with my mind roving all over the great peninsula and occupying itself, too desultorily perhaps, with the bewilderments of the amazing country's kaleidoscopic life. It is necessary, however, to proceed in an orderly manner; so, as I intended to do, I shall proceed by way of the halls of the Indian legislature and thence on out among the gods and into some of the more interesting regions the inhabitants of which have come to be represented in that unique governmental institution.

In former articles I have referred quite frequently to the system of government newly established in India; but I have offered no description of this government in action, nor have I said anything about the impression made upon the mind of a democratic stranger by the curious character of its construction and the results obtained through its operations. To fail to do this would be to disregard that which occupies more attention in India than all other interests combined, and to leave a large blank space in a sketch which I have hoped to make fairly complete.

The Novelty of Self-Government

THE Indian legislators have not yet become accustomed to their so recently acquired political dignities and privileges, and it is somewhat amusing to observe the air of suppressed excitement with which they continue to forgather in their legislative halls. Or maybe it was I who was excited and only imagined that others were also. Be that as it may, I do know that even certain British representatives in this new and extraordinary body—I am thinking at the moment only of the so-called National Legislative Assembly—live in a state of constant agitation. I know, because I have been with them on numerous occasions both in the assembly chamber and outside in Delhi, where little else is ever talked about while the legislature is in session except politics, the interesting uncertainty as to what Indian politicians are likely to do under any given circumstances and the possible outcome of the great experiment embodied in the political reforms.

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MAMMON AND THE MAN

By FRANCIS DANA

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"Impudent, Ungrateful Hound Pup! I'll Fire Him Right Now!" Was His First Thought

THE Behemoth Building was a towering temple of Mammon. There was the lair and principal office of his creature the Behemoth, a business corporation of vast resources and varied powers, that inhabited three floors and let the other thirty. There, in an inner sanctuary, remote, hardly accessible, admired, dreaded, obeyed, sat Gideon T. Welkin.

That a corporation has no soul is often asserted, seldom if ever true. Mr. Welkin, for instance, was not only president and controlling stockholder but the very living soul of the Behemoth, abiding there, dreaming the monster's tremendous dreams of power, expansion and emolument, inspiring its enormous bulk of organized men and things to their fulfillment.

To him one wintry morning came a sound of unprecedented disturbance near at hand. The atmosphere of reverential quiet maintained unbroken for years in the neighborhood of his presence was shattered by a voice demanding an interview.

"Mr. Welkin? Appointment? No, I'm here to make one."

Gideon T. Welkin, somewhat entertained, looked into his periscope, a contrivance by which, without rising, he could see whatever might be doing in the outer office. At the gate of the rail stood a young man of unusual stature and not too prosperous appearance. His hand was on the gate; the office boy, forbidding, implacable, barred his path.

Mr. Welkin, with growing interest, saw the visitor put forth his other hand, lift the office boy gently aside, pass in; tread as it seemed fortuitously, but with agonizing effect, upon the hurrying foot of a stout clerk who came forward to intercept him; turn and bow in leisurely, courteous apology; grasp with a pleasant smile of greeting the hand, outstretched in urgent protest, of a stalwart secretary and wring it with a cordiality that left it limp. Next moment the visitor, with his heel planted firmly against the door, stood in the inner sanctuary, looking down from his great height upon Welkin himself.

Gaunt, he was, as with abstinence too long endured, immaculate yet shabby in a suit fashioned evidently by a master of the tailor's craft for a milder season.

If any thought of bombs, book agency or blackmail, any resentment or surprise at this unique intrusion, stirred the mind of Mr. Welkin, no sign of it appeared upon his hard, square, massive front.

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Pay, sir, and of course work enough to earn it—if you have an opening, Mr. Welkin."

Noting with inward approval the unusual accuracy of the order of his visitor's wants, Mr. Welkin was moved to further inquiry.

"What experience?"

"Experience, sir, is the very thing I've come to get."

"References?"

"But, Mr. Welkin, if you remember, you hadn't any references, either, when you began."

"How do you know that?"

"I read it in an article in a Sunday paper—Buccaneers in Business."

Mr. Welkin's stare was changeless, unrevealing.

"What's your name?"

"Wentworth Wadsworth."

Mr. Welkin's gaze moved, traveled slowly down the long, lean, shabby figure to its boots, noted that they shone bravely in adversity, came slowly up again, took in the gaunt lines of the face.

"Appetite—pretty fair?"

"Thank you, never better."

Mr. Welkin turned abruptly to his desk, pressed a button, spoke into the nickel mouthpiece of a flexible tube connected with the wall:

"Miss Beck letter:

"MR. SLOAT, Room 307.

"Bearer, Wentworth Wadsworth, wants a job. His qualifications, which I personally guarantee, are

"(1) Unmitigated cheek, nerve, gall.

"(2) A manner which enables him to get away with it.

"Wants experience. Let him have it good and plenty.

"Wants pay. Start him at ten per.

"Advance him, also, immediately, by way of bonus, ten dollars.

"If he makes good, work him to death. If he don't, fire him.

"That's all for the moment, Miss Beck. Let me have it at once, please. Chair by the fire, young man."

Immeasurably below Gideon T. Welkin, yet high in the service of the temple, was Mr. Sloat, superintendent of the building. If anybody had suggested to Mr. Sloat that its admirable condition and enormous rentals were due, not to his own efficiency, but to that of an able staff of heads of departments, chosen by Mr. Welkin himself and cooperating smoothly in loyal awe of that formidable chief, Mr. Sloat would have dismissed the suggestion as a sorry jest not worth his attention. No one, more than he, would have been astonished to learn that he stood in his position as nominal head of that staff merely as a sort of private monument to the memory of that one of his own aunts who, years before, had made an indelible mark on the heart of Mr. Welkin by declining to marry him.

Mr. Sloat, cherishing a high sense of personal dignity, assumed that disgusted look known to the unlettered but expressive offspring of Manhattan's East Side as a snoot and barked at Wentworth Wadsworth.

"Who let you in here?"

"Mr. Welkin, sir, sent me with this."

Wadsworth's smile was benignant as he conferred upon Mr. Sloat a letter. Mr. Sloat took the letter, read it, regarded the bearer with unconcealed amazement, read it again.

Why Gideon T. Welkin should have thought it worth while to interest himself in behalf of this evidently impecunious being, conspicuously out of place in the halls of Mammon, and appearing, in the eyes of Mr. Sloat, to be what he mentally characterized as a "bum," was quite beyond his imagination. Nevertheless, he knew the Old Man's style well enough to be aware that such a letter, from him, amounted to unstinted praise. Those initials, G. T. W., signed in Mr. Welkin's own savage scrawl, wrought upon Mr. Sloat very much as the mystic seal of Solomon is said to have affected beings superhuman.

"Help yourself to a chair, Mr—er—Wordsworth," he found himself saying. "Mr. Welkin suggests that I give

Mr. Welkin Saw the Visitor Put Forth His Other Hand, Lift the Office Boy Gently Aside, Pass In

you—tentatively of course—a job in this office. I am—er—inclined to adopt his suggestion."

"That, sir, is very kind of you and Mr. Welkin. I am greatly obliged to you both."

Mr. Sloat found himself unaccountably irritated by the word "sir" as uttered by this Wadsworth. It was by no means the becoming and appropriate "sir" of the meek. It was not exactly the "sir" *de haut en bas*—as of the military man, for instance, to his subordinate—but as far as Mr. Sloat's feelings were concerned it might as well have been that as what it was—the bland and dignified "sir" acknowledging no superior, accorded to an equal as of right and an inferior by courtesy, used largely for purposes of punctuation by gentlemen of a somewhat older day.

and Sloat, though his mind was not aware of the distinction, felt it uncomfortably in his spleen and bristled with executive dignity as a porcupine with quills.

"Report to my head clerk, Mr. Bamber, in the morning for duty at 8:30 sharp."

"To Mr. Bamber, sir, at 8:30."

Wadsworth bowed and was going out, when Mr. Sloat, further irritated by the bow, which in some way he could not have defined did not seem at all the kind of bow a person in Wadsworth's position could afford, called him back.

"Here, hold on! You're to have ten dollars now."

Mr. Sloat's opinion of a man who was to have ten unearned dollars expressed itself disagreeably in his tone, but upon this point, to his surprise and further distaste—for who was this stray animal to refuse the bounty of the Behemoth Company?—the young man proved to be at one with him.

"Hardly cricket, that."

"What?"

There was in the manner of Wadsworth's reply something of the indulgence of a kindly tutor toward a willing but not overintelligent pupil.

"I said 'hardly cricket'—slang, sir, I admit; and worse still, British slang, as if we hadn't enough of the domestic article. There ought to be a prohibitive tariff. The phrase, sir, means 'rotten-ethics.' That is to say, I don't like getting something for nothing. I'd rather not." Mr. Sloat sat glaring. "But if you don't mind instead, sir, advancing three dollars, to be duly earned and deducted from my first week's pay, that will be a decided convenience."

Mr. Sloat, although inclined through instinctive and growing antipathy to begin and end Wentworth Wadsworth's connection with his office by discharging him at once, was restrained, nevertheless, by the spell of those awful initials G. T. W., at sight of which presidents and directors of subsidiary and allied corporations, chiefs of operations and expeditions, heads of departments and divisions in many lands, even skippers here and there on the high seas, bowed down and were good; before which, it was said, a convenient number of high officials and dignitaries political, at home and abroad, sat up and begged, and procured legislation or granted concessions.

Mr. Sloat, comforting himself somewhat by the recollection of the words, "If he don't, fire him," and promising his vexed soul to avail himself of them at the first opportunity, conjured up an office boy, scribbled briskly on a pad and gave the result to Wadsworth.

"Hand that to my cashier as you go out and get your three dollars. Jim, show Mr. Wadsworth Mr. Siddons' desk. That's all."

Boarded and lodged again after a precarious interlude on the hard outer crust of Manhattan, blessed with a job at last, Wentworth Wadsworth sat on his bed and bent himself to a deferred duty.

The job, to be sure, was not very remunerative, nor as yet secure. Of the board, the less said the better. The room was one of those whose salient characteristic is a long, narrow shaft extending upward through the roof and ending in the one tiny window. When Manhattan, in days long hence, is exhumed for purposes of archæological research, these rooms will infallibly give rise to the theory that its inhabitants were given, occasionally, to the practice of maintaining giraffes in close confinement on the upper floors of their houses.

The deferred duty was a letter to his mother. Wadsworth had recourse to euphemism:

You will be glad to know that at last, after much painstaking investigation, I have found an acceptable opening. After conference with Mr. Gideon T. Welkin, president of the great Behemoth Company, I have decided to ally myself, for the present at least, with that unquestionably sound and prosperous concern.

I have taken an apartment with

He paused and pondered, glanced up at the little window at the top of the wooden shaft, caught the gleam of a star and, thus inspired, continued:

a heavenly view. My meals are served downstairs a most convenient arrangement, don't you think? and are in keeping with the style of the apartment.

Smack! It Had Happened at Last. Sloat Went Rolling, Lay Across the Door. Now That it Had Happened, Wadsworth Felt No Regret

"That," he reflected, "is all true, and it'll make her bristle with pride till she feels like hiring the town hall and reading it out loud to an admiring populace."

It did, in fact, awaken some such feeling in the mind of Mrs. Wadsworth, but she was too wise and careful a mother to admit it unreservedly. She wrote:

While I congratulate you on your success in establishing yourself, I cannot forget, dear boy, that your enterprise is a departure from our tradition. A Wadsworth in business, it seems to me, is far too like a fish on dry land to be regarded altogether without anxiety. A new field for one of us, my dear, full of snares and pitfalls even for men of the utmost experience in its ways. Money is not of the first importance—there may be such a thing as too much.

I trust Mr. Welkin is a good man and that you will find him in every way a fitting and congenial associate.

But oh, my son, beware of Mammon!

Wadsworth, with all the indulgent tolerance of youth for the ingenuousness of an older and less sophisticated generation, was moved to smile at "Mammon," not at all suspecting that that greedy old fiend had an eye on him even then, didn't like his looks and was already preparing for him what is known in police and criminal circles as a "frame."

Mr. Sloat, like Prometheus with his vulture and the Spartan boy with the stolen fox under his jacket, had a

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Ten Thousand for Everybody

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

MINE was one of those outfits that used to begin by asking a man if he earned ten thousand dollars a year—and then look pained and grieved when he confessed that he didn't. To hear me perform in the good old days you'd think that ten grand a year was the average income in the United States and that any man earning less was not much better than a wife beater. We always talked in big figures. At that time I hadn't the remotest idea that there were census reports showing about what percentage of the population enjoyed any such income. When I finally saw the figures I got one of the great surprises of my life. You can look up the statistics for yourself if you are curious, or accept my word for it that ten-thousand-a-year men are scarce.

We sold stocks, usually of industrial corporations; and to the best of our ability we selected bona fide propositions. Most of them succeeded and our stocks really had value. It was not that phase of the business which I objected to, but the realization that I was a sort of evangelist of discontent. In a way I wasn't much different from a radical agitator in the effect of our propaganda on a community. It took a long time for that fact to dawn upon me, and it might never have done so if the effects of it hadn't appeared right in our own establishment. Stenographers and bookkeepers, file clerks, and all sorts of employes, including several janitors, quit their jobs to join the selling force.

One of our best salesmen—while he lasted—was a former bricklayer, and when he visited a plant that was being constructed with money from our stock sales the effect was about the same as a strike. He was a loud-mouthed fellow who spouted cheery greetings like a geyser. Arrayed in a tailored suit, peppermint-candy silk shirt, imitation diamond and spats over his shoes, he created a veritable sensation. He was still a member of the union in good standing, and several of the bricklayers at work on the job knew him. Everyone had to have a word with him. He painted such a rosy picture of stock selling that one-third of those bricklayers enrolled in my force during the following ten days. It delayed the work on that factory to such an extent that the total cost of the lost time was eventually about twelve thousand dollars. Moreover, I paid him three dollars for every man he enrolled, and he won the one-hundred-dollar prize that month for having brought in the largest number of new salesmen. Four months later nearly all those men were again laying bricks; however, some who go through this experience never get over it. They join the great body of drifters who skip from one employment to another, looking for ten thousand a year and trailing that elusive sum through all sorts of disappointments and hardships. No matter what happens to them, their goal always seems to be almost within their grasp. They stay with the chase until age cools the fever.

From Bright Outlook to Gloomy Reality

MY SUCCESS in that turbulent field of endeavor was, beyond doubt, due to my sincerity. I was a man with a mission. To tell the whole truth, I was a fanatic. And that calls for a few personal words, which are offered with the excuse that I was one of many—one of an interesting type.

My father was a farmer residing in a small community. Although he made a comfortable living his great ambition was to educate me so that I would not have to be a farmer. In those days an education meant law school in the state university. I don't know why, but that was what it meant, so to the law school I went. I had a taste for politics and the university whetted it. The ink wasn't dry on my diploma before I was a candidate for county clerk—and elected. Under the fee system a county clerk made as much as the governor of the state, so I began with one of the best jobs in the state and a bright outlook—as I thought.

At the end of my two-year term I ran for district clerk and was defeated. I could have been reelected county clerk, but that position was, of course, filled at the same election in which I was defeated. The new county clerk was a friend of mine and offered me a position as deputy, but it paid only seventy-five dollars a month. I was confronted with the alternative of waiting two years for another election or going to work in some very humble capacity at a small wage. I hung out my shingle as a lawyer and waited for three months. Then I borrowed some money and waited another three months. There wasn't enough law business in the county for another firm, however. I became a junior in an older firm, but that made me a sort of combination errand boy, typist and valet to the elderly senior, and I was sick of it within two weeks.

With no very definite purpose in mind, I went to Chicago and began the most tragic period of my life, looking for a job without knowing how to do a thing. In Illinois, of course, I wasn't even a lawyer. I wasn't anything. And yet I felt that I was entitled to a good living, good clothes, and companionship on terms of equality with men of consequence. Even when I was spending my last five dollars I would absent-mindedly buy a fifteen-cent cigar. To a man who doesn't really know how to do anything, a big strange city presents something like a motion-picture show when the film is cracked and the operator is turning the machine twice as fast as he should. It is a confusing blur, meaningless; you can't make out half the explanatory captions, people flash out plainly for a second, rushing somewhere, but a moment later the picture is blurred. All those people are based on occupations which furnish them guides to the city and points of view. But I had none.

When I was finally cold and hungry and without a cent, standing in front of a sorry-looking restaurant, I noticed a sign: "Experienced dishwasher wanted." I rushed in and got the job. It lasted long enough for me to eat; then I was not only fired but literally kicked out. I couldn't even wash dishes. I wasn't an experienced dishwasher. Believe it or not, even that is a definite sort of work with its own technic and skill.

Searching the help-wanted column of an afternoon newspaper someone had left in the restaurant, I discovered a firm that needed three experienced salesmen to offer an issue of stock. It was a conservative, reputable firm, and they asked me so many questions they made me dizzy. I began to wonder whether I was an applicant for a job or for life insurance. And, of course, I was precisely the sort of person they were trying to avoid. But this was my last hope, and I fought so desperately that they had to give me a chance.

This firm furnished leads, and I went out armed with two names and addresses, together with the necessary information about the proposition and the two prospects. I sold both men without difficulty. With a firm like that back of the stock issue, and furnishing names of men known to be interested, it was fairly easy, but at the time I thought Christopher Columbus' triumph was a mere yachting party compared to what I had done. Moreover, I liked the job. It gave me what I wanted most—an opportunity to mingle with men of consequence on terms of equality, to live simply but comfortably without counting every dime I spent, and to make my job pay in proportion to what I produced without having to ask anyone for a raise in wages.

A few months later I was a sales manager, and at once I began the experiment of putting on nearly everyone I could get hold of, without asking whether any of their grandparents had died of tuberculosis. After what I had been through, every city was to me a vast throng of bright, honest, young men clawing like caged animals at confusing rows of revolving doors, trying to get someone to give them a chance. I was a fanatic on the subject of giving men a chance, because in my own dark period there were always opportunities to go wrong. Blackmailers and every imaginable sort of crook and parasite had offered me what they called jobs, but honest people had looked me over very coldly. I could merely stand on a curbstone or in a hotel lobby for an hour or two, and someone would be at my side. I began to feel that the crooks deserved success as a reward for their initiative. Moreover, they were very kind-hearted, and other people were, it seemed to me at the time, not so. The crooks would invite me to eat, and the honest people waited for me to ask them for food. That I would not have done. Starvation was decidedly preferable. I know because I tried to ask for food and couldn't, while I could endure hunger.

All sorts of men came to me to get a chance to sell stock—and they got it. I was a born politician. I like men—and I make a favorable impression at once. I always saw that they were fed without delay—and the ones that looked the least hungry generally were the emptiest. I became a sort of patron saint to them, a legend, a Santa Claus, or something of the sort; anyway, they were loyal to the point where I have not the slightest doubt that I could have called for volunteers to do a few murders.

The Two Decisive Steps of Life

IN GATHERING any large body of men together, if one keeps his ears and heart open he will encounter the most startling tales of hardship and heroism. I used to hear lots of them. One young man was starving himself to get enough money for an operation on his mother's eyes to save her from blindness. Every day that passed made her chances poorer, and he was fighting desperately to get the money in time. I had the operation performed at once, lending him the money without security and assuring him that he could pay or not, as he pleased, and in his own good time. Acts like that go through a sales force such as mine was like a bolt of lightning. Men would work day and night under the imperative urge to give expression to their gratitude. And I might add that two hours of work after the evening meal will frequently sell more stocks than eight hours during the day, if one has an acquaintance.

I began to see myself in the reflected glow of admiration, not to say adoration. I really did find young men who hadn't been able to find themselves—and put them squarely on their feet. I also met that vastly larger group of men who have got sidetracked by some accident and are in the wrong work. There is an astonishing number of these. Some youngster, who for no definable reason hates grease and dirt, happens to live near the railroad shops, and the next thing he knows he is repairing locomotives. He ought to do something else, but doesn't know how to get to it. I found a lot of those fellows. Less than half of the boys in this country go through high school. Most of them are gainfully employed by the time they are twenty-one years of age, and unless they have very strongly marked tendencies in some definite direction, they exercise very little selection. Most of them are married by the time they are twenty-five years of age, so that the two great decisive steps of life, selection of work and selection of a wife, are taken at such an early age that at least a considerable number haven't yet maturity enough to realize that these are the great decisive steps. I had sometimes thought that when I appear to give the final account of myself I shall say in extenuation of all sins committed under the age of ninety years: "I was very young at the time."

Of course a great many of the men I recruited didn't make good, but, as I said, I was fanatical and for some years I expected everyone I welcomed into the organization to make a new record. I believed in him whether he

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YOU CAN'T BEAT THE GAME

By J. R. Sprague

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE big cloth sign painted in flaming red letters that stretched across the front of the store announced that $100,000 worth of high-class jewelry and art goods was being sold at auction to liquidate the affairs of a retiring merchant. Inside the establishment a stout and perspiring man was striding up and down the length of a platform that had been built behind the long show cases, auctioning off the articles in stock to a closely packed crowd of people. This auctioneer labored under the appearance of the most intense excitement. No bid was ever high enough to suit him. At times he seemed resentful at the figure at which he was obliged to knock down some article, and at other times he would loudly congratulate his audience for its acumen in buying such fine merchandise at absolutely give-away prices.

At length he seemed to become involved in an impossible situation. He was soliciting bids on a diamond ring which he stated he would not sell for one penny less than $100, because even at that price he would be compromising his reputation as a salesman. No one in the audience, however, seemed to worry over his reputation, because the bidding on the bauble went up to forty dollars and then came to an abrupt stop. The auctioneer used all his skill, at one time pleading for fair treatment on the part of the audience and at another time demanding to know if there was not one person present with a drop of sporting blood in his veins.

Suddenly the auctioneer's face hardened. He slammed the diamond ring down on the stand and whirled around to the wall shelving where there was a group of nickel alarm clocks handy to his reach. Grabbing a double handful of these timepieces he again faced the audience.

"If I must give merchandise away," he shouted defiantly, "I might as well begin right now. Who will make me a bid of ten cents for one of these dollar alarm clocks?"

The Something-for-Nothing Complex

SOMEONE bid ten cents and quick as a flash the auctioneer shouted "Sold!" He shoved the clock toward its purchaser with a vindictive gesture, at the same time demanding to know if there was anyone else in the room gambler enough to pay ten cents for a dollar article. In thirty seconds he had disposed of his double handful of alarm clocks. Then he snatched up the diamond ring again, pounded on the stand with his gavel and spoke into the faces of his listeners.

"You've seen the way things are being sacrificed at this sale," he said hoarsely. "Now who will bid me $100 for this beautiful ring?"

This time his salesmanship bore fruit; offers were made with jumps of ten dollars at a time, and the ring was finally knocked down at $120.

Later on I met the auctioneer socially. Separated from his chosen profession, he was a mild-mannered individual, entirely lacking the emotional quality that manifested itself in his work. I said there must be a tremendous loss to the owner of the establishment when articles of such general usefulness as alarm clocks had to be sold at ten cents on the dollar. The auctioneer smiled genially.

"Oh, that was all right," he said. "I didn't sacrifice very many of them, and I more than got it back on the next sale. It gave the folks an idea they had a chance to get something for nothing. That's what you've got to do nowadays—make people think they are beating the game'"

Whether the auctioneer was correct in his sweeping statement, it is not the purpose of this article to discuss. It is doubtless true, however, that a great many poor investments are being made all the time from the motives he mentioned.

A few years ago an individual appeared in my home town with an altruistic plan to enrich the citizens by selling them building lots in New York City. Technically, that is, the building lots were in the metropolis; but a less optimistic salesman might have admitted that the location was distinctly suburban. However, this salesman gave his word that New York was growing very fast and it would be only a short time before the ten or fifteen miles of vacant property intervening would be entirely built up.

Some of the citizens he approached were inclined to be skeptical, and asked why New York people themselves did not snap up these building lots instead of allowing them to go to outsiders at the ridiculously easy terms of ten dollars down and six dollars a month. To all prospective buyers who asked this fair question the salesman made the same ingenious and usually convincing reply.

"Now listen," he would say confidentially. "You know how it is with people in a big city like New York. They simply won't bother with small investments. They pass up anything that doesn't promise money in big chunks, and that's the reason you have a chance to beat the game by getting in on this proposition. Will one lot be enough, or do you want to make more money by taking three or four?"

Viewed in the cold light of reason, the salesman's argument would have seemed a little sketchy, because anyone who has ever been in New York knows that not much of anything in the way of profits is overlooked in that metropolis, either in big or little chunks. But when a person is intent on beating the game it often seems as though his other faculties suffer a temporary suspension.

Recently a banker friend in a Western city told me of a lady client of his who had come into possession of a building lot in her home town at the settlement of the estate of a relative. This building lot was something of a thorn in the flesh. In the settlement of the estate it had been valued at $3000, but no one wanted to buy it because it was situated rather far out, several blocks from a street-car line, and one had to cross some railroad tracks to get to it.

One day the lady called on the banker and instructed him to sell some of her other securities; she wanted $5000, she said, in order to build a house on her vacant lot. The banker asked her if she intended moving into that part of town.

"Of course I wouldn't live way out there myself," she replied indignantly. "I'm going to build the house as a speculation. The lot, you see, is valued at $3000, and the house will be $5000 more. I'm told if I do that I can easily sell the place for $12,000."

"I'm afraid I don't understand your reasoning," the banker said. "Three and five make eight, not twelve. There are scores of other vacant lots out there just like yours. If anyone wanted a home in that locality he could buy a lot and put up his own house, so why should he pay you $12,000 for a place he could just as well get for $8000?"

The lady, concentrating on her idea of getting something for nothing, acted as though she had not heard.

"I am told," she said, "that I can build a $5000 house on my $3000 lot and sell the place for $12,000. I am told that, and I believe it."

A Tip From the Laundryman

IT WAS not until afterward that the banker learned how it was that she had come to this surprising way of reasoning. It seems one day the lady was in the section of town where her lot was located and chanced to encounter the laundry-wagon driver who was in the habit of coming to her home to get her weekly wash. The laundry driver himself lived near her vacant lot and probably felt the need of more neighbors, for he made a pleasantly constructive suggestion.

"Why don't you build a house on that lot of yours, Mrs. Smith?" he said. "The lot is valued at $3000. You could put up a $5000 house on it and I'll bet it would sell quick for $12,000."

After that nothing could convince her that three and five did not make twelve. She built the house, but has not yet made a sale at the figure she counted on. She is, in fact, having a hard time to keep it rented even, because it is still several blocks from the street-car line and across the railroad tracks.

Blind belief in schemes to beat the game are not confined to impressionable ladies or to the unsophisticated. For a considerable period a colored individual made more than a good living as a salesman in the environs of the Chicago theatrical district. His method was to clothe himself as near as possible to his conception of what a burglar should look like, and his favorite time for doing business was about dusk. His prospects were the casual strollers of that comparatively quiet hour. Selecting a likely looking pedestrian, he would suddenly dodge out from nowhere in particular, thrust a large scarfpin set with a sparkling stone into the prospect's hand and make his sales talk.

"Don't ask me no questions, boss," he would say hurriedly, "and don't take no unnecessary time. Just give me five dollars for this sparkler and let me get away from here."

The sale being made and the customer out of sight, he would go to the nearest ten-cent store and purchase another scarfpin. When finally rounded up by the authorities he told the secret of his success.

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BUMBUMS IN BOXES

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I Ain't Intrusted in No Carpets Nor No Hankchufs; No, Nor in No Candy Neither," the Driver Muttered

TWO farms and a dairy are an easy acquisition if one has only to marry the widow who owns them; and if the lady happens to be a former sweetheart, the transaction should be peculiarly painless.

Such, at least, was the reasoning of Henry Hulsebus as he hung over the fence surrounding the chicken farm of his neighbor Nehemiah Weist and clinked loudly the dollars of the Widow Loobliner. Metaphorically, of course. Neither had seen the widow for sixteen years; neither had ever seen her dollars.

"Two farms and a dairy youse can git just fur standin' up before the preacher to say yes," iterated the wordy Mr. Hulsebus. "Since I was born a'ready I ain't hearing of no such a bargain in marriages. And yet here you stand, a higglin' and a pigglin' ——"

"Yes, well, but," the cautious Nehemiah objected for the third time in as many days, "mebbe now she's got it lawyered off her. Being the female sect that way. Mebbe now she's up and squandered it, livin' in that high city society this sixteen years back a'ready. What fur a reason yet would she otherwise have fur movin' herself back to Heitwille if she ain't?"

"Och, you talk dumb!" Hulsebus throttled the pickets in his impatient fists. "You know good enough what fur kind of home Mattie Loobliner come off of. Ain't she the daughter of old Jake Shreier, I ast you? Jake Shreier, where used his last breath a sayin' how they should pack him to his grave onto his farm wagon fur to spare the dearness at the hearse or whatever. Is any girl from Jake Shreier a goin' to leave loose of any money? That I put to youse."

Nehemiah squinted shrewdly at his visitor as he rasped the rust-hued stubble upon his thin neck with the quill of a tail feather.

"She could have been Shreier's girl, that I give you. But on the top of that she was Cade Loobliner's wife fur sixteen year. And I guess no feller ever lived more loose-handed than what Loobliner was still. Three crawats that there spen'thrif' bought hisself fur to git married in, and it's put out she up and buried him in silver handles."

"She was Shreier before she was Loobliner!" Hulsebus' double-curved mustache churned. "Fur twenty-one year she lived by her pop, and blood is more thick than what marriage is yet. I give you, Loobliner was some shif'less with the money; but he was handy with his brains, fur all. From one farm he got hisself two, and the dairy on the top of it. And now while he's gone to his doom"—the voice of Hulsebus thinned piously—"why, it's yourn fur the astin'. I told you a'ready she was inquirin' wasn't Weist married yet."

Nehemiah twisted slowly, like a red-brown leaf blown to and fro by an indecisive gale.

"Well, I s'pose I wouldn't be gittin' my feet into nothing" he drew one leg up experimentally—"if I was to go to Heitwille ower, just to learn it if the farms and the dairy is hangin' to her still. But then ag'in"—his fingers tightened upon his pail of feed—"this here suits me pretty good. She mightn't want to home herself on this here little farm."

"Now you have got onto the hint of it!" cried Mr. Hulsebus in considerable excitement. "'Fo be sure, she wouldn't want no little farm. It will take all both of you fur to set tony in the town, a drarin' in the incomes. But so far forth as this here little twenty acre of yburn goes"—his prominent eyes roved with extravagant nonchalance over Nehemiah's wedge-shaped holding, which bit like a sharp tooth into his own symmetrical acreage—"I might mebbe consider into taking it off your hand. Yes, Brother Weist, if youse wasn't anyways onreasonable fur the price, I would fetch this here out of your way. So all you would got to do then is to pack the widow some such little present and ast her how is she feelin' fur second matrimony."

"A present?" sliced in Nehemiah suspiciously.

"To be sure, a present," repeated Hulsebus firmly. "I guess no feller ain't ever got onto the good side of a woman, leastways the matrimonial side, if he ain't up and give her some such present. Not from Adam on downwards."

"The Word ain't puttin' it that way!" cracked Nehemiah. "It was Eve where give the apple a'ready; not anyways Adam. He never done nothing but take it off her."

"That I give you," retorted the aroused Hulsebus. "But what happened them then? They got bounced out of the Garden fur it. And fur why? Fur because they was goin' contraries to Nature." His eyes in a panic of oratory rolled over the chicken yard. "Look oncet at that there rooster now! He's a provin' it. He's a male, ain't he? Look yet how he is scratchin' out such a worm fur that there hen. She's a female, ain't she? And she's a grabbin' it. Well, then. That there's a law where runs through this here Nature all, and you can't anyways come over it. The rooster give the pullet that there worm and she was expectin' it off him, and she wasn't expectin' nothing else."

"It was a little one," faltered Nehemiah. He scowled down for a moment, then abruptly swung about with his pail. "But anyways, somepun's changed off my mind. I don't feel fur goin' to Heitwille."

"Don't feel fur! Ain't goin' to ——" The undulant mustache seemed to straighten as the consonants flew broadwise through it. "Now looky here ——" But as Nehemiah steadily plodded from him—"Well, take it or let it! I give you your chancet a'ready! I done my duty!"

He kicked the clods mercilessly as he panted down the sharp point of Nehemiah's tooth toward his neglected plow.

But after all, Hulsebus had vented truth. The laws of Nature are not to be warped by man's vacillations, nor even by his determinations. Metal clinked against metal for three days in succession is bound to produce a spark.

The first evidence Hulsebus had of the smoldering fire within his neighbor's breast was early upon the afternoon of that same day, when he discovered that the rust-brown stubble had been swept clean, as by flame, from Nehemiah's visage—and it was not the Sabbath, day of the ceremonial shave!

Hulsebus reared back against his front gate, which he was repairing, and stared as his neighbor, high upon the seat of an express, drew rein before him.

No airy persiflage was Nehemiah's as he stared desolately back. He was what he was—a despondent, distrustful suitor. In a small crate in the rear squatted a despondent, distrustful rooster.

"You're a-packin' him into market, mebbe," insinuated Hulsebus with rare tact.

A handful of nails slowly trickled through his fingers as his loosely hung eyes roved Nehemiah's attire, roved the suit, once black, which Nehemiah had purchased sixteen years before, when matrimony with Mattie Shreier had appeared imminent, roved the brindled vest fashioned from the hide of a day-old calf, roved the chocolate derby astride a scallop of moist, red-brown hair.

Nehemiah was too low in his spirits to avail himself of this opportunity for pretense. He drew close to his side a small newspaper-wrapped parcel and remarked heavily, "If eggs is up she gits the rooster. If they is down she gits the pullet eggs."

"She!" hissed Hulsebus. "Them there ain't the present fur the widow?"

"Not anyways both," corrected Nehemiah.

"Now looky here! You ain't expectin' to git two farms and a dairy fur a lame rooster or either a dozen pullet eggs, was you? You draw my breath!"

Wounded dignity bulged limply the calfskin.

"She gits me. Mebbe you was furgittin' to remember that."

To Hulsebus' distracted eyes, circling the landscape, the Weist acres seemed retreating from him—retreating from him.

"How Much Do You Make It Off Fur Cash Now?"

"Now looky here! You got to go at this thing right. If you're a swallerin' the camel, don't got to work and choke onto its tail!" The words seemed to glance off the smooth, beaked figure that was seated in ch... isolation above him. He glanced again across the fields toward the tooth—the ulcerating tooth. "Wait oncet! I have got a thought here. I'm a-goin' to Heitwile ower myself."

That the social dictator considered the eleven-mile journey to the village none too long in which to impress upon Nehemiah the correct decorum for courtship was evidenced by the fact that he had barely hoisted himself over the wheel after a hasty toilet before he began:

"Now this here present: It's easy seen you ain't the beginning of a notion how to go about that there. The whole points is this: The widow throws encouragements at you yes, that I give you. But now you have got to git off onto the right foot with her. Git off on the right foot oncet and she's yourn. Git off on the wrong foot and she ain't."

"Yes, well," Nehemiah remarked dryly, "I ain't gitting off on no foot till I see them encouragements."

"Was you both blind and both deaf then?" Hulsebus growled. "Ain't I tellin' youse a'ready how she ast perticklar after youse when I am coming up with her in the street that way? 'And ain't he married none?' she says. And when I give her no she looked -well, she looked anyhow like she had a thought. That I tell you. I been a married man a'ready, and I know off the signs when the sect has a thought."

A warmth not due to the reluctant November sun beaded Nehemiah's forehead. He drew his wrist awkwardly across it. "What fur thought?" The words were flattened as though they had strained themselves through his meager throat against his volition. The shoulder nearest his neighbor flinched as though away from the impending answer.

Hulsebus' mustache palpitated for a moment, but no sound came from beneath it. He cast a quick glance upon, then away from his shrinking companion.

"Well," he ventured uneasily, "I guess—I would guess, anyhow, if a girl where was promised to one feller up and run away with some such other—well, I would guess, mebbe, she would have some thoughts ower it. I would guess, anyway, she wouldn't ever furgit the first one."

Each drew hard breath as though windblown from this unexpected leap into sentiment. Each glared suspiciously at the other and made a quick movement toward his own corner.

"But this here present"—Hulsebus clamped his foot flatly against the dashboard—"I put it now plain. It ain't roosters nor neither their eggs where makes with the women. It's candy still. Bumbums in boxes. Not in any such bag, mind!" And as Nehemiah spat scornfully "Now listen on me. I been through the mills a'ready. I got the first and only woman I am setting out fur to git. And now did I fetch her? Bumbums! In a box yet. 'Here, Minnie,' I says, 'eat it hearty,' I says. And then I went to work and spread me such a hankchuf onto the carpet, and, well" the narrator paused in some embarrassment "that there is how I come it, that's all. Candy free-handed."

"I ain't intrusted in no carpets nor no hankchufs; no, nor in no candy neither," the driver muttered. He stabbed his horse's rump with the hickory shoot that served him as whip, and unexpectedly chuckled. "And I guess youse wouldn't any more than got married with, till you had got to hire her at one of them tooth doctors. So dear on the teeth like what candy is."

He Flailed the Air From Him as Though It Were Poison and Shanted Off Rapidly in the Opposite Direction

Hulsebus fluttered exasperated elbows. "You fetch me in such circles around till I am dizzy yet! But this I give you: Nine years that woman lived by me, and she ain't shed a tooth fur me. Yes, two month behind ten years yet. And here she is, a-lavin' in her grave, with both her upper and both her lower by her still."

Nehemiah rolled his tongue about a long painful cavity.

"What fur a waste yet!" he groaned. "But it don't make nothin', this argyin' candy at me. She either gits me or she don't git me, just like I stand in my shoes oncet."

"Well, good-by dairy, then!" Mr. Hulsebus bounced sourly. "Take it or let it! I ain't going to waste no more words on such a dopple!"

But he did.

Indeed, if his tongue had been of malleable material it would have been worn to a thin and cutting edge by the time the pair had traversed the eleven miles to the village. As it was, it flailed the wretched suitor to the window of the combined bakery and confectionery; and there he made his feeble last stand.

And yet, was it so feeble?

He Ignored Nehemiah Entirely and Devoted Himself Blatantly to the Widow

Cringing before the four glazed white oblongs distanced like so many miniature caskets behind the glass, and labeled in progression 1 LB, 2 LB, 3 LB and 4 LB, Nehemiah observed with unexpected mildness.

"Youse might as well shut off your wind on that there three pound. It ain't to be thought of. And if I would, mebbe, git the two pound, what fur a reason yet have youse anyways got fur being so sure I am coming off on the top of this here dicker?"

Hulsebus restrained himself with difficulty.

"What fur a reason yet, he asks me! Was I sure I was a-standin' here a-gapin' in that there window? So far forth as the three pound goes, can't you git youself onto the hint of that? One pound fur each farm and one fur the dairy. That's neat. That's reasonable. But," concluded Hulsebus with a wide gesture of finality, "take it or let it! The three pound, she's yourn. The two pound, she ain't."

"Well, then"—Nehemiah squared toward him—"if you're that sure, I guess you won't have no objections of agreeing with this here proposition. You take and buy that there three pound and if I git"—he paused delicately—"well, if I git the whole of what I'm after, I will pay youse back a'ready. But in case I ain't gitting nothing, I s'pose you wouldn't have no objections of losing fur the inwestment out of your own pockets, since you're so sure I'm on the gitting side."

Hulsebus sprang wide of his companion and glared upon him blackly.

Nehemiah eyed him steadily.

"Since you're so sure "

Hulsebus grabbed open the screen door of the establishment.

"When I go plungin' I go plungin'," he proclaimed loudly. And to the pillow-cheeked girl behind the counter: "Wrap up that there two-pound fur the gent here."

"Two pound?" gibbered Nehemiah. "Why ——"

"Two pound," pronounced Hulsebus firmly. "I am a man where has a open mind. If you don't feel fur gittin' that extry pound, Brother Weist, why, I wouldn't go to work and plague you into it."

"Hold on!" Nehemiah interrupted sharply as the girl lifted the box from the show case. "How much do you make it off fur cash now?"

"Mister says nothing off fur cash. Never nothing off fur cash, he says," intoned the girl. She tore a slant of paper and distanced the box upon it.

"Hold on!" Nehemiah again exclaimed. "I am making a thought here." The hide of the defunct calf scraped the counter as he leaned urgently over it. "This here"—he pointed to the box—"is somepun like a speculation. It might git et, and then ag'in it mightn't. And I s'pose if we was to go comin' back with, and the string wouldn't even to be ontied, I s'pose we'd git a refund fur, ain't not?"

"He says a sale's a sale. And he says there ain't nothin' that counts but a sale, he says."

"Well, but"—Hulsebus here cheated forward -"that's what this here is, a sale. It's a sale and nothin' but a sale. And if we come a-packin' it back and a-sellin' it to youse all over ag'in, why, then it's two sales, ain't it?"

The girl's marble eyes seemed about to roll out and play a game all their own as they revolved from Mr. Hulsebus to Nehemiah, from Nehemiah to the box and back to Mr. Hulsebus.

"It sounds it, but it don't feel it," said the girl behind the counter weakly. Nevertheless, she tied the box and delivered it; and afterward thrust her distraught head out of the screen door and stared after her late

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A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

V

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

IN THE Agony Column of the Times of March twenty-fourth appeared the following

Adventurers wanted for South Sea treasure hunt. Tremendous possibilities of a fortune. A seventeenth-century map is in the possession of the advertiser. The party will consist of eight, and those selected will be furnished with all details at a supper to be given at Voisin's Rest., Strand, eleven P. M., the twenty-eighth inst. Age and sex no disqualification. Small capital and deposit essential. Correspond with V. W., Box 284.

The advertisement was repeated in the news columns of several evening papers and was the subject of an article in a leading daily the following morning. The publicity was good. Within twenty-four hours millions of people had seen it. Business men read it aloud in suburban trains, laughed and looked out at the gray, changeless landscape with a new feeling of distaste. Schoolboys read it and thereafter acted strangely, bespeaking one another in the language of the sea, forming themselves into piratical bands and descending with violence upon unprepared foes. Many were the coal scoops which disappeared to be employed for strange purposes in back yards. The bones of many a cat were as rudely disinterred as though they had belonged to a buried Pharaoh.

"Adventurers wanted for South Sea treasure hunt." The phrase sounded "like a slow sweet piece of music from the gray forgotten years."

It is hard to foretell the consequences of a few simple words in a newspaper. There was a drab woman in a Bermondsey slum, very much a mother and very beaten as a wife. Not a happy woman; not, one had said, a kind. Her life had been too much a prison for kindness to have place. Yet after reading she made a graceful tribute to freedom by opening the door of a blackbird's cage and setting its inmate free. Later she earned a black eye for the deed and counted it a cheap price to pay.

He Repaired to a Certain Hostel in a Turning Off Coventry Street, Who Possesses an Almost International Fame for Dealing With the Emergencies of the West End

Draw a line through the word "routine" and you shall find a pathway to adventure. By the million processes of sight and sound and the prickings of understanding, by that thing we call distribution, those few lines written by an angry man in the dead of night stirred and knocked at and crept into the imaginations of men and women, bringing with them hope, courage, ambition, a bit of light, of fresh air, a taste of the sea—what you will. And into hundreds and hundreds of inkpots dipped hundreds and hundreds of pens held in hands that shook with a strange new excitement and a strange new sense of relief.

Letters written, rewritten and written again—illiterate letters, wonderful letters, impossible, pitiable letters; letters written never to be posted; letters written by the angry, disappointed, venturesome, gay; letters written by folk who by the very deed of writing set their spirits free of the shackles of restraint. A truly amazing mail, even though not one-tenth of it ever cost the writers a postage stamp. But posted or unposted, the joy was theirs—the exquisite thrill of flirting with adventure and the true romance.

The actual number of letters received by V. W. at Box 284 was one thousand one hundred and seventy-four. He borrowed a sack and took them away in a taxi.

Who shall say the spirit of adventure is dead?

Vernon did not attempt to wrestle with the huge cone of letters which he had emptied from the sack to the floor in his chambers. Perhaps he was afraid of surprising a note of poignant human suffering and desire for freedom. Eight he drew, haphazard, as a child draws parcels from a bran dip, and did little else than mark the names and addresses of their senders. The rest, with a sense of committing an unpardonable sin, he put upon the fire by twos and threes, by tens, dozens and scores. When he had finished, the grate was piled high with charred ambitions.

It was a hateful morning's work. As a precaution against any of the chosen eight deciding to withdraw, after hearing the terms of the adventure, he retained six other letters, which, unopened, were locked in a drawer of his bureau. Then he sat down to write his replies.

What he wrote was simple enough, a mere repetition of what had been said in the advertisement—an invitation to supper at Voisin's for the night following, and a promise to explain then, at length and in detail, the terms of the enterprise, both from its capital and its adventurous side.

The replies were addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Morgan, of Bradford; to a lady called Lydia La Rue, of some West End flats, who wrote in characters so large that no more than ten or a dozen words appeared on any page; to Henry Julius, Esq., broker, at an office in Threadneedle Street; to Miss Mary Ottery, of Merton; to Nurse Olive Banbury, of the Northern Cross Hospital; to Thomas Gates, Esq., and William Carpenter, Esq., of South Kensington and Walham Green. The envelopes were sealed, stamped and posted. The adventure had begun and he was committed.

His journey to the pillar box was closely remarked by a pair of twinkling eyes which peered at him out of the shadow of the archway leading into Mason's Yard. Of this Vernon was unconscious, and had he seen the owner of those eyes it is unlikely he would have recognized the curious little man who, the morning before, had buzzed round him like a mosquito in the Times advertising bureau.

A surprise awaited him at the door of his chambers in the person of a healthy, bronzed man about his own age, whose features were strangely reminiscent of some half-forgotten era of boyhood.

As Vernon stepped from the lift their eyes met.

"Vernon Winslowe," said the man. "Do you remember me?"

"Yes—no, I don't think so. Is there any reason why I should?"

"Think again."

"I'm terribly busy," said Vernon. "Do you want to see me about anything, because if you could leave it for a day or two ——"

The stranger shook his head.

"I suppose I could leave it for a day or two," he said, "but I've no intention of doing so. Are you going to ask me to come in?"

Vernon turned the key in the lock and together they entered the flat.

"If it's important," he said, "come in by all means; but really I cannot remember where we met, and as I've a heap of work on hand ——"

"A heap of work!"

"I said so."

"What sort of work?"

"Well, that's hardly——"

"My affair?"

"To be frank with you," Vernon replied, "I see no reason why I should confide my activities in you."

"Perhaps I may be allowed to guess them."

"To guess them?"

The stranger nodded, drew from his pocket a copy of the Times and said very simply: "Adventurers wanted, eh, for exciting South Sea treasure hunt?"

Vernon started.

"How did you know?"

"Know? I guessed. I came across the announcement quite by accident and began to wonder if it had anything to do with a couple of scrubby lads who, a matter of twenty years ago, put in a thrilling afternoon's sport in the cellar of an old house in Cornwall."

Vernon gasped.

"It's not Ralph Whitaker?"

"It certainly is! And, I must confess, you've a devilish disagreeable way of greeting an old friend."

Vernon reached out and wrung him warmly by the hand.

"Gad, but this is extraordinary!" he said. "You, eh? Ha! What a fluke! Why, it's seventeen years since last we met! It's good to see you again. You look fit, Ralph."

"Sorry I can't say the same for you," came the reply.

Vernon laughed, a shade unnaturally.

"Oh, rubbish!" said he. "I'm right as the mail. But overworked lately, that's all. Help yourself to something—whisky—beer?"

Ralph Whitaker shook his head

"I won't drink I came on chance, hoping, if you were you, to have a chat What's all this punk about hidden treasure?"

Vernon turned aside to a small table and helped himself to a cigarette.

"Punk?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"This map this South Sea Island stuff. Is it the old Roger Winslowe business? Because I thought when we foraged out those papers years ago we decided there was nothing in it. Tre-Tre-fusis—Trefusis Island, wasn't it? Where the old pirate marooned that chap who might have given him away. Is that the island, Vernon? I mean, is that what you're building this advertisement on?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?" said Ralph Whitaker, with a crinkled forehead, "But why, my dear fellar? Dash it, that log book made the whole thing plain as a pikestaff! It was clear as daylight why that map was drawn up."

"Ah," said Vernon guardedly, "I know. But we were a couple of kids in those days, not old enough to see the possibilities in things, their significances and all that. Since then I've been into this business thoroughly from a different point of view. Whatever I may have thought in the old days doesn't matter, because now I've a solid conviction there's money in it, Ralph—pots of money! In fact just as much money as one likes to take out of it."

He never intended to make that last remark. It slipped out with the careless candor of one schoolboy talking to another, with the easy confidence of established friendship.

But there is a wide difference between the judgments of men and the judgments of boys; and, with a sudden sense of something amiss, Ralph looked across the table into the face of his friend. What he saw transformed doubt into certainty. He rose and brought his fist down on the table

"Vernon," he cried, "Vernon, old man, you're not going to tell me this thing—this advertisement is a stunt—a ramp! Why, a fellar like yourself—a chap with your record! Damn it! You wouldn't do a crooked thing!"

Vernon made no answer. His eyes were fixed on the lengthening ash of his cigarette. His mouth was set hard and thin. Ralph crossed the room and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Look here," he began gently, "I only got back to England last night—been coffee growing in Nigeria since the war—and when I saw this in the paper this morning, and guessed it had something to do with that old find of ours, I was just crazy with excitement. I came along posthaste. Found your name in the telephone book and didn't lose a moment. I knew you'd be inundated with offers and I made up my mind on the strength of my connection with the affair to be in the first eight. Seemed to me nothing in the world could be much more marvelous than a couple of old schoolmates on a real live treasure-hunt. But damn it, Vernon, I can see by your looks the thing isn't square You're I don't pretend to understand why, but you're What's the game old man?"

Vernon Winslowe made no attempt to reply for a long while. With rather a shaky forefinger he was drawing patterns on the table top. When his answer came it was pitilessly cold.

"I'm sorry," he said; "sorry you came, Ralph. Though it is good to see you again. Good to know you are still alive. Good to shake hands with you. But your turning up now, your being here at this point—well, it's a pity. I'm not going to excuse myself. I'm not going to tell you anything more than you know already—or guess. You accuse me of doing a crooked thing. I say you're wrong and that what I'm doing is right, is fair, is just. Don't ask me what I mean by that. I shouldn't tell you. I'm not going on this cruise blindfolded or without a rudder, though I may not be steering according to regulations. Sometimes, you know, you can overdo regulations in life. Sometimes it's better to take a chance, to think a bit differently from other men, and ignore the book of rules for a game which I have found honestly found—isn't worth the playing. Don't imagine for one moment I am making excuses for myself. I'm not. I feel, for the first time in months, a terrible cold sanity and certainty that will gain nothing from the direction of other men. I've an object, Ralph. You may not agree with it—you probably wouldn't. Circumstances, perhaps, haven't given you any reason to agree with it But I've an object and a determination that's going to take me clean through until I reach the goal I'm aiming at. This fluke of your turning up doesn't discourage me and doesn't dissuade me from the belief in the justice of what I intend to do.

Averill Chester

"I'm sorry you're here, because I'd hate to quarrel with you, and am not going to quarrel with you. It was decent of you to come and bring back your old enthusiasm and want to share a corner in this adventure. But I may as well say straight out, there's no room for you. I like you—like you awfully—much too well to—to want you in this. I don't want anybody or anything that's likely to interfere with me and my intention. It hurts to say these things, but we used to be frank with each other as boys as men I claim the same privilege I've talked a lot without saying much, but boiled down it comes to this: I am sorry, old chap. Thanks very much, and good-by."

Ralph Whitaker did not move

"Boiled down," he replied coldly, "doesn't it come to this? That you're tackling something shady something, it seems to you, I might upset, and as tactfully as possible you're telling me to get off the landscape?"

Vernon gave a half laugh

"I'm glad you admit the tact," he said

"I admit it freely, but that's not to say I get off the landscape, old friend It seems to me I've turned up at just the right moment, and I should count myself something less than a friend if I failed to stand by"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that I am going to stop this thing, Vernon, that I am not going to allow you to go on with it Is that understood?"

Vernon faced him

"And how do you propose to prevent me?"

Continued on Page 141

"What's All This Punk About Hidden Treasure?" "Punk?" He Repeated. "What Do You Mean?"

BATTLING BUNYAN CEASES TO BE FUNNY

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

JEM CANBY, promoter of the Midland Sporting Club, turned in his chair ponderously; and as his eyes found the boy's eager face a grin suddenly pulled his lips apart and upward. The red of the youth's thick wavy hair was undoubtedly the most spectacular Titian that Jem Canby had ever seen; a bar of morning sunlight slanting through the office window rested with the directness of a calcium light upon the unmanageable mop, making of it indeed a fiery crest. Beneath it the long oval face freckled from ear to ear and from forehead to throat, an unsurpassed freckle accomplishment.

But it was the youth's expression which brought the grin to Canby's face. Eagerness, with perhaps a mixture of nervousness, had widened the big blue eyes until the spotted brow lifted in horizontal creases; and the lips were pursed, the nether protruding and overlapping the upper with a thick display of inner pink.

For a moment Canby looked in smiling silence, then, "What can I do for you, kid?"

The boy's face underwent a rapid change. The brows came down, the eyes narrowed, the protruding lip drew in.

"I want a fight," he answered.

"Ha! A fight—just like that! Ever stop to think how many kids around these parts feel the same way about it?"

The boy half consciously glanced at the wall clock above the desk.

"Well, sir, I thought I'd be about the first one to show up this morning."

"I'll admit you are," chuckled Canby. "We don't do business just that way, but I don't know but that the early bird ought to get a chance to feel glove leather. Who did you ever lick?"

"This is gonna be my first fight," replied the boy.

"If you get it," grinned Canby.

"Sure—if I get it." Then suddenly, as if remembering, "Of course, I've had scraps before. Somehow or other I've had to have fights all my life. But not in the ring. Just reg'lar scraps. You know."

"Then you don't know anything about boxing, eh?"

"Sure I do!"

"Don't get excited, kid! Now let's see you square off. Step over there and shadow-box a little."

With great deliberation the boy removed his coat and hung it carefully on the back of a chair. With his freckled fists clenched, his long left arm extended and his right arm at guard, he squared off. Seriously he faced his imaginary opponent, a fighting look in his suddenly fierce eyes, his nether lip protruding again. Then he began to shadow-box, whipping jabs, hooks and uppercuts energetically into the air. Canby sat back in his chair and laughed. His corpulent body quivered with gales of laughter. At length he managed to gasp a halting command.

"Oh—gosh! Oh—Lordy! That's the funniest! Ha-ha-ha! Kid, you're a riot! Say! Will you look like that in the ring? Is that your regular fighting face?"

"How—how do I know?" said the boy, evidently annoyed. "I—I don't know how I look, in the first place; and I ain't never been in the ring, in the second place. But—do I get a fight or not?"

"You do! You fight in the first preliminary Friday night. If you don't roll 'em off their seats my name isn't Jem Canby. I'll get a boy for you. What's your weight?"

"One-thirty-five. That's my best weight and I weigh that now."

"Live here in town?"

"Yes, sir. Over on Grand Oak Street—on the other side of the tracks."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I work in Peterson's Garage, on South Elm Street. I'm learning to be a mechanic." Eagerness came again into his face. "The reason I want to fight is to make enough money so's I can buy my own garage some day. I gotta make ten thousand bucks by fighting."

"Is that all?" Canby replied, amused. "Well, I can't give you quite that much for your fight Friday night."

"I'm not expecting much," said the boy with dignity. "I'm willing to fight for nothing if necessary, to get a start."

"Say, Tell Me, Molly, When—When I Made My Crazy Speech Out There—Did They—Laugh Much?"

"I'll give you ten bucks if you win," said Canby. "If you lose you get one dollar for every round you stick. The fight goes four rounds." He reached for an entry blank. "What's the name, kid?"

"Bunyan."

The promoter looked up quickly, the grin returning to his mouth.

"Bunion!"

"B-u-n-y-a-n." The boy spelt the name defiantly. "I guess you'll get another laugh when you hear the handle to it, sir! It's Aiken!"

Canby did get another laugh; but in deference to the boy's respectful defiance he endeavored to hide it. His lips remained fairly solemn, though his eyes danced merrily and his round body shook.

"You—you going to fight under that name, Achin' Bunion?"

"Yes, sir! Aiken was my mother's name, and there's nothing the matter with it. And there's nothing the matter with Bunyan either. A famous fellow who wrote books had that name, and for all we know he might be a distant relative. Anyway ——"

"All right, Battling Bunyan. The name goes in with the act, and all for the same price. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

Canby filled out the card.

"That's all, kid. Remember—Friday night at eight sharp. You better show up no later than seven."

On the following Friday evening Battling Bunyan won his first fight. He earned ten dollars at the sacrifice of pride and dignity and self-esteem; and by the same sacrifice he earned for himself a place in the hearts of the boxing fans of Midland; not in the hearts, perhaps, but at least in those organs which are the seat of mirth and laughter. From the moment that he crawled between the ropes into the ring until several minutes after he had departed therefrom, the Midland Sporting Club was in an uproar of merriment. A wave of chuckling greeted his appearance, sweeping over the encircling rows of people as the light first struck his fiery hair and grotesquely freckled face; it swelled to a boom of laughter when the announcer, making the most of his material, pronounced the newcomer's name: Battling Red Achin' Bunion! It sustained its joyous pitch during the four rounds of the bout, through which Bunyan fought with narrowed glinting eyes and protruding nether lip; and cheers mingled with it when Bunyan was at length pronounced the winner.

Afterwards Jem Canby spoke to him in the dressing room. Tears of mirth still lingered in the promoter's eyes.

"You're all right, kid," he declared heartily. "I told you that you'd make 'em roll off their seats, didn't I? And you sure did. And what's more, you won the fight; won every round by a mile. So you're not so rotten, after all. Well, next Friday night I'll give you another chance, kid. Twenty dollars for the opening four-rounder. How about it?"

"Sure," agreed the boy without looking up from the shoe he was lacing.

He evaded the group of cronies which was waiting for him outside, and with only his thoughts for company made his homeward way. In these thoughts the bitter mingled with the sweet. His hand was buried deep in his pocket as he walked; the crisp ten-dollar bill was in his fist, between fingers and palm. That was his consolation—that, and the thought of the twenty-dollar bill he would add to it on the following Friday night. That would make thirty dollars, and ten times that was three hundred, and ten times that was three thousand, and twice that ——

"Let 'em laugh!" he murmured, swallowing hard against the unmanly lump which rose to his throat. "Let 'em laugh at my hair. Let 'em laugh at my face. Let 'em laugh at my name. Let 'em laugh at any damn ole thing about me, just so's I get the money!"

And through his hot tear-brimming eyes he envisioned the shining portals of Bunyan's Garage.

It was this spirit of defiance—or perhaps it may more properly be termed a spirit of resignation—which carried him through three years of being laughed at, jeered, mocked and insulted in the good-natured, privileged manner of the public. It was this spirit, rather, which carried him through it all without breaking his sensitive heart. He became resigned to the laughter which inevitably greeted him, he became accustomed to it, but he never grew so calloused that humiliation could not find some corner of his heart on which to gnaw.

But if he was shamed by the unrestrained merriment provoked by his name, his flaming hair, his freckled skin, his fighting face which seemed to be so funny, he was always consoled by the growing number of dollars which these very attributes earned for him. They were, indeed, his entire stock in trade; without them he would have slipped long ago from the favor of the fickle fight fans; for although he was not what the sporting world would call a cheese, yet he was no pugilistic sensation. Sometimes he won, sometimes he lost; but his reëngagement never depended upon the result of a previous bout. Battling Red Achin' Bunion became a pugilistic institution, not only in Midland but in the surrounding countryside as well. He was one of the public's favorite jokes; and a favorite joke may be repeated time and time again.

He had a bank book and he carried it with him all the time. On the cover was written "Aiken Bunyan," and when he had time and was unobserved he would stare at the book and the name on it, seeing, instead, an electric sign above the doorways of a garage. And this sign, too, said "Aiken Bunyan," and behind it, in the garage itself, stood rows of shining motor cars intrusted to his care.

The book was soiled and grimy, for he still worked at Peterson's Garage so that he might save every penny earned by his fighting—by his humiliation; and often he fingered it when his hands were brown and oily. But if the bank teller, making the weekly entries, handled the book somewhat gingerly, it was not without a certain respect; for in three years Bunyan had saved nearly nine thousand dollars.

Then, one Saturday evening, he met Molly Costigan. Molly operated the telephone switchboard at the Benson House, Midland's largest hotel. She had been employed there for nearly a year, but Bunyan had never before laid eyes on her. He had had no occasion to go into the Benson House; but this evening, after leaving the bank, where he had made his weekly deposit, he remembered that he must use a telephone, and the public booths at the hotel were the nearest. He wore his best clothes, so he went into the Benson House—and stood face to face with Molly Costigan.

Something unusual, something inexpressible happened inside of him when he looked over the counter and down into the upturned face of the girl. It seemed that, all in an instant, another desire was born within him, to take its place alongside the Aiken Bunyan dream garage. Until that moment women had held no interest for him; he had been too busy working and fighting and dreaming of his garage to give any of them even a passing thought. Love had no place in his life; being an orphan, even filial love had been denied him. He must have felt the lack of it, for ever since he could remember he had been laughed at, had fought his way with aching heart through a grinning, jeering world; and love would have comforted him and would have closed the gaping mouths of a thousand tiny heart wounds. But if he had missed love, if he had yearned for it he did not realize it until he first saw Molly Costigan

She was not beautiful; perhaps you would not have considered her even pretty, although her features were quite regular and well-formed. Her eyes were dark brown about the same color as her curly, or curled, bobbed hair and set wide apart beneath the thin, or thinned, line of her brows; her small nose was tiptilted just the least bit, giving her an air of sauciness which she recognized as an asset and intentionally furthered in sundry feminine ways; her mouth was small and shapely, the lips forming, or made to form, a rather luscious cupid's bow. Perhaps she was not beautiful, but after all, the standard of beauty cannot be charted for universal acceptance; its requirements are too individual. Bunyan thought that she was beautiful, even before he had looked at her long enough to know what colored eyes she possessed. Something intangible emanated from her and swept over him subtly and potently

"What number do you want, please?" she asked him

Conscious always of his homeliness, his spirit fairly shriveled as the girl looked up at him. His blue eyes widened, his forehead creased, his nether lip protruded. The girl listened to the number he managed to utter, her lips pulled away from her flashing teeth

"Your number's busy," she said a moment later. "We'll try again in a minute." She regarded him, still smiling amusedly, her eyes twinkling. "Aren't you Battling Red Achin' Bunion?"

He was not surprised that she had recognized him. For three years his picture had appeared repeatedly on the sport page, and Terry, the cartoonist on the Midland Banner, had often found the needful inspiration in Bunyan.

"My name is Aiken Bunyan," he replied, looking the girl straight in the eyes. "I fight under that name now, no matter how folks change it around to make it sound funny; and all my life I've been fighting for it. Not long from now you'll see that name in electric lights above Peterson's Garage 'cause old man Peterson is willing to sell out to me and I'll soon have enough money to buy. There's nothing funny about my name unless you make it funny."

There was a deep long-abiding hurt in his voice and in his eyes; not anger. The girl wiped the smile from her lips and a quick flush rose to suffuse her face. She looked away from him to the switchboard, and her small capable hands grasped nervously at the snaky green wires and plugs

"Your—your number answers now," she said. "Booth Number Two, please."

A few minutes later he was before the counter again, paying for his message. "I'm sorry if I talked sort of mean," he told her. "I—I wasn't angry, exactly."

"That's all right," she replied. "I'm sorry, too, if—if I hurt your feelings. I didn't mean to."

"I know you didn't," he declared, something seeming to swell inside his broad chest to labor his breathing. "Somehow I know you couldn't mean to."

He carried away with him an image of Molly Costigan in his heart. He thought about her all that night and all the next day, almost continuously. He was in love; and his love brought him his first taste of happiness. Excepting for her first words, she had been kind to him; she had looked upon his face without an expression of belittling amusement on her own

"She even acted kind of as if she liked me a little," he reflected ecstatically. "She didn't mean anything by calling me Red Achin' Bunion in the beginning. She said she didn't."

The next evening he returned to the Benson House to use the public telephone, and for a fortnight after that he appeared before her every night, excepting on the three when he was engaged to box in Midland and in near-by towns. During this period bitterness was added, drop by drop, to the cup of his happiness. Molly was always kind to him—increasingly kind and friendly and sympathetic; but whenever he asked her to go out with him, though she did not decisively decline to accept his invitation, she would defer her acceptance, her tactful excuses manifestly becoming more and more difficult to concoct. Gradually the blighting truth dawned upon him. She was ashamed of him. She dared not face her friends after an evening spent with him, to listen to what they would surely have to say about her new beau. She was ashamed of him. She liked him, but she was ashamed of him.

The torturing phrase kept revolving in his brain, like a barbed windmill which stabbed and clawed and tore with every turn. He was hurled from blissful heights to the very depths of misery. Still he loved her; but now his love brought him more unhappiness than he had ever known

"You can't blame her," he thought bitterly. "You can't blame her for not wanting to go out with me. What girl would make up to a fellow who has a face that makes everybody laugh, and a name that makes 'em laugh? What's there so funny about me, anyways? Lots of fellows have red hair and freckles. What's so damn funny about mine? Lots of fellows have names you can twist around to make them sound funny. Why do they just pick out mine?"

Once he even regretted that he had entered pugilism; but he revoked that thought as soon as it flashed through his mind. He wanted his garage, he had dreamed of its possession ever since he was a little boy playing and fighting on the sidewalk before one; and now he realized more keenly than ever before what price of public humiliation and shame he was paying for it

He determined never to see the girl again; but his desire proved to be stronger than his will. Perhaps he was mistaken after all. He would try once more. But there was little hope in his aching heart that evening

"Miss Costigan," he said huskily, leaning toward her over the counter, "I—I ask you again, will you go out with me some evening?"

For a moment she looked into his face, and it seemed that some of his own misery was mirrored in her eyes. Then she dropped her gaze to the switchboard

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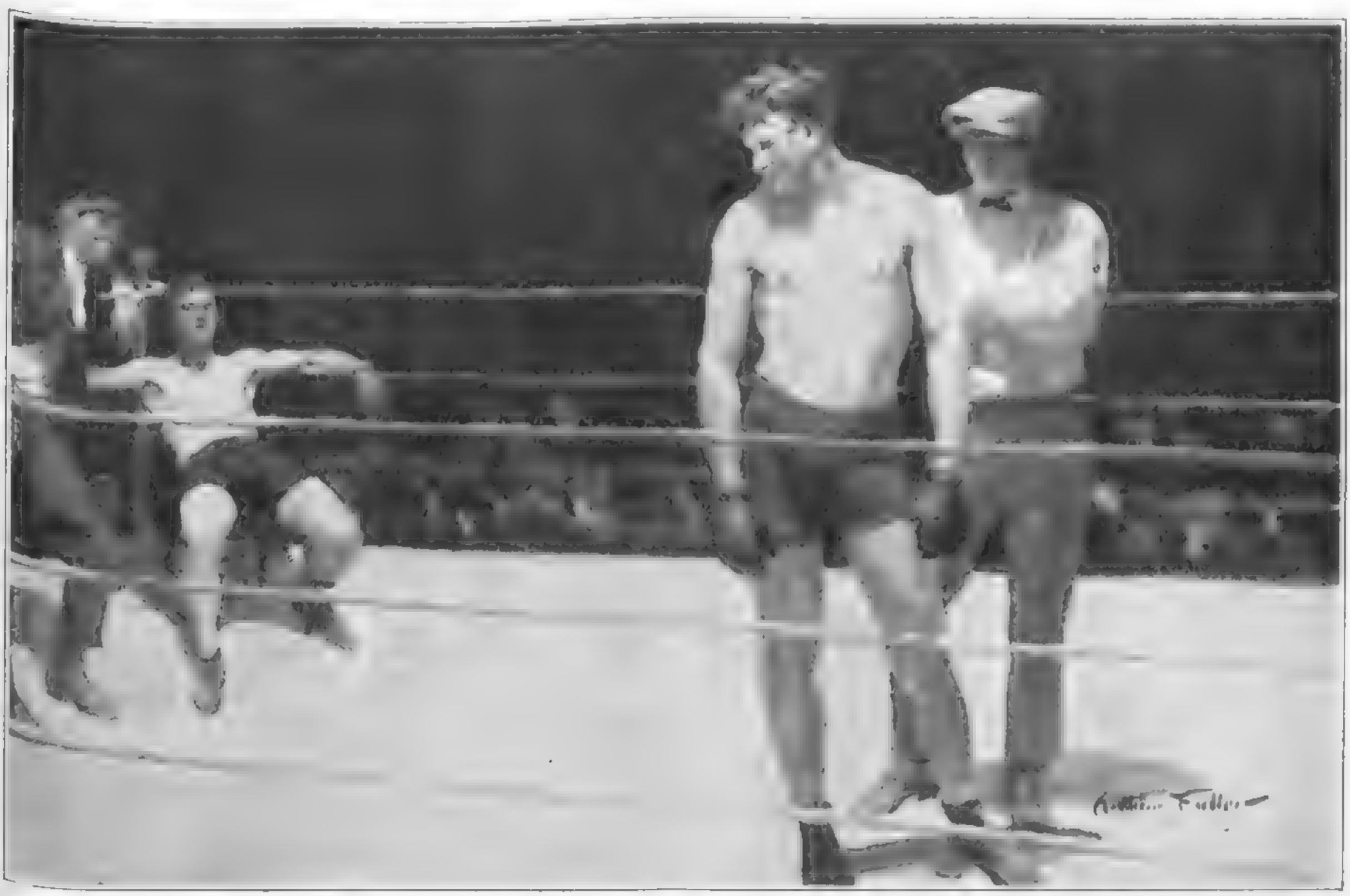

"And in This Corner We Have Battling Red—Achin'—Bunion"—He Grinned Broadly—"of Midland"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft payable in U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 15, 1924

TO REDUCE war taxes is to give every home a better chance. . . . Of all services which the Congress can render to the country, I have no hesitation in declaring this one to be paramount. To neglect it, to postpone it, to obstruct it by unsound proposals, is to become unworthy of public confidence and untrue to public trust. The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others.

—*Calvin Coolidge.*

A Dutch Outlook on Trade

HOLLAND plays a part in international commerce out of all proportion to its size and population, and that part is relatively larger today than before the war. Its situation from 1914 to 1918 was not enviable. Encircled by the German armies, and subject to a naval food blockade, the Dutch maintained their neutrality at great cost and with obstinate tenacity. Since the Armistice public deficits have continued, and the national debt has risen to dangerous dimensions. But they have maintained the value of their currency, although their direct taxation is now much heavier than in either France or Belgium. As a commercial and shipping *entrepôt* and a banking and exchange center Amsterdam is a small rival of London. In dairy produce Holland competes with Denmark and Ireland.

Like Denmark it has a very low tariff; and it is of interest to note that the new Irish Free State has also decided to retain free trade, though it now enjoys complete independence as regards customs.

It is perhaps not surprising that these three small countries, dependent as they are on foreign markets, shrink from taxing the foreigner. However that may be, Holland today is by no means a negligible factor in American trade and finance, though the days when Washington sought loans in Holland or when our railways were built with Dutch capital have passed forever. This being so, we welcome the appearance in an English translation of a masterly address on Dutch Trade and Finance by Mr. E. Heldring. Mr. Heldring is a leading banker and shipowner, president of the Amsterdam Chamber of Commerce, a linguist, a traveler, and a sagacious but independent man of affairs, whose observations on trade and politics are always worth following. His sympathies during the war were with France; but he is now anxious for such a rational economic settlement as will enable Central Europe to recover, and will tranquilize the passions that foster militarism and perpetuate bankruptcy on the Continent.

After a long trade depression Dutch commerce began to revive last fall, in spite of a constitutional crisis which contributed to disorder in the public finances of Holland. For several months no party leader was able to form a cabinet, a scheme of naval expenditure for the defense of Java and Sumatra against Japan having been defeated in parliament by a combination of Clericals and Radicals.

About public finance Mr. Heldring speaks very plainly:

"The Dutch Budget for 1924 shows a deficit of 140 million guilders. The burden of taxation is alarming, with a graduated income tax ranging from 16 to 55 per cent. We have no option left but to introduce a system of economy in spite of resistance from interested groups, or else to allow the inflation of our currency, which would gradually lead us to ruin."

He advocates a drastic reduction in all branches of expenditure—naval, military and civil.

A detailed examination of imports and exports shows the value to Holland of the free-trade system; for exports of Dutch manufactures and produce have been steadily expanding during the last few months. Therefore, says Mr. Heldring, the Dutch Government would take upon itself a heavy responsibility if it were to introduce a protective tariff. "It is fortunate," he adds, "that a crushing blow has been dealt to protection by the results of the latest elections in England."

On the whole, Mr. Heldring's survey, which extends to twenty pages, is satisfactory and encouraging. So far as trade is concerned, he believes that Holland has turned the corner, though progress will be very difficult until the situation in Germany has been relieved. Dutch trade has suffered heavily from the invasion of the Ruhr and from the diversion of traffic to Antwerp.

How are reparations to be settled? Mr. Heldring asks, and his answer is:

"A definite settlement can only be arrived at if it be so framed that it is in the interest of the Germans, jointly as well as individually, to carry it out—a fact which was ignored in the Treaty of Versailles and all the later mock-agreements based thereon. A position should be created in which German capital will take the risk of repatriation in order to set the machinery of production going. It is, for the creditors no less than for the debtors, more a question of normal relations and undisturbed activity than of speedy payments. When that stage will have been reached it may be expected that the United States—to which country the restoration of Europe is not indifferent as affecting the expansion of the outlet for their goods and the payment of their outstanding claims—will be inclined to come to the assistance of Europe, though it should not be overlooked that the aversion of the American investor to foreign bonds has not yet been overcome. The fact that France has agreed to a new inquiry being instituted into Germany's power to pay, and that America has consented to take part therein, justifies the hope that a solution of the dominating problem may finally be arrived at and possibly before it is too late.

"The progress of Austria under the control of Doctor Zimmerman, the greater tendency towards tranquillity in the other Austrian succession states and in the Balkans, as well as the gradual consolidation of Russia, are other bright spots in the general situation."

The fear that Holland might be flooded with German goods has been dispelled, and "it is now France and Belgium who are frequently able to deliver at lower prices than manufacturers at home. Our seaports have no longer to struggle against the abnormal competition of Hamburg and Bremen, but of Antwerp, whose harbor is almost congested with loading and discharging vessels."

As a shipowner, Mr. Heldring admits improvement, but he is not at all sanguine about the future:

"On the whole there is more traffic, but whether the recent increase in freights will be maintained is difficult to say. It is mainly due to seasonal demand and the need of materials to repair the destruction caused by the earthquake in Japan. As the total tonnage of the world's mercantile fleet amounts to about 65,166,238 tons, against 49,100,000 tons in 1914, while the total traffic by water has certainly not grown proportionately, it would be premature to anticipate better results from the shipping trade in the near future.

"The index figure of the freights was only 129.38 in November last, against 132.59 a year ago and 166.34 in 1913, while the working cost of a freight steamer, including the cost of upkeep and depreciation, but exclusive of the management expenses, may be estimated at about 175 per cent of what it was in 1913. The rise in the working expenses of the German shipping companies opens the prospects of a less fierce competition with our regular lines."

The Amsterdam money market is still tight, largely owing to the purchase of dollar securities. The paper-money scare is making even sterling suspect. The government of the Dutch East Indies—which are very prosperous—has paid off part of its floating debt to Holland; but it appears that some of the balances of Dutch concerns in Java and Sumatra are now kept in the United States. On this Mr. Heldring remarks: "The sensitiveness of the money market shows how essential it is for our government to restore order to the state finances and thereby dispel all doubts as to the value of the guilder." That the Dutch in spite of heavy taxes are still saving is indicated by the fact that a considerable part of the dollar loans floated for the Dutch East Indies in the United States has been bought back by Dutch investors.

When Conscription Ends

DRAFTERS of peace plans might gain some useful hints from a study of the position of Bulgaria at the present moment. Spokesmen for that country are loudly bewailing the fact that, under the terms of the Treaty of Neuilly, Bulgaria is wide open to any form of foreign aggression. The treaty imposed by the Allies limited the Bulgarians to a standing army of 20,000, to be made up of voluntary recruits enlisting for not longer than twelve years. Under these conditions the government has found it impossible to maintain an army. The Bulgarians are a peasant people and, now that they cannot be conscripted, they till their acres and tend their flocks and laugh at recruiting officers. The government made a desperate appeal to the Allies for the right to conscript up to the number stipulated, but met with a firm rebuff. It is probably a serious matter to lack an army in the Balkans, where neighbors are rapacious and ancient enmities fester. The complaints, however, come from the official classes. Herding their sheep on the slopes of the Rhodopes and raising their crops along the Wild Kamchik, the common people of Bulgaria probably care nothing for national ambitions, and bless the day when the Treaty of Neuilly was signed.

If every country in Europe were in the same position the day of universal peace would be drawing close. The lack of a standing army keeps aggressive policies in check. Armies of war-making size can be maintained only by conscription, it seems. Germany, Russia and France could not have built up their great forces by any other system than compulsory service. Great Britain has been able to maintain a volunteer army of sorts, but it was never larger than was needed to police her overseas possessions.

Men will volunteer in the heat of conflict and under the urge of national peril, but few will accept in times of peace the tedium of barrack life and the harsh discipline of the drill sergeant.

It would be a fine thing for the cause of peace if another Treaty of Neuilly could be drawn up to apply, this time, to the whole of Europe; to victor and vanquished alike, limiting sea and air and land power and making all forms of conscription a thing of the past.

REPUBLIC OR BUREAUCRACY

By Albert J. Beveridge

A TYPICAL American humorist recently observed that we soon may expect government regulation of the sending of Christmas cards. This regimentation of good cheer will be managed, he predicted, by a government bureau at Washington to which application must be made in August for permission to send greetings the following December.

The mails will, he said, carry questionnaires to all adventurers into the realm of kindly remembrance; and, at any time within thirty years, government inspectors from Washington will, unannounced, visit every locality to ascertain and adjudge whether the Christmas-card law and all the interpretations thereof, and rules, regulations and exactions relating thereto, made and provided by the Federal Christmas-card bureau in Washington, have been complied with.

The humor in this grotesque imagining is that it hits off the extravaganza of government control now being perpetrated upon the American people. The spectacle of bureaus as drill sergeants, goose-stepping industry and trade, and, indeed, the whole economic life of one hundred and ten millions of people living in a far-flung, ocean-bound country, is as comic as it is irritating.

Serious and thoughtful persons add weighty protests to the drolleries of our fun-makers and these objections come from unexpected quarters. For instance, in its carefully reasoned and uncommonly well-written report, the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor at the annual convention of that body at Portland, Oregon, last October, said this:

"The largest freedom of action, the freest play of individual initiative and genius in industry cannot be had under the shadow of constant incompetent government interference, meddlesomeness and restriction. . . . The continuing clamor for extension of state regulatory powers under the guise of reform and deliverance from evil can but lead to greater confusion and more hopeless entanglement."

With forthright courage this pronouncement of the workers condemns bureaucracy "even at the cost of being branded as reactionary by those who do but little save propound formulas based on Utopian thought and devoid of the benefit of experience and of any cognizance of our fundamental social structure, our industrial life or our national characteristics."

"The ruthless drive of purely individual aim and ambition has given America tremendous industrial giants. Great abuses have accompanied great achievements. But what is frequently overlooked is the fact that ambition to build has been the driving force behind our most remarkable strides. The abuses, terrible and costly as they have been, have been largely coincidental." And this indictment of overgovernment concludes: "Our people cannot live and thrive under the régime of bureaucracy that threatens." Witness, it says, "the growing number of boards, commissions and tribunals."

These short, clear paragraphs are statesmanlike. They might have been written either by Jefferson or Hamilton, by Madison or Marshall, by Cleveland or Harrison – so fundamental are they and charged with public wisdom.

For a long time business men have been saying that government interference with the industrial activities of the people – which is what business is and all it is – was a handicap to production and exchange; but, until labor spoke, their word was dismissed as the whining of "the interests," an apt phrase when first employed, but more misused within the past few years than almost any other in our history. Take, for example, these moderate and well-nigh timid statements of sound principles, found in the resolutions of three recent annual conventions of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States:

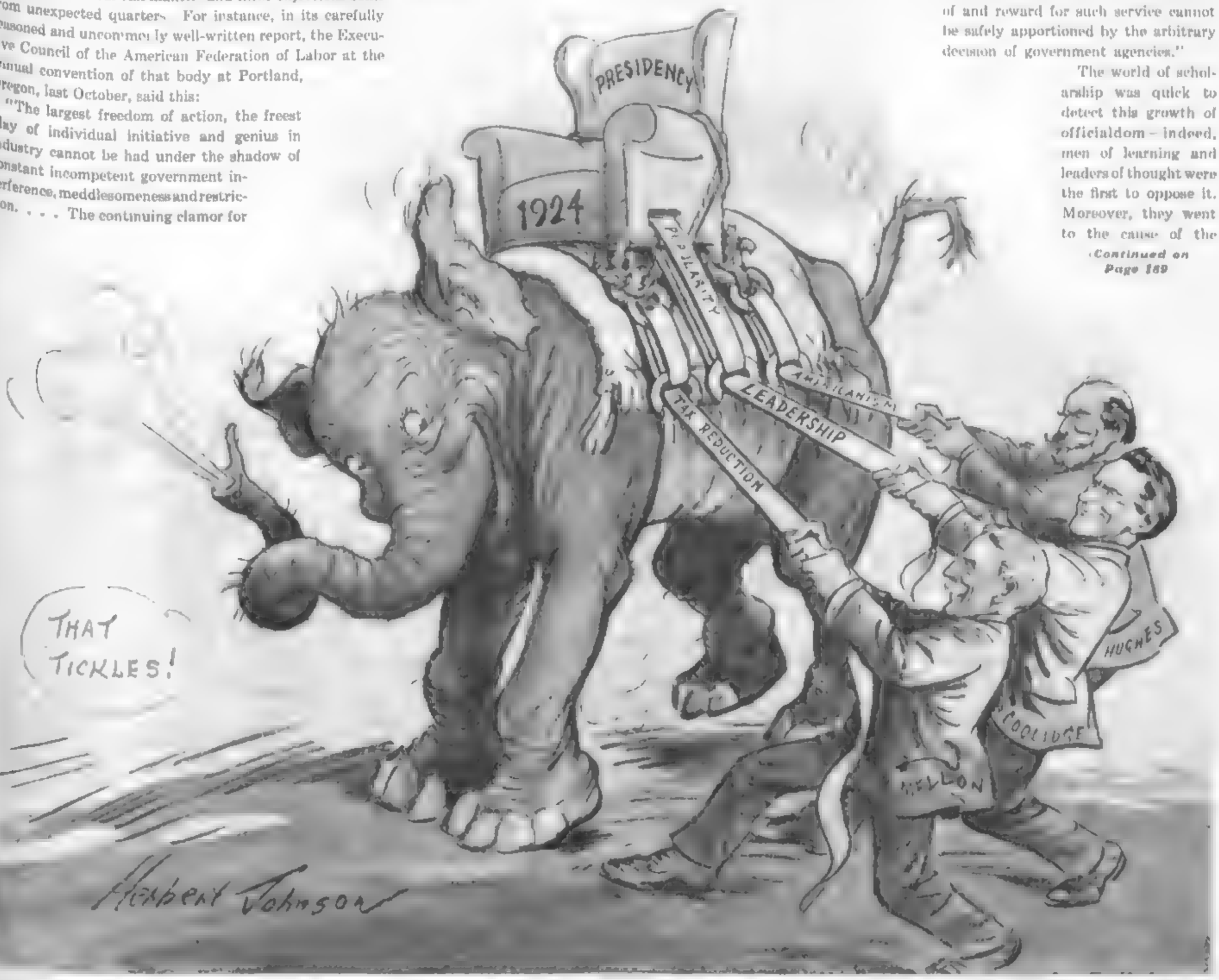
"The very essence of civilization is that there be placed upon the individual only that degree of restraint which shall prevent his encroachment upon the rights of others."

"Individual initiative, strengthened by education, safeguarded by publicity, stimulated by active and free competition, is the guarantee of sound national progress."

"The foundation of all enterprise is primarily that of service to the community, and this service is most effective under private initiative. . . . The value of and reward for such service cannot be safely apportioned by the arbitrary decision of government agencies."

The world of scholarship was quick to detect this growth of officialdom – indeed, men of learning and leaders of thought were the first to oppose it. Moreover, they went to the cause of the

(Continued on Page 189)



TIGHTENING THE CINCH ON THE NOMINATION

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Blessing on Little Boys

GOD bless all little boys who look like Puck,
With wide eyes, wider mouths and stick-out ears;
Rash little boys, who stay alive by luck
And heaven's favor in this world of tears
Ten-thousand-question-asking little boys,
Rapid of hand and foot and thought as well,
Playing with gorgeous fancies more than toys,
Heroes of what they dream, but never tell;
Father, in your vast playground let them know
The loveliness of ocean, wood and hill;
Protect from every bitterness and woe
Your heedless little acolytes; and still
Grant me the grace, I ask upon my knees,
Not to forget that I was one of these!

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Campaign Starts

THE first convention of the American Party was held in the loft building of Hogboom's Cloaks and Suits. It had originally been planned to hold it elsewhere, but Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore and San Francisco did not appear to be interested in the glowing prospects held out to them by Mr. Hogboom's campaign manager. So Mr. Hogboom generously donated his building.

Mr. Faracy, of Feinsilver, McGuiness & Faracy, Boys' Knee Pants, who led the Illinois delegation, was elected permanent chairman of the convention. He was dressed, of course, in the conventional black.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Faracy, in his keynote speech, "the time has come for the business men to take over the reins of government and steer the ship of state through the quicksands that infest our glorious nation. We have had lawyers in the presidential chair, but never a cloak-and-suit man. We have had soldiers and professors, but when has the knee-pants game been represented? [Loud applause.] What we need is a business administration. If we had had a good clever real estater at the Versailles Conference do you suppose he would have allowed Great Britain and France to get away with all those valuable building lots over in Germany? Let us choose a standard bearer who will be an anchor and a beacon light that we can lean upon and follow. As Shakspere has so beautifully expressed it, 'This above all: to thine own self be true!'" [Deafening cheers.]

Mr. Hogboom was nominated on the tenth ballot after the California delegation, which had been casting its vote solid for Roland Postlewaite, the Hollywood film impresario, switched to Mr. Hogboom. Mr. Postlewaite was thereupon nominated for the vice presidency.

In the meantime the platform committee, which had been working feverishly for two days, completed its task. Some of the more important planks were as follows:

The abolition of all taxes. Higher wages. An automobile in every home. Free movies. More legal holidays. The three-hour day for workers. Light wines and beers. Heavy wines and beers. Strict prohibition enforcement. Free excursions on the U. S. N. battleships. A literacy test for congressmen. The abolition of comic supplements. Compulsory education for college students. Better sleeping accommodations in the United States Senate. A tax on all pies used in moving pictures. A constitutional amendment prohibiting the employment of hat-check boys in restaurants. More and better crossword puzzles in the Sunday papers.

DRAWN BY WALTER EDMANS

The Jazz Composer Enjoys a Symphony

The platform was unanimously adopted. "Hogboom and Postlewaite and Victory!" shrieked the delegates as the convention adjourned.

—Newman Levy.

A Telegraph Editor's Nightmare

What the Man Who Handles the World News of a Big Paper Dreamed After a Long, Tiresome Day's Work

BULLETIN

GARDEN OF EDEN, Feb. 31.—(BY THE QUICKEST SERVICE). James Abel, son of Henry P. Adam and Mrs. Elizabeth Eve, distinguished social leaders of this city, was cruelly beaten to death here late this afternoon by his brother, William Cain. The murderer escaped to the surrounding swamps, but police posses are in hot pursuit, aided by a pair of bloodhounds, and they expect an arrest momentarily.

ON BOARD NOAH'S ARK, Feb. 31.—(BY WIRELESS TO THE QUICKEST SERVICE). After two unsuccessful attempts to find signs of life, a third dove was dispatched from The Ark late this afternoon. Its return is expected before nightfall.

—30—

FLASH

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA.

—30—

CORRECTION

GARDEN OF EDEN, Feb 31 - Editors: In Cain and Abel story, 30 down read cruelly beaten to death AND HIS BODY PLACED IN A SHALLOW GRAVE here this afternoon, etc.

The Quickest Service (editor).

—30—

JERUSALEM, Feb. 31.—KILL IT.

—30—

BOSTON, Mass., Feb 31.—NIGHT LEAD) (BY THE QUICKEST SERVICE. A party of masked men believed to be members of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan boarded a vessel of foreign registry in port tonight, threw over the entire cargo of tea and then gave a brilliant celebration in honor of the feat.

more

—30—

EOS BULLETIN

SAN SALVADOR, Feb. 31.—(BY THE QUICKEST SERVICE). Christopher Columbus, who some two months ago sailed from port of Palos on an expedition to explore the wide oceans, has discovered what is believed to be a new world when he landed here today. A great crowd of citizens saw the three steamers approaching and gave the crews a royal ovation.

—30—

LONDON, Feb. 31. (NIGHT LEAD) (BY THE QUICKES—kill it.

30

BULLETIN

PLYMOUTH ROCK, Feb. 31.—The steamship Mayflower, bringing a party of Pilgrims from England to America, arrived here early this evening. One of the largest crowds ever assembled on this shore, estimated at more than 25,000 persons, welcomed the travelers to America.

—30—

BULLETIN

ON BOARD NOAH'S ARK, Feb. 31.—BY WIRELESS TO THE QUICKEST SERVICE) (LEAD). The third dove to have been dispatched from The Ark for signs of life returned to the ship shortly before dark tonight with a green twig. Captain Noah has expressed the belief that the high waters are gradually receding.

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DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"No, You Can't Land Here With Distemper!"

Like beans? Just taste Campbell's!

Slow-cooked Digestible

A heaping, steaming plate of Campbell's Beans! The tempting savor heightened by their rich tomato sauce!

An appetite just primed for such an altogether delicious dish! How good it feels to be hungry with such a treat before you!

And what is more, you'll decide that from that day on you'll always make sure that the beans you buy are Campbell's!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

THE UMPTY-SEVEN

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

THE business session of the officials of the Brent Aviation Company was called to consider finances, and it ended when, in a moment of grave perplexity, the chief pilot solved his own problems by falling asleep. Seated cross-legged on the bed beside him, the president, treasurer and general manager chewed the end of her pencil and studied her arithmetic.

The company had arrived at Greenfield to take part in a three-day flying carnival, two hours before, after a long flight from Cleveland in its one tangible asset, a grimy, well-battered M.P.T.-5 plane—known in the jargon of the flying game as the Umpty-five, or Old Umpty. Funds in the treasury amounted to a little more than ten dollars, the guaranty of the carnival was seventy-five dollars, and their expenses for living, gasoline, oil and a mechanic would be at least one hundred. The last figure on the paper which Janeth Brent studied was "minus fifteen."

She glanced at her brother, sighed, and felt almost maternally happy that he was getting a nap before the afternoon's work commenced; then, with a frown at the paper, she took up the red print material upon which she had been sewing. There were times when she regretted that she was a girl, and never more wholeheartedly than when she tried to make a dress.

With her lower lip held firmly between her teeth, she sewed patiently and determinedly, listening to the endless stream of flivvers which flowed, rattling and throbbing, beneath the cheaply curtained windows of the rooming house, on the way to the flying field. Presently she arose, tilted back the streaked mirror of the bureau and, mounted upon a chair before it, stood there with the material held in place as a mere mask of a dress, eying it suspiciously, as if she doubted its good will and cooperation.

Allan Brent opened his eyes and watched her, half smiling. He liked to watch Janeth, especially when she was not conscious of it, for then he could stare at her with all the profound amazement which he still felt. He had not yet recovered from the surprise of returning home after eight years of war and travel, to discover that this kid sister, who had dropped her dolls to kiss him good-by, had grown into an exceedingly pretty young woman. There was so much in her face, in her bearing, to recall to his mind, even more vividly than all the pictures he had, his memory of Gertrude Janeth, their mother, whose meteorlike transit in the theater had ended soon after his sister's birth.

Sometimes as he looked back upon the seventeen years of Janeth's life it seemed to him that he had been filled with a deep inarticulate resentment towards her, for it was she who had consumed the last energy of that woman whose radiant loveliness and grace still existed as a reality for him. But that was changed now, changed so utterly that he could afford the honesty of realizing that he had never been just towards Janeth; and that realization held them together all the more closely in these days when adversity stalked about none too jovially.

Janeth Brent had dark curly hair, which, despite all her threats to have it bobbed, still covered her head in a close swirl, light blue eyes and delightfully curved lips. Her eyes had a way of taking on a darker hue and smoldering when she was angry, and her lips could become a firm straight line, compressed until all the color fled from them. Allan knew that darker hue and that straight line, for he had once taken it upon himself to remake Janeth more in harmony with his theories of what a girl, especially one who bore the name of Brent, should be. He was wholly, conspicuously unsuccessful. She remained, persistently, herself.

She was slim and straight, almost boyishly so, and yet intensely feminine as she stood perched upon the chair, with the red print half concealing her khaki breeches and light-blue silk blouse. She turned slowly from side to side, studying her reflection as though she were wondering by what strategy she could surprise the material into becoming a dress. Her face, arms and hands were brown with tan, which overlaid on her cheeks a youthful and buoyantly healthy flush.

"Allan, You Have to be a Good Sport!" She Said Determinedly

Anything went with Janeth, these days, as an alibi in favor of breeches, and it took diplomacy to induce her to replenish a rapidly depleting wardrobe of dresses. During bad weather, when she could not possibly offer the plea that she was just about to fly—or that she had just been flying—she usually found some task about the hangar which made breeches imperative.

She turned, discovered that Allan was awake. Still holding the dress before her, she asked in a voice of pained exasperation, "Do you think it'll ever be pretty?"

"It's fine! You're a wonder to be able to sew like that!"

"Sew like what?" she demanded reproachfully, jumping from the chair. Then, disgustedly, "I don't dare to sew on anything except a piece of red cloth because I get so darned much blood on it. Look at this thumb!" She thrust it towards him, and he examined the half dozen pricks.

"Poor kid! We'll see if we can't clean up some prizes here and buy you a dress or two. I'd like to nail that race! The old *moulin* is working like a dream."

At New York they had had the Gorse one hundred and fifty horse-power engine in the Umpty-five overhauled, and worn parts refitted, and on the trip westward it had roared and sung with revived enthusiasm.

Allan Brent swung his legs from the bed, sat up and announced with sudden conviction, "Jan, we need a new bus! One of those Umpty-sevens!"

"We need more than a new dress and an Umpty-seven," responded the girl.

She didn't like to spoil a pleasant dream of a new plane a brand-new Umpty-seven, shining and clean, with its three hundred and fifty horse power—but the treasurer of the Brent Aviation Company was feeling the strain. It had taken nearly all the money they had to overhaul the old motor, and she could still see that minus fifteen which ended her problem in arithmetic.

"I'm full out for a new bus," continued Allan, unperturbed, as though it were only a matter of a moment before he would be writing a check for four thousand dollars payable to the M.P.T. Aircraft Company.

She folded the red print, twisted his arm so that she could look at his wrist watch, and announced, "It's time for us to be getting out to the field."

"One of those sevens'll carry a pilot and two passengers," resumed Allan. "It's a fine-looking ship too. You can't expect passengers to go up in this dirty incinerator we've got now, if there's a decent plane on the field." He reflected for a moment. "Our Umpty-five is a good old scow, serviceable as the deuce, but she's not much on looks. And she's too slow."

Janeth gave a noncommittal "Um-m" and slipped into a dark blue jacket, pulled a brightly striped sport hat down over her dark hair. She had learned to fly on the Umpty-five, and it touched her sense of loyalty to hear disparaging remarks about it. True enough, the old Umpty, especially theirs, was not a lovely plane; but she had amiable qualities when you got to know her.

Allan rose and stretched, refreshed from five hours of piloting by a half hour's sleep. "That Umpty-seven's a beauty!" he added.

"Is my nose shiny?"

"Nope."

Distrustfully she turned to the mirror. "It is so! You just would let me go out with my nose like a lighthouse!" She departed for her own room.

Allan looked after her and laughed. He was a strikingly good-looking young fellow of twenty-six, lean jawed and sharp eyed. Between these two there was that unmistakable resemblance of brother and sister which even the most casual regard disclosed. It was in the mold of their features, the cut of their jaws, the color and curl of their hair, and in their eyes.

As they left their rooming house and swung down the street, Allan carrying two parachute packs—they never left the packs at the field, where the curious might finger them—people turned to watch them, not simply because they were two of the strange breed of the daring which had come to give Greenfield three days of thrill and excitement, earned through a long summer of farming, but because they were definitely pleasant to look upon. They were so young, straight, light-hearted and happy that audiences found an unexpectedly poignant thrill when the Brent team took to the air.

It was the collapse of the Brent fortune through years of depletion, discovered at the time of their father's death, a few months before, which had thrown them into aviation. Allan had been recalled to Sound Brook, where the old mansion house of the Brent family was already under lease to others, from his uncertain wanderings over the globe with a young Englishman of his own age and mercurial disposition, the Honorable Willard Weston Clively Towar—Bill Seadog, to his friends—a younger brother of the Duke of Tallbout.

In a world which provided no comfortable quarterly income, Allan Brent had fallen back upon war experience, for the only trade, profession or business he knew was that of handling the control stick of a plane.

The old Umpty-five had come into his possession when the Hickey Noninflammable Wing-Dope Company neglected to pay the promised five hundred dollars after he had taken the plane up and flown it, a blazing comet, to prove that the wing-dope was all that the inventor hoped it was. In lieu of pay Allan had taken, more by force than legal suavities, the plane and the exclusive exhibition rights of the wing-dope.

For two months the Umpty-five, set ablaze in the air, had paid the grocer and the butcher. To be sure, the old Umpty was not lovely to behold, passengers scorned her, other pilots gave her a disdainful glance, but there were some kind things to be said in her favor.

(Continued on Page 38)

The Wild West and The Hungry East

Cowboys, cow ponies, lassos and "shootin' irons"; hard rides and round-ups; lonely open ranges and boisterous cow-towns, where dignity was laughed at and the law ran man to man—how they pack the picture of the Wild and Woolly West with adventurous romance and fascinating danger for the twenty years following 1870—a picture faded now forever, though still celebrated in song, story and the movies.

But the flippant recklessness of those big-hearted, turbulent Americans, so quick of tongue and trigger, was mingled with a stern sense of responsibility and duty to be done.

Eastern cities, beginning to teem wth new and bigger industries after the Civil War, were filling up with people from the country; and all the East was clamoring for meat that local sources could not supply.

Beyond the Missouri lay the vast stretches of prairie land, where from time immemorial bison fed on the bunch grass growing in abundance, while farther west lush valleys crept in between the foothills and ranges of the Rockies.

Men brought cattle there—Texas cattle first. Expanding herds soon filled the plains; cowboys, ranches, ranges, joined in an outdoor industry unique in all time.

* * *

Natural conditions brought about the great cattle days of the West. To bring this food to the crowded East, Swift & Company established its twenty-three packing plants at points where the live stock could be more economically received and the meat shipped to eastern markets at the least possible cost.

And it is this same search for economy, carried into every department of the business, that has given us many of the Swift products that we enjoy on our tables daily.

It also is one of the reasons why Swift & Company not only transforms live stock into meat but transports that meat to its hundreds of branch houses, and over hundreds of car routes, under constant refrigeration, delivering it direct to your retail shop.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

Acknowledgment

Swift & Company is indebted to Mr. Rudolf A. Clemen for permission to use historical data from his book, "The American Live Stock and Meat Industry."

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Please send me, free of charge, a copy of Swift & Company's 1924 Year Book.

Name _____

Address

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(Continued from Page 36

To earn their seventy-five dollars guaranty at the Greenfield Flying Carnival, Allan had to fly the blazing plane once a day, make a parachute jump each day from two thousand feet—with Janeth piloting—and fly in the race for planes of a horse power under one hundred and fifty. Since planes of that power are most common, the race was the big sporting event of the carnival, for it stands to reason that an airplane race, which is against time rather than neck-and-neck, has an audience value in direct proportion to the amount of junk in the air.

"What's our mech's name?" asked Janeth. "I like him."

"Jim O'Hara."

They had engaged O'Hara to come from Chicago and act as their mechanic on the recommendation of an engineer at the factory, and they had found him, when they arrived late in the morning, sitting upon a box, guarding a desirable parking space for the plane against all comers. Numerous proffered bribes and several threatened fist fights had failed to budge him.

"He looks as though he'd been in a bad smash-up," Janeth remarked.

Jim O'Hara did not stand fully erect, and his clothes seemed to hide some distortion of his body.

"One of the old road racing and dirt-track gang," supplied Allan. "A bird shoved him into a ditch one day and his car rolled over on him."

"Oh!"

In the short space of two months Janeth Brent had come to accept accidents and dismiss them from her thoughts. She had seen a pilot killed, learned that rending, crunching noise which is peculiar to an airplane when it whacks itself and its occupants mercilessly against the ground, and had been in the air five minutes after the crack-up, conquering her nerves. Allan Brent had never been so proud of her as that day when, without a comment, she announced abruptly, "Guess I'll go up."

"Lordee!" she exclaimed as they passed through the gate of the high board fence. "Look at the crowd!"

The roadway, black with the slowly moving stream of cars which had flowed beneath their windows at the rooming house, was still pouring ceaselessly into the field. Cars were building rank upon rank until even the farthermost corners of the parking space were beginning to fill. From a distance each car had the air of knowing exactly where it should go, going there, folding back its top and exhibiting its occupants, numbering from five to twelve, with an intelligence quite its own. Each car displayed a fluttering of white shirts and blouses, and sprouted black umbrella mushrooms against the sun.

Dust rose on air which was vibrant with the hoarse stabbing rattle of horns, the cries of venders and the brassy, mechanical tooting of the band.

As Allan and Janeth made their way to the barrier which separated the crowds from the parking space of the planes, the stentorian bellow of the announcer with his megaphone weighed down lesser sounds. Audience, pilots, mechanics became silent, engines ceased their roaring and muttering, while the world waited for the megaphone to turn, for that inchoate, thunderous voice to repeat its words.

"The management announces that all prizes for all contests—have been increased fifty-y-y per-r-r cent!"

"Whew! I'd like to win that race! Fifteen hundred!" Allan spoke into her ear as they clung together in the billowing crowd.

She looked up and nodded earnestly.

"With fifteen hundred I'll bet I could wangle a new Umpty-seven."

At the entrance of the barrier the field manager seized him. "Better get ready, Brent. You're opening the show—ten minutes."

"I'll be there!"

Free of the crowd, they hurried through the maze of planes and shifting groups of pilots and mechanics. Machines and men, it was an assortment of odd lots, tossed together for three days of flying. Pilots, drawn from the war, the automobile track and the early professionals, separated into three main cliques and talked shop, conscious of the awe written across the faces of those who stared from the other side of the wire fence; conscious of the awe, but unconscious of that disapproval, nearly contempt, for those who risk their lives for guaranties and prizes. Pilots, treading their privileged ground, clan-conscious as any performers, let their glances rove over the vast fluttering throng with an equally mild contempt for those who sit safely and pay others to give them their thrills.

Planes, new and old, some glinting in the sunlight as though they were alertly ready to spring from the earth, some squatting stolidly, somnolently, smudged with oil and dirt, curved down the field in a long line. The grimiest of these was the Brent Umpty.

Jim O'Hara was waiting for them, sitting upon a box in the shade of the wings, drumming with his heels to the faint, harried tooting of the King Tut March. He was short, spare, wiry, with a lean, violently cut face and a scant supply of sandy hair. His dark eyes lighted with recognition and he hopped to the ground.

"We've got to snap to it and fill those fire tanks," said Allan. "They want me to shove off in five minutes."

"I filled 'em," responded O'Hara. His manner was that of a rather hard-boiled sparrow announcing "I killed Cock Robin." He continued, "They told me they wanted you to open the show, an' so when you didn't come I looked the plant over an' doped it out."

"Good work! Let's warm her up."

"She's warm. Say, boy, you've got some grinder in that hus! That engine's a knock-out! Turned over fourteen-fifty as though she wanted more. You're in the race, aren't you?"

"Yep. How many entries?"

"Thirty-two."

"Ouch! On a fifteen-mile course! Whew!"

"An' most of 'em are tin cans," announced O'Hara. "This is a regular scrap heap around here. I'll bet they had to ship some of the stuff on the rattler as freight to get it here. There's planes that look prettier, but this old boat's got a regular engine."

Allan was squirming into his asbestos flying suit, and Janeth was inspecting the five gasoline reservoirs perched upon the wings and fuselage. Next she tested the spark apparatus which touched off the gasoline when it was dumped by a yank at the lever in the cockpit.

"Haven't seen one of these new Umpty-sevens around, have you?" asked Allan.

"Nope. I hear they're swell busses though."

"As good a ship as I've ever seen," commenced Allan.

The sharp, ripping call of a bugle cut him short. The field manager was approaching on the run.

Allan signaled, drew on the asbestos helmet and yelled through the mouthpiece as he and O'Hara fastened the butterfly nuts, "See if they'll bump our guaranty 50 per cent with the prizes, Jan. We need the money."

She nodded.

Janeth and O'Hara stood together, listening to the motor as Allan took off.

"Girlie," announced Jim O'Hara, wagging his head, "I'm tellin' you that motor's a whiz!"

Janeth's breath caught. She had never been called girlie before; but O'Hara was so friendly and so earnest that she struggled to forgive him.

"I tell you what I want to do," he continued. "When he comes down I want to strip off those gasoline reservoirs too much head resistance stuck up there on the wings—an' see what she'll do in the race. There's some awful flying mackerel around here. Of course you never can tell; but anyhow, I'd like to try."

"We'll ask Allan," she said. "I'm going to the office and see if I can get the guaranty raised. They ought to."

"Sure they ought to, girlie. Sure they ought to. But they probably won't. Say—I'd like to slap a little benzol in that bus. You haven't got any, have you?"

"No."

"I know where I can get some."

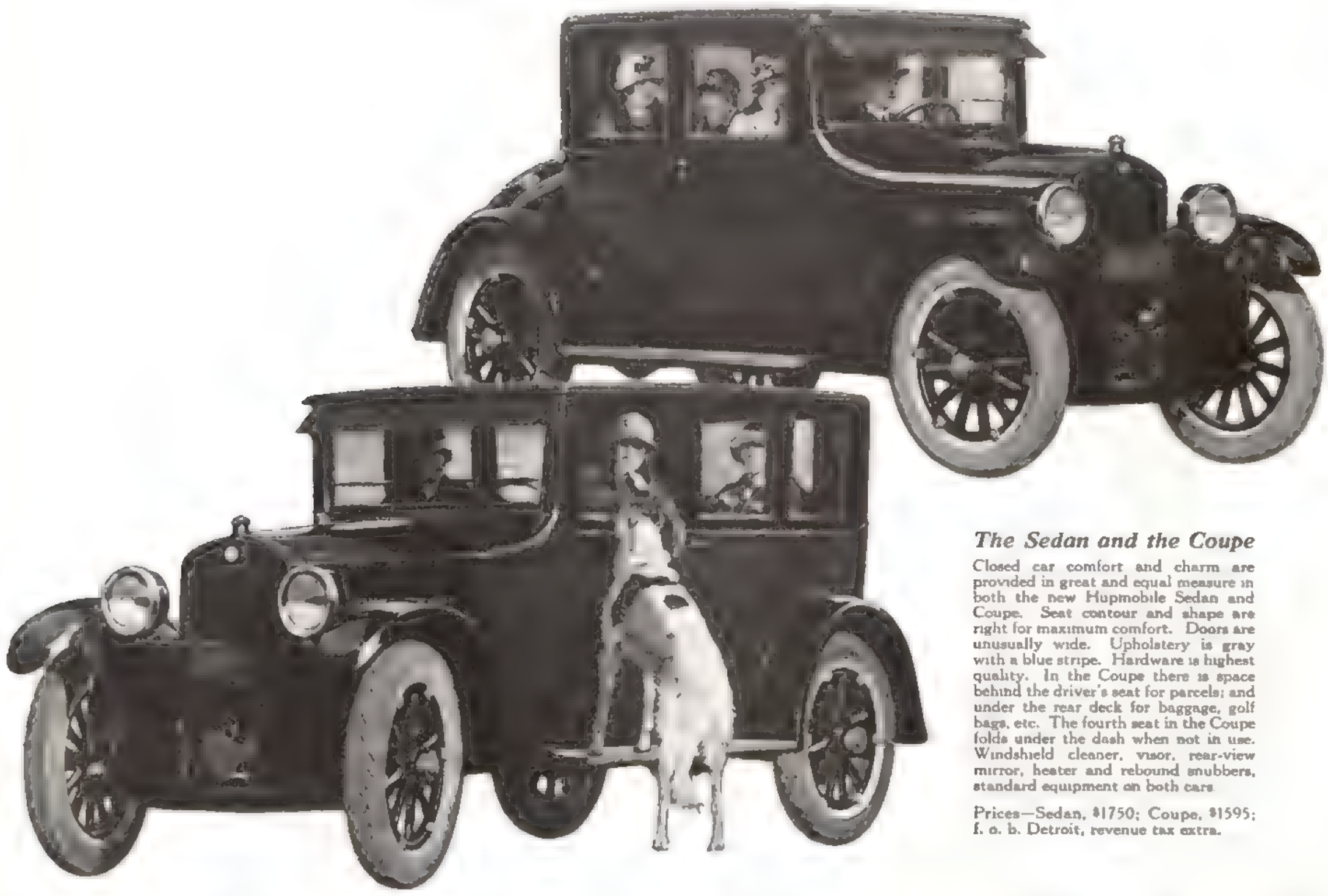
She hurried away towards the barrier, and Jim O'Hara resumed his seat upon the box, head cocked to one side, ears in tune with the motor which was his to provide for and nurse.

O'Hara's eyes, roving while he listened intently, fell upon an old familiar face moving in his direction, and his lips shut tightly. He became engrossed in the square, florid, heavy-featured countenance of Bill Cardman.

In the old days of the dirt-track game and road racing these two had fought each other over many a mile, and the thought of that last race flamed now in Jim O'Hara's mind. This was the first time they had met since Cardman had paid a furtive visit to the hospital where the other lay in a cast, ribs and left

(Continued on Page 40)

People Turned to Watch Them, Not Simply Because They Were Two of the Strange Breed of the Daring, But Because They Were Definitely Pleasant to Look Upon



The Sedan and the Coupe

Closed car comfort and charm are provided in great and equal measure in both the new Hupmobile Sedan and Coupe. Seat contour and shape are right for maximum comfort. Doors are unusually wide. Upholstery is gray with a blue stripe. Hardware is highest quality. In the Coupe there is space behind the driver's seat for parcels; and under the rear deck for baggage, golf bags, etc. The fourth seat in the Coupe folds under the dash when not in use. Windshield cleaner, visor, rear-view mirror, heater and rebound snubbers, standard equipment on both cars.

Prices—Sedan, $1750; Coupe, $1595; f. o. b. Detroit, revenue tax extra.

Thousands Buying Closed Cars Now, For Greatest Year-Round Comfort

Hundreds and thousands of men and women who are buying Hupmobiles this spring, are choosing the Sedan and the Coupe and will drive them all the year round.

This feature of the Hupmobile business shows how strongly American motorists have come to prefer the closed car for all seasons.

Last year, for instance, we built more closed cars than the entire Hupmobile output seven years ago; and in 1924, more than half of our production will be closed types.

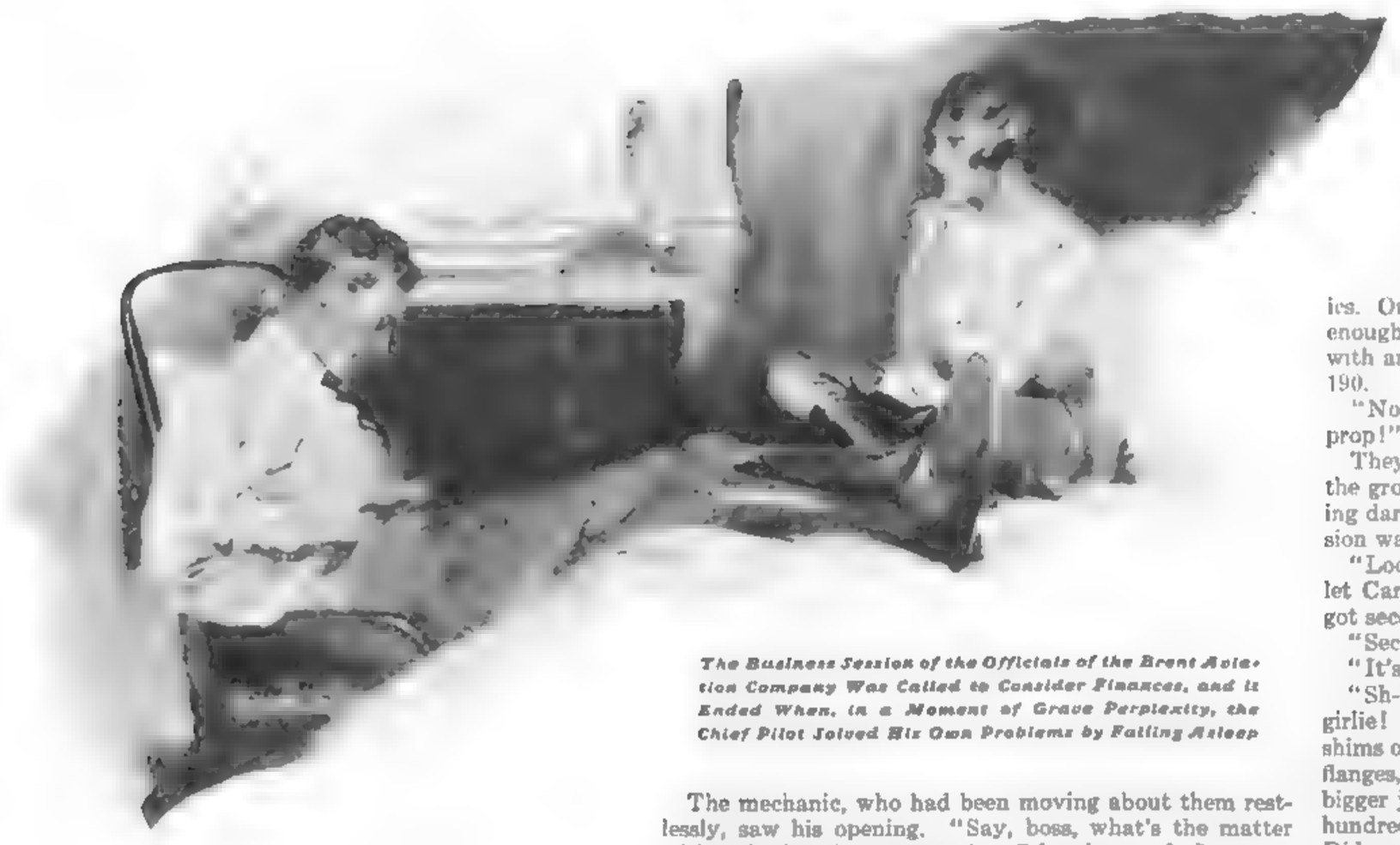
People want comfort in their motor cars today, and none so meets their desire as the closed type. In spring it affords protection from the sharp winds and chilling rains. In summer there is clean, cool shelter from the blazing sun; and ventilating breezes that are subject to your own wishes. In fall and winter there is snug enclosure from cold and snow.

Buyers of the Sedan and Coupe seek these obvious advantages in the Hupmobile for reasons equally apparent.

They are after its higher value and longer life; its greater sturdiness and lower upkeep; its finer, smoother performance and greater day-to-day economy. And Hupmobile reputation assures them that they will surely get what they want.

We have said nothing of the beauty of the Hupmobile closed cars, their seating and riding comfort, or the fineness of their upholstery, fittings and finish, leaving you to judge of these things when you go to see the cars themselves.

The New Hupmobile



The Business Session of the Officials of the Brent Aviation Company Was Called to Consider Finances, and It Ended When, in a Moment of Grave Perplexity, the Chief Pilot Solved His Own Problems by Falling Asleep

(Continued from Page 38)

shoulder crushed by the steering wheel, right arm broken and his skull fractured.

"Hello, Jim."

"Howdy, Bill."

"What you doing here?" demanded Cardman.

"Mechanic." He said it tersely.

"I'm flying a Canda," announced Cardman. He didn't mean to rub it in, but he could not keep a trace of bravado from his voice.

"So I heard. You're pretty old to be a pilot."

"Ah-h!" growled the other. "What's eatin' you?"

"All the same," answered O'Hara, "it's a young man's game. But don't think that I give a whoop if you bust your neck."

"I suppose you stul got it in your nut that I threw you into the ditch that day."

"I'm not doing any thinkin' about it at all, Bill. You an' me hashed that out once, an' once is enough." His lips shut tightly again.

Cardman started to speak, but he stopped; then a thought struck him. "Say, where's this entry you're workin' for?" he demanded.

Jim O'Hara, knowing from old experience that dread of the dark horse, laughed. "He'll be here pretty soon," he said.

Cardman's face was alive with suspicion. "What's he got?"

A sharp "Ah!" from the audience made O'Hara glance upward. The Umpty-five, at one thousand feet, was a ball of red flames, tongues of which whipped astern like streamers in the wind blast. Behind it, resting in the air, lay a trail of black smoke.

"There he is," said O'Hara. "He's got an old tin can of an Umpty-five. His name is Brent."

"Oh—I heard of that guy," replied Cardman. "Well, I got to get along. Come around an' tell me who wins the race." He grinned at O'Hara. "If you got any loose cash place it my way. There's a tip from a friend—an' keep it to yourself. There isn't anything on this field that can touch me. See you later."

Jim O'Hara screwed his face into a grimace and watched Cardman's bouncing heel-and-toe progress down the line of machines. It was not like Cardman, he reflected, to accept a position at the farthest and most inconvenient end of the line unless it suited his purposes.

Janeth Brent had returned by the time that Allan landed, and as he left the machine, fumbling with the bolts which secured the globelike asbestos helmet, she shook her head. "They wouldn't boost the guaranty," she said. "But the manager was awfully decent about it. He said he was sorry he couldn't, and so he gave me a tip. Listen." She drew him to one side. "There's a man here from Chicago by the name of Taylor, and he's looking for a pilot to carry pictures of the fight next week at Jersey City."

Allan's head went forward a fraction of an inch.

"The manager introduced us," Janeth continued. "But I'm not supposed to know that Taylor's looking for a man. I told him it was my brother in the fire plane, and he was interested. Asked a lot of questions. We might stroll up there after a while."

Allan nodded. "What's his game?"

"He wants to get pictures of the fight to Chicago in time for the midnight trains west. I'll tell you later. O'Hara wants to talk with you."

The mechanic, who had been moving about them restlessly, saw his opening. "Say, boss, what's the matter with stripping those gas tanks off for the race? I can get 'em back on again before tomorrow."

"It's quite a job."

"Work an' me are friends. We've known each other a long time. Say, you can't expect this bus to do anything in the race with all that hardware hangin' on the wings. You got a good engine there, an' it's enough to break its heart trying to pull that junk. What d'you say, boss? Listen, girlie, I can get that stuff back on again in time for the show tomorrow."

"Why not, Allan?" demanded Janeth. "We want to show this man Taylor that we've got some speed."

"An Umpty-five can't show him much," muttered Allan. He was scowling with the perplexity of his thoughts. "All right, O'Hara; drag the stuff off. We've got three-quarters of an hour before the jumps. But we have to get it back on again for tomorrow, or we'll lose our guaranty."

"Sure! And I know where I can get some benzol. What do you say to giving her fifty-fifty benzol and gas?"

Allan's face lighted in a smile. "Go ahead!"

O'Hara was already at work. "He's a willing little guy!" exclaimed Allan.

"Yes," Janeth agreed. "But I do wish he wouldn't call me girlie. Come on—we'll see if Taylor's lingering around."

The first pair of stunt planes were in the air, twisting, turning, spinning, diving, wings flashing fitfully in the bright sun. On the starting line a team of plane changers, in white flannels, cavorted and enjoyed the curious gaze of the mob. The air, filled with the interrupted throbbing beat of engines, seemed at times to be stirred mightily by the gasp which came from thousands of throats as a pilot, flirting with disaster, sometimes with a margin which appeared to be only a few inches, righted his plane and sped up again. Two more stunt planes left the earth, and a smoke bomb told the pair in the air that their time had expired. The audience rose to its feet as the first pilot spun her clean in, pulled out of his spin and landed without opening the motor.

Allan Brent had not entered the stunts because the old Umpty-five was past the age when she could stand brutal treatment. But with an Umpty-seven! The picture of that sleek, new, powerful plane swam before his eyes as he talked with Taylor. If only he could have said "Look here, I've got a new Umpty that'll knock off one hundred and forty-five miles an hour. I'm the pilot to carry those pictures!" But an old Umpty wasn't much of an argument.

Even as he sat perched on the edge of the fuselage, parachute packs harnessed on his back and chest, feet dangling outboard, ready for his jump, his thoughts journeyed to the M.P.T. factory.

Presently he cupped his hands at Janeth's ear and yelled, "Pulls better with the junk off." She nodded. "I'm going to lay the gun open," he continued, "and get every inch out of her!"

They had reached two thousand feet. Gauging the drift of the wind, he motioned to her to bring the plane in closer to the judge's stand, made sure once again that the release cords of his packs were in place and felt with his toes for the step. With a determined nod he leaped off into space.

"The first heat—of the hundred-fifty-y horse-power race," droned the voice at the megaphone. The noises of the world subsided. "First—Bill Cardman—in his Canda plane. Ti-ume—nine minutes, forty-two and three-fifth seconds. Second—Allan Brent—M. P. T.-5 plane. Ti-ume—ten minutes, two and one-fifth seconds. Third ——"

"Come on!" said Jim O'Hara. He drew them aside, got between them and hit a rapid pace down the field. "I know this bird Cardman," he announced. "I got right beside him when he was taking off, and if that engine of his wasn't turning up more than sixteen hundred I'll eat it. Take it from me, that bus is jazzed up. Hundred and fifty horse power, me elbow! We got two more cracks at that cuckoo!"

Near the end of the line of planes they came upon Cardman's Canda, guarded by two mechanics. One swift glance at the pitch of the propeller was enough to confirm suspicions; it was a jazzed-up Gorse with an actual horse power which probably came close to 190.

"No hundred-and-fifty-horse engine would swing that prop!" exclaimed Allan.

They withdrew to their own Umpty-five and sat upon the ground, heads together. Janeth's eyes were smoldering darkly, and her lips were compressed; Allan's expression was murderous.

"Look pleased, look pleased!" O'Hara told them. "Don't let Cardman know you're wise. You're happy that you got second money—see?"

"Second money—the devil!" snapped Allan.

"It's beastly!" ejaculated Janeth. "Beastly!"

"Sh-h-h! Take it calm," pleaded O'Hara. "Cool off, girlie! We got a chance yet. Here's Cardman's plant—he shims off about five-thousandths of an inch on his cylinder flanges, builds up his piston heads, gets a carburetor with a bigger jet, an' slaps on a prop that'll take care of sixteen hundred r.p.m. That's all he's got. As a pilot he's a punk. Did you see him in the air?"

"I don't remember him," replied Allan.

"Sure, with that mess of kitchen tables flying around, you couldn't tell which was which. I watched him! He's got speed, but he's afraid to lay her over on the turns. Now here's the dope. You got the inside track with the field manager, girlie. He cracks off a smile every time he sees you. What you got to do is this—get him to start your brother right behind Cardman! See? All right—while you're doing that we get busy with this bus and wash out the dihedral and incidence. See?"

Allan was scowling.

"That'll give you enough increased speed to close in on him in the turns. And me—I go to Cardman an' tell him to pull out when he sees you coming, because you're out to win this race if you have to see him in hell. Pardon me. That gets him worried."

Allan still appeared unconvinced. He shook his head.

"I know this bird," persisted O'Hara. "I know what gets his goat."

"No," said Allan; "I'll play for second place." He arose suddenly as though to end the conversation. "We'd better start getting those tanks back on the wings."

"But, Allan!" protested Janeth. There was disappointment in her voice, reproach. "Why not, Allan?"

He avoided meeting her eyes, and he knew that O'Hara was looking at him disgustedly. The mechanic's plan was a good one; it would give him at least an even break at winning. And to win meant to have that new Umpty-seven.

"Come on—let's get busy with the tanks."

"Allan—why not?"

He bit his lip and aimed a kick at a piece of sod.

"I don't want you to think I'm yellow on this business," he said slowly, "but I've got a perfectly good reason."

"Can't you tell me?" asked the girl. "After all, we're partners, Allan, and I think you should. We need the money." When he did not answer she added, "I thought you were full out for a new Umpty."

"I am, but ——"

"Well?"

"Here's the way it stands," he replied at length. "If we change the set of this bus' wings it is more difficult to fly. Unless a pilot has had a lot of experience—and you haven't, Jan—it's dangerous. I'm under contract to do the parachute jumps, and that means that you have to drive the plane. There's no argument about it at all, Jan—I absolutely will not let you drive this plane with the wings set so that there's no angle on them. That's that! I know you'll want to take the chance, but you're not going to! That's why I'm not going to change them."

"Sure!" agreed O'Hara. "I didn't think of that."

Janeth put her hand on her brother's arm. "All right, Allan. I'd like to do it, but—oh, well."

She shrugged and turned away. Instinctively Allan knew that she had turned away because her eyes were full of tears. He slipped a comforting arm about her, gave her a hug.

"Let's get busy with the tanks, O'Hara."

The carnival was over for the day, and the congestion of cars slowly dissolved, clouding the air with dust, leaving behind a vast acreage strewn with débris. Pilots were departing towards town, mechanics worked upon engines or lolled about in groups, smoking. Bill Cardman, a cigar stuck in his face, bounced past jubilantly and yelled to

(Continued on Page 137)

Six-Cylinder Three-Passenger Sport Roadster

TO the individuality of the sport model, so much admired by discriminating motorists, Buick has added in its 1924 Sport Roadster a distinctiveness and beauty that draw a glance of involuntary admiration wherever it appears. Power for every road, speed for every occasion, and remarkable smoothness, flexibility and acceleration are provided by the self-lubricating 70 H. P. Buick valve-in-head engine. Greater driving control and safety are contributed by Buick four-wheel brakes.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars — Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

By COSMO HAMILTON

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, LONDON, ENGLAND

Rotten Row, Hyde Park, London

THERE comes a time in the life of every man who has been obliged to keep his nose permanently to the grindstone and stick to his last in the horrid fear of losing the hold that he has had the luck to acquire on a particular method of earning a living, when, in order to indulge in a mental adventure, an imaginative bust, he goes off at a deliberate tangent and creates something to please himself.

Take the case, for instance, of that artist without whose pleasant but insipid pictures of goody-goody little darlings in perfectly spotless clothes swinging on a new gate, under an excessively blooming chestnut tree, while a well-combed collie dog barks melodiously to see so much cherubic fun, no academy could open and no suburban house warm into home. At the zenith of his career, at the very moment when, in fact, he was as safe as a well-advertised tooth paste and able to pay his monthly bills by painting blindfold to a formula, he seized an opportunity when his dear wife had gone to visit a somewhat newly married sister to fling upon a canvas a long-smoldering idea for the sheer joy of going, so to speak, on the loose.

Amidst a riot of botanical beauty and delightful animal life, he showed a most human and naturally lumpish Adam listening with growing interest to the eager account by a very nude Eve of a prophylactic lecture which had just been delivered by a grinning and impish serpent. It was exquisite in drawing, in color and design. It was true not only of Adam and Eve but of every man and woman, and if it had been attributed to Giorgione, Titian, Carpaccio, or better still to Michelangelo, Raphael or Andrea del Sarto, and hung in the Palazzo Pitti, the floor in front of it would have been worn smooth by the feet of an endless stream of Karl Baedeker's swift-moving pilgrims who would have said, "Ah, how wonderful!" before turning to the next double-starred item. Instead of which, as his shocked, tearful and sensible wife predicted, it was not only refused by the London Academy but the astounded hanging committee are said to have visited him in a body to see if he were sane. His publisher rushed breathless from the Haymarket, and under the stress of a frightful mercenary upheaval handed him a revolver with which to blow out his brains.

"If your public ever lays eyes on this—thing," he yelled, "the revolver won't be needed. You will be as dead as a squashed frog."

The Literary Safety Valve

IT NEED hardly be said that the popular domestic painter who had brightened the drawing-room walls of so many suburban villas and honest family hotels hid his masterpiece behind a hanging in his studio and showed it only to the most loyal and secretive of his friends. But—he had had his burst; for once in his potboiling life he had spread his wings and flown.

And there is, of course, among a thousand other cases, that of the well-known novelist who had humbly subscribed for years to the tyrannical yard measure of his serial editors, conforming to their antediluvian ideas of what the public wants so that each of his innocuous stories was almost exactly like the other, the hard-and-fast pattern of them all beginning with love at first sight, going on through puerile misunderstandings which could have been settled with a word, and ending to the clanging of the marriage bells.

Poor public! Wretched author! And one day, probably in spring, there came to this man the strange, wistful yearning of the artist, and he turned aside from the serial that he was about, with nausea, to begin, played another and vastly different tune upon his typewriter and eventually flung a book quivering with truth and lifeblood on the desk of his agent. He had run amuck. He had written something which the public not only wanted but would buy—as it always will. He had proved conclusively, too, that that which was believed about him before he had fallen flat into the serial market was not a figure of speech. He did know how to write—he did, he did! How unspeakably the poor devil reveled in that breakdown! With what unutterable joy he broke away from handcuffs, wrote the best and truest that was in him and kicked the ancient and dreadful pattern to the winds. But when, with the sheepish air of a boy who had played truant, torn his trousers, gashed his hands, but filled his hungry soul with a brief freedom, he entered his agent's office to be spanked, spanked he most certainly was in words of unmistakable meaning:

"As a serial, impossible. As a novel, magnificent. But if you lose your serial, who's to pay your rent? And if I allow this even to be seen by the editor he will give you up for lost."

Like a whipped dog, that man crept home with his opus, and making it a cushion upon which to sit, took off his coat once more, and, wearing a twisted smile, tapped off the old, old serial, like a suit of registered reach-me-downs—and duly paid his rent. Men must work and women must dress and poor old art goes moaning. But he—he, too, had sat for unforgettable weeks on the highest summit of life. He, too, had supped with gods.

I need hardly say that all this ecstasy is not written here without a reason. It is indeed to lead up to the pathetic confession that, during the summer of 1913, I sat in my cottage high up on the Chiltern Hills and wrote the sort of play that all my experience had taught me would never, never be produced. Its title was The Call of Youth. That in itself was bad, because neither leading men nor leading ladies care to be reminded of something that they have lost. The hero was far from being a hero; he was in fact a very human being; and the leading lady had a rival part in that of a headstrong and most attractive girl. Two appalling absurdities. Two long-accepted reasons for its never getting within a mile of a stage. Then, too, I crowded the plot with characters, built up scenes that would have whirled most managers into bankruptcy and made an unhappy ending.

Was I mad? Probably. It was the natural and inevitable reaction from a lengthy period of subjection to the reiterated statement of what the public wants. I had an awfully jolly time. I wrote all through nights of gorgeous silence, all through days of pouring rain, and when I emerged from this air pocket, this strange oasis in a working life, I put the result of all these weeks of joy in a bottom drawer and locked it in.

A year later, home once more, Mrs. Charles Maude, who was going into management at the Criterion Theatre, asked me for a play. Not having one, I remembered The Call of Youth, fished it out and sent it in for the joke of the thing. And here the story differs from those that I have told, because it was immediately accepted and paid for, and was being cast when the war came upon us and it was at once withdrawn. Putting on a play seemed a futile business when the curtain had rung up on the first act of such a drama. And so it went back into its hiding place. It is still there in the sere and yellow, and from time to time I take it out and look it over and live over again in memory that brief adventure, that moral flight.

A Jolly Winter at Miami

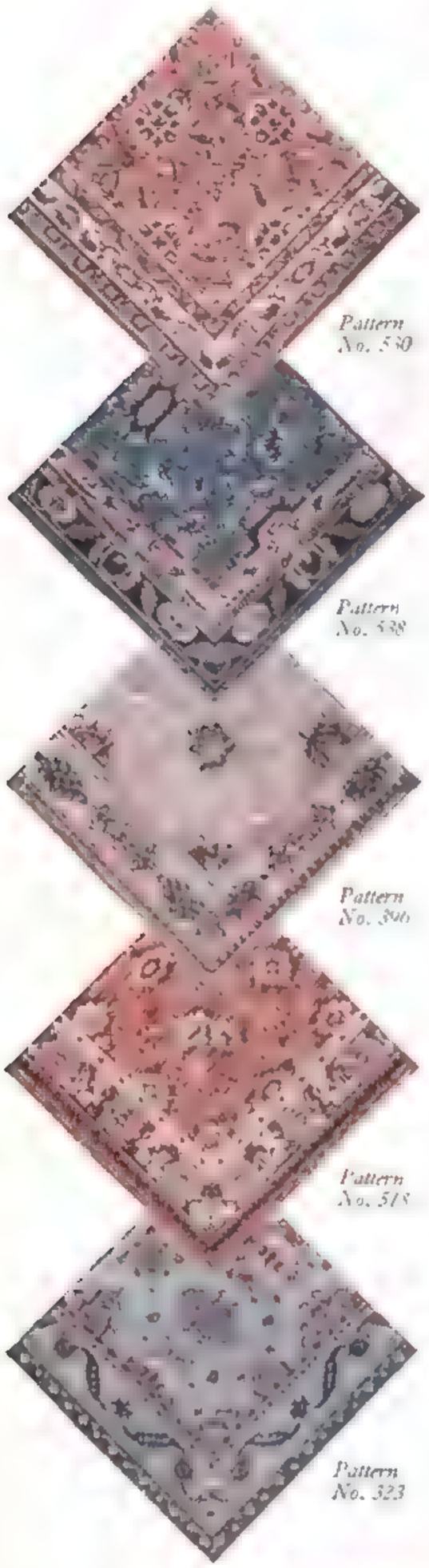
THE summer over, I returned to America for another winter, which was far from uneventful and from which I was enabled to gain an insight into certain phases of human nature; very useful, perhaps, as copy, but far from pleasant to come up against. Miami, Florida, was younger then and still infested with real-estate agents who did their best, in their shirt sleeves and with every type of inexpensive car, to realize their dream of making it like Venice, a queen of the sea. I took a cottage there from December until May, wrote and fished and bathed in unbelievably warm water and indulged in the reckless extravagance of hiring a yacht. This was called the Buffalo, which behaved so exactly like a young and frisky specimen of the breed that, on the way to Cuba, we turned her nose round and put back to quiet waters; but not before the transparent Gulf Stream had delivered up many of its choicest fish.

We dined with Colonel Thompson on the largest and most comfortable houseboat that I had ever seen, and with Mrs. George Gould on the private train which had her initials on the ceiling of all its rooms. Jean Schwartz was staying at the Royal Palm Hotel, and with a startlingly sunburned face played some of the newest of his very catchy tunes. The tennis was good on a white-hot court, and the golf amusing, with its frequently raked sand greens. But it was not the thing to hunt in the jungle for the sliced ball, because snakes had a nasty way of resenting strangers.

An extremely painful dose of fish poisoning put one of my legs out of action for a time so that the novel that I was writing moved faster than it would have done otherwise. This bore the ultra-sentimental title of The Miracle of Love, and in its result it was not unlike the curate's egg—good only in parts. I hated the thing when I waded through

Continued on Page 198

Here are a few of the attractive patterns!



On the floor is Gold Seal pattern No. 379. The 6x9 size costs only $9.00.

"Sure, I'll clean this Rug in a minute and they'll never know I've been here!"

A few strokes of the damp mop and the rug will be fresh and clean as new. No clouds of dust—not a germ—will she raise; for the dust is only on the surface of the rug—the damp mop blots it up in no time at all.

Made without seams, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are tremendously durable. Nothing can penetrate their firm, heavily varnished surface.

Require No Fastening

Requiring neither tacks, cement, nor fastenings of any kind, they hug the floor without a wrinkle—without a ruffled edge. In short, sanitary and easily cleaned, a Congoleum Rug is ideal wherever immaculate cleanliness is the first consideration.

Furthermore, it is very easy to find the exact design you want for any room. You can choose from a galaxy of Oriental, floral and conventional patterns in rich colors that will harmonize with any decorative scheme.

And yet with all these exceptional qualities, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are amazingly inexpensive.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		

The patterns illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

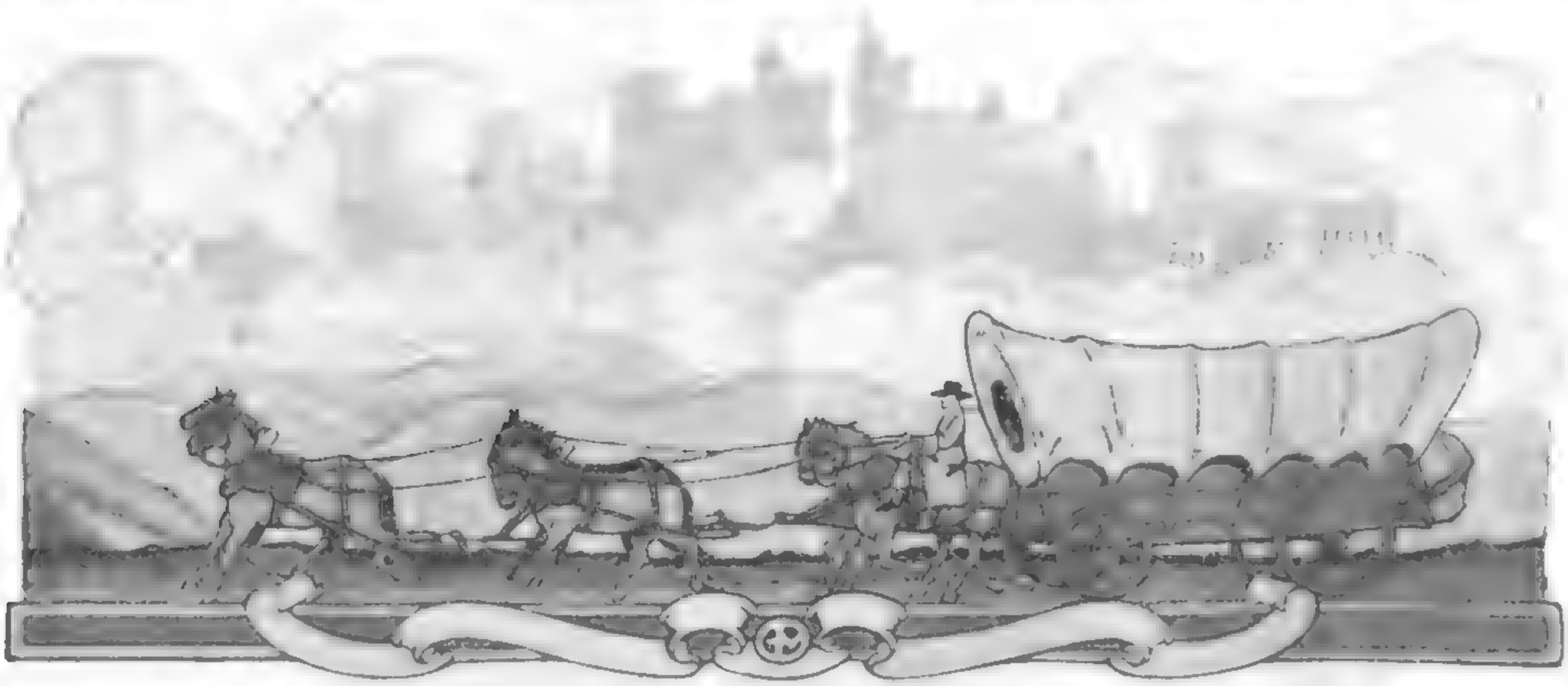
Write for free copy of "Beautify Your Home with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs," an interesting folder showing all the patterns in full color.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Facsimile of the Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of every genuine guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

AS WE JUDGE OURSELVES



By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

LONG ago I heard someone say that the difference between the European and American ideal was that while people in Europe respectfully lived for the past, Americans concentrated intensely on the future. This remark stuck in my mind; and all through my wanderings, in strange corners of the Old World and the New, I have fancied that the things I saw proved how neatly its originator had sized up the difference between two continents.

However else nations of Europe may disagree, all of them hold in common a deep love for their folklore, their history, their traditions and their old homes. "Name" and "family" are sacred words to them, and sons regard it as quite normal to follow in their fathers' footsteps. Over there the habits, duties, ambitions remain the same from generation to generation, and of course such modes have certain advantages. They have produced wonderful monuments, built by patient toil. Cathedrals were constructed by long centuries of piety; museums are kept up, with historic treasures showing the complete development of a civilization. Aside from these public manifestations, there are quantities of private collections, preserved in homes that have been planned by men through various periods. Each individual under such inspiration does his bit towards adding to the beauty of a family nest, just as each one considers it an obligation to add to the luster of his family name, since others did the same before him.

Facing the Future, Ignoring the Past

OUR ways here are very different. The original American pioneers, whether their ambitions were for liberty to practice their religion in their own way or for liberty to make their fortunes as they saw fit, were apparently always trying to get away from the constraining habits of their earlier surroundings. That was part of the lure the New World held out to them; and as they conquered and advanced still newer lands spread out, tempting them farther and ever farther towards the West. They kept their reforming principle well to the fore. Each man was an ancestor, a leader, a power by himself. Makers of their own laws, they claimed the right to defend their own beliefs and to frame their lives. Strong, brave, confident, ready to fight for what they represented, having once definitely turned their eyes from the known past to the unknown future, they wasted no time looking backwards as they moved through the years.

Their women felt as they did, and growing children in the rough New World homes these couples built heard no regrets expressed for what had been left behind in the old countries. The young grew up doing as the parents did—conquering forests, mountains and plains, struggling against the elements, crowding the Indians and wild beasts, moving always onward as soon as any spot which they first chose seemed to them to be growing overfull. Always they showed a desire for more room, and always they were winning and developing more and yet more territory.

As the country became generally settled, life changed somewhat; but the ideal as to the good to be found in progress remained with this virile, splendid people. Great cities were built, and industries, mines, railroads, with commercial interests, were started. Fortunes were made rapidly then; and the thorough exploitation of America's natural resources, as well as the formation of our democratic institutions, was the order of the day. The business man replaced the pioneer, but this change of outside form had not changed his spirit or his principles in living. Each generation still broke away from all the past and created for the future. Each man pushed beyond his companions if he could. He forgot his fathers and the events which were rapidly receding into the dull distance behind him.

As it was first with the colonists, so it became with the men of Revolutionary days. Having signed their Declaration of Independence, they fought to be free from the last remaining links with their old mother country. The fight once won, they set their energies to the problem of producing the nation their dreams had pictured. Great brains and noble characters aimed to have the results of so much labor last through the ages. Of all nations, they wished to be the strongest in their power for good. Men like George Washington, John Marshall and Alexander Hamilton were well fitted for leadership. They started their people in the way that these should go, though they had been given little preparation. They molded the young republic without even a model, and when their work was finished they knew it to be good.

Those who came after this first group seem to have felt due appreciation of the way in which the great task had been accomplished. In turn they labored onwards in the difficult experiment. Every man did his job with a touch of the same spirit which the early leaders had shown. To the best of his ability he fought his way, carved out his life and, bringing up a family, he sent his sons out to surpass, if possible, his own generation. The obligation of the son was to break new earth, not just to follow up his parent. No one wanted to stay in the limited sphere where a first home had been.

According to this unwritten law, there was no limit put to any man's possible ambition, no limit to the good which he might do, the money he might acquire and spend, the development he might create about him. But his home and all the work accomplished were always counted temporary.

Europe was only just across the sea, but she remained entirely different—good, in young America's opinion, for education and for art; good to play in for a while, to travel there or shop. But effete monarchies, old-fashioned methods, narrow spaces—who could like such things? Poor foreigners, who dwelt abroad! They lingered in somber darkness, of course, and wallowed in deep mire. They belonged to their old landmarks, were slaves to the ways of the past and plodded on in life heavily laden. Not so the sovereign citizens of God's own country, where everything breathed freedom and every man knew that he was a king. Rail splitters here became great Presidents to whom a world bowed down; heroic generals grew from newsboys; merchant princes or industrial giants were developed from nondescript, barefooted urchins; and though no one thought of mentioning from what stock he sprang, many men enthusiastically talked of what they hoped their boys would do, and generally the latter could be relied upon to keep these promises.

Much to be Proud Of

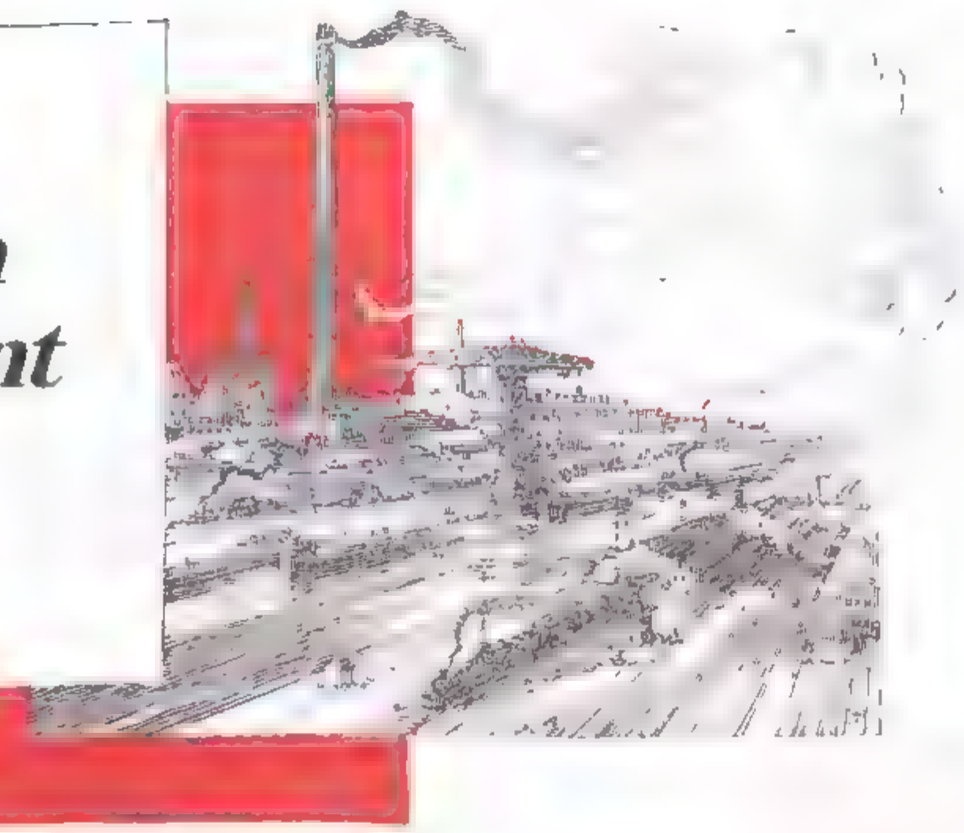
IN ANOTHER frame such things might have seemed strange dreams, yet such was really the history of our country until the Civil War. Aristocrats in blood and breeding rubbed elbows here with most plebeian stock. Equality was the ideal of both, and a man counted only for what he was by personal achievement. There were few foreigners about, and the nation's riches belonged to Americans, those who had brains and sinews, with the will to make good use of both.

After the Civil War the country finally consolidated, began to grow in a new way. Steam and telegraphic communications brought us nearer Europe. Intercourse across the sea was gradually becoming more and more constant; mutual interest between continents was aroused; and with our increase in fortunes and facilities, Europe was gradually copied here to some extent at least. Clothes, houses, habits were growing cosmopolitan. Until the Civil War few Americans had gone abroad save for study or on important missions. Once in their youth, perhaps, our grandfathers' generation found time or opportunity for pleasure travel. But our fathers went more frequently across the sea, while recently the wealthy portions of our people—and even the moderately wealthy—have stayed a great deal abroad. Such traveling has brought great changes necessarily in our national life; in some ways changes for the better, giving us doubtless finer breadth of judgment and more culture, better taste and a much greater luxury of life. In other matters the change has been distinctly disadvantageous, since it has largely broken down our national pride in work and our typical strength of purpose. It also seems to have eliminated our simplicity to some extent, and by making for extravagance it has created a habit of imitation.

In the two or three centuries since our forefathers first crossed the ocean, a national character has taken form. The rules they framed have given rise to legitimately original American habits and conventions. Fashion was for a high virtue and dignity of life. Religious feeling, courage, energy and strength, as well as fine brains, have built up here our frames and fortunes. Surely we have much to be proud of in the making of these United States!

(Continued on Page 47)

Why lubrication is important to plant executives



Some basic questions *and* answers

What is the purpose of lubrication?

To minimize friction in machinery, to make it operate smoothly, efficiently, and economically — therefore, to increase both the productivity of your machinery and your net operating profits.

What are the effects of correct lubrication in a plant?

By smoother operation and lessened wear to bring about —

—increased production,
—savings in power cost,
—savings in wear and repairs,
—reduction of breakdowns.

Why will one oil provide better lubrication than another?

One lubricating oil may be made from correctly selected crude stocks. Another oil may not. One oil may be manufactured with highly technical skill. Another oil may not. One oil may be correct in body, quality and character to meet a given mechanical requirement. Another oil may not.

In what way do machines vary that they require different oils?

Machines vary widely in construction, conditions of operation and in character of work performed. All these factors affect the problem of lubrication. An oil that would correctly lubricate one piece of machinery would damage or might even wreck another. The selection of the correct lubricant demands scientific study and expert analysis. Guesswork is folly.

How can you, as an executive, determine what oils will give you best lubrication in your plant?

1 — Invite the lubrication advice of a company that has become known all over the world as specialists in scientific lubrication.

2 — Let a Vacuum Oil Company representative tell you in what particulars correctly selected oils can improve operating results. You will find him thoroughly familiar with machinery and thoroughly competent to suggest improvements in your lubrication methods.

3 — Put him in contact with your superintendent or engineer. If together they believe it advisable, arrange to have the Vacuum Oil Company make a Lubrication Audit of your machinery, without obligation.

4 — Review the Audit personally when completed. You will then be in a position to appreciate the possibilities of scientific lubrication and to judge if the recommendations of the Vacuum Oil Company are based on sound reasoning, and whether they promise improved operating results.

A letter addressed to the nearest branch office, listed below, will pave the way for operating economies which you may not have considered possible.

Domestic Branches:

New York — Main Office	Minneapolis	Rochester
Boston	St. Louis	Oklahoma City
Chicago	Des Moines	Peoria
Philadelphia	Dallas	Albany
Detroit	Kansas City, Mo.	Portland, Me.
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Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

A Broad Service to Industrial Plants

Practically every leading builder of industrial machinery has at some time conferred with the Vacuum Oil Company for assistance in solving his lubrication problems.

Over 85% of the leading builders of all prime mover engines recommend or approve the use of Gargoyle Lubricating Oils, made by this Company. The majority of Builders of the many other kinds of industrial machinery recommend or approve Gargoyle Lubricating Oils. Take the leading industries and the ten leading manufacturers in each industry, and you will find that the Vacuum Oil Company will be lubricating important units in 90% of them.

In thousands of plants in all lines of industry the Vacuum Oil Company is today solving lubricating problems and bringing about improved operating results.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils *for* Plant Lubrication

Copyright 1924, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc

Eight Years of Analysis—and the G. T. M.

It is eight years in April since Goodyear established the Plant Analysis Plan for better industrial belting, and entrusted its practical application to the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

Out of the idea that was founded then has come a service of specification and use which results in the saving of money and trouble and time, and the increasing of operating efficiency and earning power, in hundreds of plants, representing many lines of industry all over America and, indeed, in nearly every part of the world.

An experienced Goodyear man in the field was the first to see that the habit of buying "just belts" was responsible for many belt troubles, expenses and failures. He reasoned out for himself that the remedy lay in taking the emphasis off belt "selling" and putting it where it belongs—on the belt's pre-designed ability to perform in actual service.

He was one of the first Goodyear Technical Men. Today he is the directing head of 70 Goodyear Technical Men, belting experts who give their whole time to the solving of industrial belting problems. They compose a real order of practical, sensible, serviceable men, every one of whom knows belting through and through, many of whom are graduates of technical colleges and universities, and all of them qualified by constant attendance in the school of everyday practice.

You have read in these pages some interesting stories of important analyses they have made. Yet a far vaster testimonial is written in the performance of the Goodyear goods they have specified for mines and mills, canning plants, brick plants, refineries and factories of every description where transmission and conveying belts are used. A single instance recordable here is that of the great Goodyear Conveyor Belt, which next month will begin its eighth consecutive year of economical, trouble-free service for the Zenith Furnace Company of Duluth.

Beyond any other feature of the valuable work they do, the Goodyear Technical Men have placed the service of conservation. They watch over the performance of the products they specify, suggesting ways for lengthening equipment life, reducing expense, and saving power. The work of the G. T. M. is always one of co-operation with the plant superintendent.

For example, a letter comes to the G. T. M. from a mill that contains miles of Goodyear Belts which he specified years ago. He knows the entire unit, operating conditions and all, covered by the simple description, "our K conveyor," or "our No. 41 drive." Because of his complete familiarity with the situation there, his reply is a counsel of solid recommendation such as probably no other man could give.

The scientific service of the G. T. M. is offered to you. If you think you can use it with profit in your plant, write for further information about the G. T. M. and Plant Analysis to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 44

Though our national history is short compared to that of European countries, many a good precedent for us is laid down in its chapters. There seems little reason, therefore, for us to copy Europe—none at all for us to copy other than the best the Old World has to show.

If our ideal of duty and of work for all our citizens has been proved good, where is the gain in throwing this ideal aside? We claim our Government was built up for the people by the people, which certainly demands and means that the best here should preside as natural leaders, or at least should find a place and take an interest in our politics. Yet many of those whose influence would be for good constantly refuse in ordinary times to give any attention to civic interests. It takes a drastic emergency to move their patriotism. For instance, until the Great War, for a number of decades who among civilians knew much about our Army? Who noticed the decay, disease and vice our worst types of immigrants had brought us, till a few years ago? Who cared about all this?

We might safely and rightly have kept our way of looking forward, since the thread of the old European traditions was definitely lost; yet, instead of doing so, with the craze for European poses quite new families sprang up. They wanted to exhibit ancestors as well as to vie with Europe in society attitudes and poses. Many of these people began buying family crests and family trees, which, being self-bestowed, seemed lacking in common sense to anyone with knowledge, and only made the owners seem absurd.

Another symptom of the change was shown by those who, out of time and out of place, desired to be presented at European courts. They had not the least reason to bow before a throne, and save for gratifying an abnormal love of pomp, or to get an opportunity to pose for photographs which can be shown, being presented is very poor fun indeed. Yet in the heyday of prewar times, at English drawing-rooms, while no Russian, German, Austrian or Italian ever asked for invitations, Americans constantly went to their ambassador, begging to be introduced. They acted so, that generally the greatest difficulty of the representative was attending to these compatriots' demands.

Simple Childhood Pleasures

GENERALLY American ambassadors fear these ambitious citizens, because their wrath may find him out later at home, if he is a politician. I've often wondered why our republican court at Washington, with its simple dignity and democratic charm, does not fully satisfy the cravings of our citizens, especially our women. The beauty of the White House rooms and decorations, the fine jewels and the gowns our ladies wear, the well-known American names one hears announced, and the splendid records of the men usually gathered, should be just as attractive, and legitimately so, as what one sees in any foreign capital. It all belongs to home ideals and fits into our theories of life.

I remember in my childhood the very real severity of our bringing up—the calm routine of our serious days, my grandfather's and grandmother's well-ordered busy life, their many evenings at home in a big library, where a fire burned on the open hearth and deep chairs offered sheltered comfort to the group which was constantly gathered there. Their children and grandchildren were about, and a few chosen friends dropped in informally for talk which seemed worth while and to their taste. The men around my grandfather were very prominent and powerful, the women were lovely and well dressed, as I recall them. Often we children were allowed to sit and listen to the talk. We never thought of interrupting; never spoke save when we were directly addressed.

We had no governesses, but our mothers gave us close attention always, and we were punished for any small infringement of rules laid down as to our manners. Especially, we were constantly taught the necessity for self-control, and our own unimportance was thoroughly impressed on us. We led the simplest and most frugal lives imaginable. A new gown or a new toy, a new book or any outing was a great treat, one much anticipated in advance and afterwards much dreamed about. We were taken to the circus once a year, and I went to a matinée two or three times before I finally came out. All my time was filled with lessons, fixed exercise and very childish play. An afternoon of freedom, a dancing lesson or a visitor our age was counted a most exciting pleasure. We preserved all sorts of little souvenirs, and our books and toys were cared for with immense pride and great affection.

A girl's first tea and her first ball were awaited with beating heart. Even debutantes and girls for some time out had but a few fine clothes; and though they were perhaps great belles, recipients of much attention, the duties of their position filled much time. A young lady in those days gave of her best to keep her place, even after she had made it. She wasn't often spoiled. Elegance of aspect, with quick wit in conversation and innate charm, counted as against money alone or as against mere beauty; and the old-fashioned girl of a generation ago took considerable time for books and thought and rest, preparing thus all her weapons for her conquest by developing herself on her best lines.

Society met then in the homes of its members mainly, and parents and children mixed a good deal and talked a lot together. At balls the older people often played at cards; but there were plenty of them looking on at us who danced. They criticized or praised, and of course they made much of our success or emphasized our failures. Society's atmosphere was then very different from that of today. It was more difficult perhaps to please, but surely we were healthier in various ways; and life was much more picturesque, and also more typical of American habits and ideals. Having lived in New York for five long, pleasant seasons, I married and went away, staying for nearly twenty years and making my home in Europe.

I was struck by the immense difference in foreign customs and ours. We girls had had all the liberty allowed; and even I, who was brought up unusually severely, constantly and very carefully watched and guided, had been allowed to receive men friends alone, or to go for a drive or for a walk with any of these who asked to take me out. The feeling governing our American conventions had been supposedly one of chivalrous protection on the part of our men for us or for any women, and we felt very safe when traveling or when moving about alone in those times of the age of innocence. Once married, American old-fashioned women had retired to some extent from the whirl of gay society, and they stayed—or were supposed to stay—within their homes. The duties and the pleasures of the family circle occupied and seemingly absorbed them.

My generation married rather late. We held onto our girlhood success and our good times, partly because of this accepted obligation to give up all such things once we were wedded. In that, our group still followed our mothers' and grandmothers' example, though in the late '90's sports were just beginning to appear. The vogue for bicycling had brought with it the first short skirts, which were considered really shocking; and there were other signs of our "degeneration" to rouse our elders' criticism. Promiscuous bathing had begun on Newport's beach, when the women wore long stockings with knee-short skirts, high-necked, loose-waisted bathing suits with long sleeves, and gay sunbonnets. So dressed, they sat about or went in swimming with the men, and caused a flutter of adverse comment. Our elders said that at Trouville and other French resorts this of course always happened; but why should we copy such wicked ways and introduce these foreign customs here?

The Land of the Chaperon

ONCE living abroad, I found that everywhere the married woman was enthroned as society's arbiter and queen. To me the foreign girls seemed awfully left out; and to be just a *jeune fille* meant to be rather quiet and a little shy and dull, to curtsy, to maintain complete silence save when one was spoken to, to own the simplest clothes and wear no jewels, and to see one's beaus only with a mother or a governess near by. In all such things, Russia, my new home, was, however, far more free and comfortable than other European lands; but compared to American liberties, even Russians seemed severe to their young girls. There was always a Miss or a Mademoiselle or a Fräulein to be found hovering in the immediate background; and at a dancing class of twenty girls, twenty governesses, clad usually alike in rustling black silk, with white lace collars and heavy gold watch chains draped over their bodices, sat in a row, eying their charges, waiting patiently, while their steady gossip made a monotonous whisper through the vast rooms where youth was gathered to be amused or was taught to entertain. Girls who rode or fenced or took lessons in swimming were as zealously guarded as when dancing.

In most European countries, marriages were arranged by parents as a matter of course. The principals were

(Continued on Page 54

VINGIE DARLING

By F. E. BAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

LAUGHTER FOR TWO

"I Beg Your Pardon," He Said in His Pleasant, Easy Voice. "I Shouldn't Like You to Think I'm Trespassin'"

WITHIN the delicate shelter of her own sitting room at Wynwood the Honorable Virginia Lauriston, her slender loveliness supine on a black satin divan skilfully reenforced with cushions, gazed pathetically at Sir Charles Gillespie, her guardian. Her eyes, neither gray nor green, held infinite depths of sadness; the faultless wave in her fair hair, the touch of artificial color on her wan cheeks, the pallor of two slender hands might have wrung a heart plated in triple bronze. The most perfect shoulders in society and two moonbeam arms, adorable with little blue veins, gleamed ghostlike under the soft rose lighting of a single lamp.

Vingie, with a little sigh, put all her woe into words.

"Charles darling, you make genuine angels look like selfish pigs," she began. "You sit here on stupid girls' furniture you don't like and dine off iced consommé, a wing of chicken, *mousse aux framboises*, a scrap of cream cheese and half a bottle of Perrier-Jouet just to cheer up a wretched invalid like me, when you might have enjoyed a respectable meal downstairs. They don't breed men of your sort nowadays. I do realize how lucky I am to have you. Give me a cigarette, there's a dear. It's another nail in my coffin, but who cares?"

Sir Charles rose benignly, glanced with satisfaction at his neat figure and proffered fragrant Egyptians in an onyx box. Two years in the Guards, a distinguished diplomatic career, and innumerable love affairs with really intelligent women had completed nearly sixty summers of pleasantly disgraceful memories. His well-cut mouth smiled affectionately beneath the carefully trained mustache.

"You dispense charming hospitality, Virginia. With the exception of the Marchesa di Santa Lucia, at Firenze in 1881—and she has been dead these many years—I have never known a more perfect hostess. Personally, I found the wine nectar and the food ambrosia."

"I don't want to bore you with the whinings of a peevish hag of twenty-two," continued Vingie, "but this influenza leaves one absolutely spineless. It may be the reaction, but, Charles, I only see before me a long and profitless life. I feel convinced I shall never marry or achieve a great love. My declining years will be spent patronizing charity concerts and feeding toy Pomeranian dogs."

"These are morbid symptoms," declared Sir Charles anxiously. "We must ask Sir Thompson Johnson to prescribe a reliable tonic. In addition, possibly a cruise in the yacht of some wealthy friend might assist matters."

Vingie shook her fair head sadly.

"I am a born flirt, Charles. I've frittered away the years and toyed with men and dabbled in emotions. Now I shall pay the price, because I haven't got a heart left."

"That is not the opinion of Rupert Frack, Virginia. He cherishes the most supreme devotion for you, and I need hardly refer to his distinguished career in the Foreign Office. When age compels George Fordingbridge to lay aside the cares of state, Rupert will undoubtedly become Minister for Foreign Affairs. I know I have mentioned Rupert to you before as a possible husband."

Vingie threw out her white arms despairingly.

"If I perish I perish, but to marry Rupert would be living death," she cried. "He's the most worthy man I ever met. He does everything well, and nothing wrong. He's the most insipid thing on earth. How could I endure him after you, Charles? How can I give up the most delicious *hors d'œuvres* for an eternal diet of rice pudding? If I were to marry I should need some fascinating scoundrel who might whip me black and blue on Friday, but would certainly provide a wonderful adventure on Tuesday."

Sir Charles gazed at her thoughtfully.

"As you know," he observed, "I never married. I have always been a sprinter rather than a stayer. A brilliant five furlongs held a greater appeal for me than a mournful three miles. If I had met in my young days a woman with your tact and brilliance and beauty it might have been otherwise. Nevertheless, I have observed the married, and it occurs to me that regular meals, a settled home, an adequate income and a brilliant if steady husband have their attractions. A delightful young married woman need never lack admirers in addition to her lawful spouse. After all, we do not live in the 1840's."

She put out a hand and touched his sleeve.

"Darling, you're perfectly sweet to poor little Vingie, but for heaven's sake don't sit there and matchmake. The very idea of men wearies me just now. If all the brigade of Guards and all the best-looking actors groveled at my feet I should merely writhe and turn away. Please, Charles, will you be an angel and lend me your little Dorset cottage and let me go down there with just a maid, and be alone except for the flowers and the birds and things? I think, if you don't mind, I want to try and find my soul."

Sir Charles shook his gray head despondently.

"You may have everything I possess in the world to do as you like with, but your remarks leave me very perturbed. I should like Alastair McMenzies, the nerve specialist, to see you in consultation with Sir Thompson Johnson before you go away. You are very far from your normal state of health, my dear Virginia."

She scarcely heard him. She murmured on dreamily: "No men, no restlessness, no love; only green leaves and tender grass and blue sky. Perhaps, later on, I might enter a convent. They say you have to dig a little piece of your own grave every day ——"

"I shall telephone to McMenzies at once," interrupted Sir Charles with concern in his voice. "It is declared that he achieves wonderful results with the new gland treatment. I reproach myself for not consulting him even earlier."

II

STANDING beside Sir Charles at the great entrance of Wynwood, in the green of the country, George, Lord Fordingbridge, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, bent gracefully in the old-time manner, for all his sixty years, over Vingie's slender hand. His rubicund countenance betrayed joy and solicitude in equal measure.

He had known her since she was a child, and the faint traces of her late illness distressed him. He conducted her personally to the driving seat of a little ten-horse-power car within which a maid and luggage were already disposed.

"*Bon voyage* and a complete recovery, my dear!" he exclaimed earnestly. "May the air, the peace, and the good cream of Dorset restore you to your former health. It grieves me to see you even slightly indisposed."

Sir Charles, also bareheaded, waved a beneficent hand as the car glided away.

The two elderly gentlemen watched it till it disappeared, and returned slowly to the library. They had reached that perfect friendship born of common interests, identical training, a similar outlook on life, and congenial sins. Sir Charles indicated the cigars and rang for whisky and soda.

"How is Rupert progressing?" he inquired after a long silence.

Lord Fordingbridge shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Charles, he works. He takes just sufficient exercise to keep himself fit, and a forlorn sight it is to see him do it. These women have a great deal to answer for. As far as he's concerned, the sun rises and sets in Virginia's eyes, and since she won't look at him he remains permanently in the valley of the shadow, so to speak. A dear boy too. Equally, she's a dear girl. Charles, did you and I really take these things quite so seriously in our time?"

Sir Charles raised his eyebrows very faintly.

"I think you and I were a little more ruthless, and the women of our day a little more kind, George. The most obstinate girl I remember came rapidly to her senses after I had thrown my rival—a German attaché, I believe—into an ornamental pond. She and I were then inseparable for quite three months. In these days men are too forgiving and women too difficult."

(Continued on Page 50)

FISHER BODIES

Fisher has achieved its extraordinary volume of production by designing and building bodies of evident beauty and superiorities. An ever-growing host of buyers refuses to be satisfied with anything less than a car which bears the emblem—Body by Fisher

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY BY FISHER

(Continued from Page 48)

"You're a clever feller, Charles," declared Lord Fordingbridge in frank admiration. "You put it all so clearly that even a foolish person like myself can understand. It takes me back to the old days—it must have been in '88—when I put Mary Canterbury, court train and all, on a particularly high mantelpiece in one of the drawing-rooms at the Imperial Palace in Vienna, and made her stay there till she promised to kiss me. You can't imagine Rupert doing that to Virginia."

"No, George; but if only he would he might find her a very different girl, if I may say so."

"He loves her too much, Charles. He'd be afraid of breaking her heart."

"If he were riding a race he might just as well shrink from putting his mare at a jump for fear of breaking her neck," declared Sir Charles with infinite contempt. "I have long made up my mind that Virginia ought to marry Rupert. Anyone but themselves can see they are absolutely suited to one another."

"Oh, quite! Quite! But, if a stupid old man may be forgiven the question, how are you going to bring it about?"

Sir Charles drank thoughtfully, set down his glass, and lit a fresh cigar.

"They are both green recruits, George, and therefore they must be taught. In training recruits we employ experienced noncommissioned officers. Consequently in the case of Virginia and Rupert we must choose people as nearly of our own day as is consistent with the necessary attraction. In my own circle of acquaintance there is a certain delightful widow, Mrs. Trevor-James, who would use her good offices with Rupert on my behalf."

"And still," murmured Lord Fordingbridge, "I don't think I quite understand."

"My dear George," elaborated Sir Charles with patience, "these deluded young people must be made to fall in love, separately and individually with someone older, wiser, more unscrupulous, more experienced than herself or himself. Do not, I beg of you, say it is impossible, for that would reflect on your intelligence. Mrs. Trevor-James would have Rupert at her feet in less than one hour. She is only forty-three, and indescribably charming. After she has tormented him to the edge of madness she will dismiss him, and he will turn instinctively to Virginia for comfort and revenge, using against her the tactics he has learned from Mrs. Trevor-James. It only remains to find a man who will afford Virginia similar treatment. That, I admit, is slightly more difficult. She has a certain subtlety not found in Rupert, or most men, for that matter."

Lord Fordingbridge half closed his eyes.

"It needs a horse soldier," he said at last, speaking as an ex-subaltern of the Thirtieth Hussars, more affectionately known as the Poppy-Shirts, from their habit of swimming in gore when on active service. "As a matter of fact, I know the very man, and he's back from India on leave at this actual moment. His name is Geoffrey Forrester—one of the Sherwood Forresters, y' know. He's a major in the Guides Cavalry, but he's also been A.D.C. to the Viceroy, and Simla still talks about him, though it's years ago. He's only forty, and as good a polo player as India has turned out since the Mutiny. Shall I let him loose, Charles?"

Sir Charles shook his gray head.

"It would be better not to do that openly. Speaking from experience, I should say that Forrester, directly he landed, came up to London and began to rediscover the joys of his youth. By this time he will be ripe for a little quiet relaxation and the pursuits of the country. I suggest that you offer him, from me, the shooting at my Dorset place. You'd better explain that I can't offer to put him up because my ward is staying at the cottage to recover from an illness, that she is alone, practically unchaperoned, and is seeing no one at present. They will, however, make him very comfortable at the village inn. Short of casting him into Virginia's arms I can think of no more reliable scheme to make them acquainted. Solitude and natural curiosity will do the rest."

"My dear Charles," said Lord Fordingbridge simply, "upon my word I don't know how the diplomatic service exists without you. I should never have thought of that in a thousand years. I take it that you will arrange personally the little matter of Rupert and Mrs. Trevor-James?"

"I shall do myself the honor of calling on her tomorrow, George. Heigh-ho! If only I were ten years younger!"

"My dear feller, in that case you might be running your own neck into danger. As it is, you're probably enjoying the exquisite bouquet of a delicate flirtation without the risk of a headache afterwards," comforted Lord Fordingbridge.

The truth of this became manifest when Sir Charles sat, a very courtly figure, in the drawing-room of Mrs. Trevor-James' charming flat overlooking the park. She turned upon him caressing eyes and the witchery of a sinuous figure, allowing him a far greater indulgence because in his case she felt it did not matter in the very least. She found the situation most soothing in consequence.

"My delightful Charles," she said in the golden voice which had ravished at least three generations, "if the young man must be lacerated I will use the knife according to my accustomed skill, and bind up his wounds with tender fingers. In spite of that, I shall send him away before they are healed. It is the healing that counts, as you and I know only too well."

"Agatha, you are incomparable," declared Sir Charles, smiling his admiration, dashed with a hint of pathos. "If only it were possible how gladly would I offer myself for vivisection!"

"I am convinced of it," replied Mrs. Trevor-James, daring to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for the first and last time in her varied and interesting career.

III

TO THE little ears of Vingie, lingering at 10:30 A.M. in her bed according to the license of a convalescent, came the far-off explosion of a shotgun. She paused with a teacup halfway to her mouth and glanced inquiringly at Mary, who arranged deftly a simple country kit.

"That would be the strange gentleman, miss," commented Mary.

"What strange gentleman? There are no men here, Mary. That's the unique charm of the place. It allows us to be our dreadful natural selves."

Mary shook her pretty head meaningly.

"The gardener's wife told me, miss. Sir Charles has lent the shooting to a gentleman from India, a Major Forrester. He's staying down in the village at the White-Faced Goat. It does seem lonely for him, doesn't it?"

Vingie put down the teacup with a slight crash.

"How dare Charles do such a thing, when I came down here for peace, especially without telling me?" she demanded. "We brought the very oldest clothes I possess. Put out the knitted silk stockings, Mary. I loathe wool day after day. At any rate we need see nothing of this interloper."

"He generally goes home along that path that runs up from the wood at the back of the house, miss," said Mary casually.

"How do you know?"

"Well, miss, it's a bit lonely down here, and I thought it wouldn't do any harm just to look at a gentleman. I hid behind that hedge of wild roses. You can see quite well from there."

Vingie glanced up from a careful scrutiny of her face in a hand mirror. "You don't think this influenza has made me look any older, do you?" she inquired anxiously. "Be very careful not to attract the man's attention, Mary; and if he calls, say I'm far too tired to see anyone."

Roughly, twenty-four hours later Major Geoffrey Forrester, D.S.O., M.C., returning from the wild in pleasantly battered shooting kit, an old brier pipe skewed in the corner of his mouth, a gun in the crook of his arm, beheld a curiously ravishing female figure sauntering towards him along the path that runs up from the wood at the back of the house. He thought he saw a dryad divorced from her selected tree, or Artemis weary of the chase, but it was merely the boy-girl figure of Vingie in a sports coat and brief tweed skirt. Even her knitted silk stockings, as the major observed with hawk eyes trained in the warfare of Waziristan, could not destroy the lovely lines of two slender legs. The major removed his pipe from his mouth and his battered hat from his head and smiled a smile that has become legendary in Simla and Mussoorie.

"I beg your pardon," he said in his pleasant, easy voice. "I shouldn't like you to think I'm trespassin'. Sir Charles Gillespie lent me the shootin' through George Fordingbridge, a dear old pal of mine. May I be allowed to hope that this beautiful air is doin' you good?"

Vingie looked at him with the slight pathos of an invalid and the mute suggestion that Providence might have sent her something better, except that she was too weak to care either way.

"Charles didn't mention the matter, but I'm quite sure it's all right. The air, as you say, is beautiful. I hope the fine weather will continue," she responded, and made as if to pass on.

"My name," pursued the major with placid perseverance, "is Geoffrey Forrester. I imagine you must be Miss Lauriston. It's a darned shame you had such a nasty touch of influenza. I was very distressed when George told me. I've kept well away from the house so that the noise of the gun shouldn't worry you. Is this your first day out of doors?"

"No," said Vingie listlessly. "Thank you for being so kind about the gun. I don't think I ought to stand talking."

"Certainly not," declared her acquaintance firmly. "Extremely tryin' to stand about when one's rather under the weather. If you'll allow me I'll see you safely back to the house. I wish I could offer you the spoils of the chase, but it only amounted to a couple of bunnies."

"If there's one thing I loathe more than another it's rabbit in any shape or form," confessed Vingie, looking at him sadly. "I suppose you're staying at the inn. I believe the cooking is plain but satisfying. I'd ask you to luncheon, only I don't suppose there's enough for two, and you'd hate invalid food, and I look like nothing on earth and I'm too tired to be amusing."

"Even a crust of bread with you would eclipse a banquet at the White-Faced Goat. If that's an invitation I'll do my poor best to amuse you," he answered with gentle humility, or so it appeared.

They passed together within the low-roofed dimness of Sir Charles' cottage. Vingie sank into an armchair and waved him towards the bell.

"Mary," she commanded when that maiden appeared, "two cocktails, please; and tell cook Major Forrester is staying for luncheon."

A little gleam lurked in her eyes. Major Forrester offered his cigarette case with a faint sigh of satisfaction. She was, he thought, an adorable thing. Thank God his ripe experience would allow him to do her justice.

It came to pass that in those days Mary began to lift up her voice in praise and thanksgiving, the atmosphere of intrigue and romance being incense in her nostrils. Also, pursuant to instructions, she wired to London for new frocks. Vingie had come simultaneously to the beginning of a campaign and the end of her wardrobe.

A week or so later Vingie sat collapsed in an attractive heap on the cliff edge, gazing idly at the sunlit bay; beside her Geoffrey Forrester lay like a good-tempered dog, chewing, doglike, a blade of grass. The pleasantly drowsy brain of Vingie revolved little problems: "Shall I make him kiss me and then beat him for it, and see what he's really like; or shall we drift on as we are? Do I really care what he's like? Am I sufficiently interested to make the effort? Isn't the sun heavenly? Shall I have my gold evening frock altered or leave it alone?"

"She's thinking what a delightful feller I am—just thrillin' enough, but not too much. Some men are so aboriginal," reflected the major. "A nice little girl; sufficiently intelligent to appreciate one at one's modest value."

"Geoffrey," said Vingie suddenly, "why are you content to lead such a futile life?"

"Prettiest of pretty ladies, whatever do you mean?"

"I mean your little clockwork round: So many years in India, so much leave at home; a bit of shooting, a bit of racing, strictly limited flirtations with the women in whatever station your regiment's in; paying court to the general's lady; filling in your time inspecting horses' hoofs and men's buttons. What an existence!"

"It don't seem so bad sometimes," murmured the major. A little glint came into his eyes.

"Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side;
When we rode hell-for-leather, two squadrons together,
And didn't care whether we lived or we died—

sort of idea, you know. Common, but excitin' in a way."

"George Fordingbridge has influenced half Europe before now."

"George was brought up in the Poppy-Shirts—my old regiment. Many a time he's gone into the horse trough after a guest night. We train up the children in the way they should go."

"At the best, you'll never be more than an inspector general of cavalry—a sort of glorified veterinary surgeon and sergeant major. You know, Geoffrey, a really pretty ambitious girl would always have to refuse you. The prospect of sitting in some dusty Indian garrison losing her complexion and watching you play polo isn't wonderfully tempting, is it? Did you ever think of all that?"

"It isn't my way to go about askin' pretty girls to sacrifice themselves for me," explained the major with calm. "If they want to, and I want 'em to, too, there isn't any sacrifice; and there we are. If any wife of mine wouldn't turn up at a polo match I should just spank her, because she'd belong to the regiment, same as me."

"Unfortunately the modern girl doesn't permit herself to be spanked," said Vingie loftily.

"I ain't modern; I'm a soldier; one of the two oldest professions in the world," said the major.

"Do you suppose ——" she began.

He rose, took her two hands and lifted her gently to her feet.

"We will go for a little walk," he asserted. "You're tryin' to quarrel with me. It's your liver, and you need exercise. You ate too many chocs after luncheon. Come on—walk—march!"

Somewhat to her own surprise, Vingie obeyed. The novelty brought quite a thrill. Besides, this strange person seemed hardly to care whether she were pleased or not.

IV

IN HER drawing-room, most intimately furnished, Mrs. Trevor-James surveyed Rupert Frack as some medieval craftsman might have surveyed a large lump of wood he proposed to carve into a historic mantelpiece. Her black gown loved every line of her snakelike form, her cabochon rings were large and wicked, and her pearls were real. She possessed a skin of the shade often compared to a magnolia, and eyes alleged to be unfathomable by many who ought to have known better. The late Mr. Trevor-James had fathomed them quite easily, because he used a string of pearls for a sounding line.

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Fisher Bodies on all Closed Models

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Rupert Frack gloomed opposite her, and with the tiniest shrug she decided that his hour had struck.

"Rupert, my poor friend, you make me very sorry for you," she murmured. "You say that you love a girl, that you'll never love anyone else, that she doesn't care two straws about you, and that you'll go on loving her till you die. I don't think your life is going to be very amusing."

"Men are like that," replied Rupert with sorrowful pride. "Women take everything and give nothing. If the positions were reversed I couldn't be so hard-hearted as she is. Besides, I should realize that such persistent devotion, unselfishness, and so on, couldn't be surpassed by any other man. As things are, I must just be resigned. There's always my work."

"You wouldn't wish her to pretend or be insincere," reproved Mrs. Trevor-James, and this hackneyed old phrase glided from her tongue with the ease born of infinite repetition. "At least she's honest with you. At least ——"

"I don't care if she's honest or not as long as she won't let me kiss her and will let some other man some day," snarled Rupert. "Is any woman honest if it comes to that? You talk as though I were engaging a cashier! What has honesty got to do with it? She's only honest because it suits her. If she wanted me, and it were necessary, she'd lie like blazes!"

"And you propose to forgo all kisses forever and ever because one girl refuses to kiss? Well, well! What are those heavenly lines —

"Oh, was it down in Samothrace
Beside the great Greek sea
That first I saw thy dreaming face
And swore thy slave to be?

"You must be a wonderful lover, Rupert. Give me those cigarettes from the mantelpiece, there's a darling."

She motioned him to sit beside her on the Chesterfield, held up her face to the match, and smoked pensively. The mockery died out of her eyes, and a little sigh parted her lips.

"I s'pose it hurts," she murmured, and he nodded almost imperceptibly.

Her left hand drifted sidelong to his wrist. The soft contact appeared to soothe him. He made no effort to release himself.

Presently those lazy trailing white fingers stole upward until they rested lightly on his dark head. She remained thus, thoughtfully. He seemed very tired and sad. Her touch expressed sympathy, and whether he knew it or not, all his nerves cried out for it. He never perceived by what small degrees her arm stole round his neck and drew him gently against her.

His cheek brushed hers, infinitely soft and fragrant, her hair held some intoxicating scent, she was very near, very lovable, very kind. She seemed the antithesis of all women who refused everything. She had the perfect gift of giving.

Rupert Frack realized her dark eyes looking into his, a great stillness, and the appeal of her lips. His resolution broke. He drooped his mouth against hers and kissed her with a sort of despairing passion. In a sense he did not kiss her at all; the mouth was hers and the kiss another's; but the second kiss, the third, and the rest belonged solely to Agatha Trevor-James. Presently she put a hand against his mouth and pushed him away. He sat up, flooded with a childish lightness of heart. He could have sung and shouted. Some weary spell had been lifted.

"Oh!" exclaimed the golden voice in exquisite irony, yet not unkindly. "Oh, valiant and consistent young man! What are those other lines, attributed to the same forgetful Crusader?

"The knights went forth upon the wave
To Christ, his sepulcher;
But I was traitor to the grave,
Oh, breast of rose and myrrh!

Now I think you'd better go. It's getting late, and you've stirred up my emotions. If I'm not careful I shan't sleep."

"My dear ——" began Rupert, utterly contrite.

She smiled back at him half wistfully; women are so greedy of romance, and he was a very delightful boy.

"You shall do a penance for your sins and motor me down to Charles' Dorset cottage one day soon. I'm thinking of taking it for the autumn."

"But ——" said Rupert, and flushed crimson.

"Am I so old and ugly that you refuse me the first request I ever made?" she demanded, and that clay which was man, modeled into a brute or an angel at her will, took the shape of repentance and acquiescence.

When he had gone she rose, touched her ruffled hair, went slowly to the telephone and rang up Sir Charles.

"He's cured from this hour," she announced. "Never more will she have quite that power over him. But oh, Charles, the kisses of these love-racked boys—did he kiss me? Of course he did. How could I save him otherwise?—are very disturbing! I thought I was proof against all that, but is one ever? I wonder!"

She rang off and Sir Charles also hung up the receiver.

He stood for a moment, shook his head sadly, and sighed. He sought again his armchair, picked up his book and stared into space.

"No!" he said at last. "One never is—never!"

V

"CHARLES," murmured Agatha Trevor-James to her soul, "wished me to take this rather attractive boy to Dorset and be seen in his company by the hard-hearted young woman who scorns him. I don't think it'll do any good, and I shall feel like a baby snatcher, but it's as Charles wills."

The car spun between summer hedges. Rupert's eyes wandered over the countryside and came back to Agatha.

"You're awfully good to me," he said. "I think that's what a man appreciates most in a woman—if she's good to him. It's so easy for them because we don't want very much; but they never are. I s'pose Virginia will be at the cottage."

"Virginia—Charles' ward. Very charming, I believe. Never met her. Yes, I suppose she will. Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

"If she holds up her little finger he'll run to her like a needle to a magnet, not because she's good to him, but because she isn't," mused Agatha. "He looks on me as a fountain of perpetual goodness, flowing from a rock of ages to shelter him when these arrogant chits stab him with knives. Do I seem as old as that!"

They found Vingie and the major seated on the lawn. To Rupert she appeared baffled, and he had never known Vingie at a loss. The major wore that serene air peculiar to small boys who have done wrong and got away with it. Their expressions arose out of recent dialogue. To Vingie's plaint "You don't care twopence about my feelings. You just sit there and amuse yourself!" he had replied with gentle mockery: "Vingie, you're a darling, but a dreadfully spoilt darling. Sometimes I feel you weren't smacked enough as a child."

From this situation she raised her eyes to behold Rupert, accompanied by a beautiful and sinuous woman armed with the prestige of a thousand past conquests. Over this apparition Rupert fussed a little self-consciously.

Calling up in herself all the valiant blood of the Lauristons, Vingie came forward to give a rendering of the perfect hostess. She even approached Agatha with a little air of deference, the tribute of the young girl to the elder woman, a grateful thing to both.

She did not, however, miss the glint which lighted the major's reckless blue eyes, nor misunderstand when, later, he wandered with Agatha to the far side of the lawn.

"Dearest lady," he began, "do you remember those golden days when you were a guest of His Excellency at Simla?"

She tapped her white brow with a slender finger.

"I recall a certain somewhat attractive A.D.C. whom I had the grace not to marry."

"And now?"

"Now I'm an unwanted widow."

He made a scornful sound. "Why do you waste yourself on that boy cub full of green sickness?"

"Because an old friend asked me to. Why are you idling with a willful maiden young enough to be your daughter?"

"Because an old friend asked me to, and because I didn't know you were in town. Now I shall leave her to mew alone in the country."

"I've got to take my boy cub back, but if you do return and he doesn't frighten you away I'll be awfully pleased to see you."

"Frighten me? Oh, pish!" said the major joyously. "Where in the whole of London will you be so adorable as to dine with me tomorrow night?"

Divided from them by some yards of turf, a generation or so, and a great deal of worldly wisdom, Vingie and Rupert sat side by side on a garden seat.

"My dear," began Vingie with simulated grief, "why have you stolen the only woman darling Charles ever really loved? They were so suited to one another!"

"She's been an absolute brick to me—more decent than anyone else ever was. If it comes to that, why are you down here trying to conduct a flirtation with an elderly gentleman?"

"Simply a man to whom Charles lent the shooting. He called, and one has to be civil. At least he was sympathetic about my illness. After all, my dear Rupert, there can be such a thing as friendship between a man and a woman, little as you seem to think it."

Their eyes beheld Agatha and the major, oblivious of all earthly cares, basking in each other's society. Vingie turned to Rupert, and Rupert to Vingie. Their young natures demanded mutely the answer to the riddle.

"Well," said Rupert heavily at last, "I suppose Agatha and I ought to start if we mean to reach town in time for dinner."

VI

IN THE golden light of the morning Mary, bringing tea, fired also a mine destined to scatter Vingie's peace to the four winds. The gray envelope addressed to her in painstaking soldierly writing contained so little and so much. His brief note thanked her for many pleasant hours, explained that an urgent summons to London prevented his calling in person. He remained hers very sincerely.

"My dear Mary," adjured her beautiful young mistress, "tell me frankly, am I getting old, are my looks fading, or have I become particularly stupid? I seem equally unpopular with men of all ages."

"I dare say it's the influenza, miss," comforted Mary. "Besides, this country life don't suit everyone. I feel about a hundred myself. Are we going back to town, now the major's left, miss?"

"Do you want me to run after him?" stormed Vingie. "I shall stay at least another fortnight."

Nevertheless, in three days the letter of Eve Dufferin-Solmes made valor the better part of discretion.

My dear Old Thing: Why do you rot in Dorset during the height of the season? The world is most exciting and I haven't been to bed before three A.M. for a whole fortnight. Jack Plinlimmon is still very thrilled. He never goes near that girl at the Omnibus Theater now, and he flew into a frightful passion the evening before last when I refused to let him kiss me. Don't you love it when they go all scarlet and trembly with rage?

Sir Charles dined with us the other night. I think he misses you. He has an unloved look. P'r'aps it's because Mrs. Trevor-James neglects him. She is engaged in controlling a violent pursuit by Rupert Frack. I thought he was yours for the asking, darling? and a soldier man, a Major Forrester. The atmosphere around her must be indeed volcanic. Piggy Vereker is making a book on the event: the major at evens, and three to one against Rupert, with five to one against any marriage in less than two months.

Do hurry back. You're missing ever such a lot!

Yours,

EVE.

"Mary," commanded Vingie through the locked barrier of her pearly teeth, "you may pack, and tell Roberts to fill up the car with water and petrol. We return to town immediately after breakfast."

A lovely smile curved the lips of Mary. She was heard singing along the corridor.

That afternoon Vingie took tea in the small Park Street town house of Sir Charles, very appealing by reason of an entirely new frock. He beamed upon her with the instructed smile of a man who has lived, yet there lurked anxiety behind the smile.

"You do not need to be told how delighted I am to see you, my dear Virginia," he observed. "Physically a vast improvement is indicated; spiritually I detect a certain unrest. Youth has ever suffered from a serious lack of philosophy."

"My darling Charles, the very stars in their courses fight against me; I am on the eve of a climax. If I perish, I perish going to meet it," she answered with the somber gloom of twenty-two.

Alone, she asked herself: "Do I really want Rupert? Isn't it just pique on account of this Trevor-James woman?" The answer came without hesitation: "If I want anyone in the world, I do. I've known him since we were kids. There's no one else I'm so at home with. I believe if he'd only let himself go he'd make a wonderful lover. That's up to me, of course. *Toute femme doit être la maîtresse de son mari.*"

She went across to the telephone and rang up Rupert at the Foreign Office. "Rupert," she said with honey in her tone. "I'm back from the country and I want you to take me out to dinner. Will you come along at about seven?"

Indeterminate sounds of confusion quivered from the other end of the wire. "Awfully glad to hear you're back," replied a guilty voice. "I'd love to, only I'm booked."

"Ah!" countered Vingie. "Anyone I know?"

"I'm dining with Mrs. Trevor-James."

"Well, go along and nurse the unconquerable hope and clutch the inviolable shade," cooed Vingie, digging her finger nails into her palms with fury.

"Any other night I'd love ——"

"My dear Rupert, one can never love on any other night. It's always a case of now or never. I'm engaged for the next six weeks, and after that I go to Scotland. Good-by!

"'And that was her end, and the end of that hunting,'" she quoted miserably, staring at herself in a mirror. "My dear, you've asked for it, and now you've got it. Charles told you to marry Rupert. Charles was right. Now you can't have him, you want him. Silly fool, Vingie. Silly, silly fool!"

A solitary tear trickled down one cheek. She dabbed it away as Sir Charles entered.

"I'm dining out with the wildest man I know. It's like that," she declared.

"Get him to give you champagne. It puts heart into a woman like nothing else," advised Sir Charles.

When she had gone he picked up the receiver and asked for Mrs. Trevor-James' number.

"If you have an opportunity, strike!" he besought her. "The moment is propitious."

"Rupert dines here tonight. I will strike instantly," she replied.

"And oh, Agatha," went on Sir Charles pathetically, "what is this I hear about you and Forrester! He was merely to do for Virginia what you have done for Rupert. Surely I have deserved better ——"

"For you in your capacity of guardian I have performed much at great cost to myself, Charles," said an inexorable voice. "In no other sense can I do anything at all. If it were necessary I would ask you not to break your heart, but it isn't. Night-night!"

Sir Charles hung up the receiver and rehearsed the pose of supreme grief. Then a faint smile crept into his level eyes.

"It is nerve-racking, brain-searing, altogether damnable. I would have married her tomorrow," he reflected. "Still, there is no doubt I have escaped again. I enjoy the most consistent luck of any man I know."

In the morning Vingie, soothing in her sycamore-wood bed the soul bruises of the hectic night before, received with some astonishment a telephone call from Rupert Frack. She rose wearily, wound a silken wrap about the inadequacy of her nightgown and staggered rather than walked to the telephone.

"Well?" she asked coldly.

"I must see you," exclaimed a deathly voice.

"You haven't dragged me out of bed to tell me that, have you?" demanded the exasperated Vingie. "I explained I was engaged for six weeks ——"

"That was for dinner," objected Rupert with equal irritation. "I'm going to see you this morning if I have to tear Uncle Charles' house down to find you. When will you be dressed?"

"Oh—well—make it half-past eleven," said Vingie, suppressing a giggle. "G'-by." She turned away, deep in thought. "Never in his life has the lad spoken to me in such a tone. Generally he is my doormat, my footstool. Can that elderly widow woman have taught him anything?"

At 11:45 she came down languidly, to find Rupert pacing the drawing-room. He glanced up at her with ominous eyes.

"Either one of two things must happen," he began. "Either you marry me instantly or we part and never see one another again. I've been humiliated enough. First you treat me like a dog, simply using me as a

(Continued on Page 54)

IN ALL THE WORLD NO CAR LIKE THIS

"Yes, our Jewett beats them all up-hill"

YOU'LL hear 80,000 Jewett Six owners talking like that. Why does Jewett perform so amazingly? Most power for weight is the reason—six cylinder power! Jewett weighs but 11¼ lbs. per cubic inch piston displacement. Yet Jewett is a stoutly built car weighing 2805 lbs.—not a "light" six. Think what power it must have for such performance.

Yes, the New Jewett Six has the strength to handle its amazing power smoothly and safely. A 6-inch deep frame weighing 184 lbs., and strongly cross-braced. Paige-Timken axles, front and rear. All-steel universal joints. These are typical of Jewett construction—the reason for Jewett's long life, comfort on the road, freedom from rattles and repair bills.

Jewett's convenient size gives maneuvering, parking and garaging advantages, yet its passenger space is as roomy as in large cars. Wide seats—46½ inches. Leg room for the tallest. You have never been more comfortable. Jewett's springs are extra long—absorb shocks gradually. Combined with Jewett's sturdy weight this gives easy road motion.

The New Jewett is a delightful car to drive. It steers so easily, due to ball-bearing steering spindles. Your foot controls its speed from 2 to 60 miles an hour in high, without touching a lever. Rarely need you change gears, and then it is very easy. You can shift from high to second, quietly, at 30 miles per hour. Women like the freedom from motor stalling and jerking which Jewett's smooth clutch provides. Men glory in the quick pickup of 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high gear.

In all the world no car like this! Its truth is proved by Jewett's combined qualities and advantages, possessed by no other car. And the New Jewett, unique in comfort, convenience, and performance, costs only $1065. Cars approaching its performance cost hundreds to thousands more, and are bulky to handle. (604)

COMPARE JEWETT WITH HIGHER-PRICED CARS

Twelve well-known sizes, 5 to 16 inches longer than the New Jewett, *have motors smaller than Jewett!* Their prices are $1535, $1790, $1185, $1650, $1675, $1785, $1395, $1335, $1485, $1205, $1590, $1505.

To buy a car combining Jewett's mechanical superiorities—weight for length—249 cu. in. motor—and Jewett's power for weight—all the world offers you but cars of far higher price—from $1750 to thousands of dollars.

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

Touring $1065 Brougham $1325
Sedan $1495 De Luxe Roadster $1195
De Luxe Touring $1220
De Luxe Sedan $1695
Prices at Detroit. Tax Extra

Watch This Column

For "The Perfect 36"

As this column goes to press, I am in personal charge of our studios at Universal City, Cal., superintending plans for the many unusual pictures we propose to make this year. Many of them are the direct result of suggestions from the readers of these talks who evidently appreciate what we are trying to do to please the bulk of the people. This year we will endeavor to make thirty-six Jewels, which we hope to be able to entitle "The Perfect 36." Meantime if any of you can recall a story which you think would make an interesting picture, will you kindly write and tell me about it?

ROBERT ELLIS, BABY PEGGY AND ELINOR FAIRE IN "THE LAW FORBIDS"

Let me call your attention in the meantime to ***"The Law Forbids,"*** a Universal Jewel which is running in some theatres now. This is a very strong story which combines excellent drama and comedy and a plot so novel and full of surprises that it seems to me you can't help liking it. The cast is composed of all stars—Baby Peggy, Robert Ellis, Elinor Faire, Joe Dowling, Hayden Stevenson, William Welsh, Winifred Bryson, Bobby Bowers, William E. Lawrence, Eva Thatcher and others.

By the way, have you seen REGINALD DENNY in ***"Sporting Youth"***—the stirring story of the younger set? If so, did you like him and it? Please let me know what you thought of the automobile race scene. Also tell me if you have seen MARY PHILBIN in "Fools' Highway." According to theatre owners, MARY is making an even bigger hit in this than in ***"Merry Go Round."***

Hoot Gibson is now appearing in a fine, breezy new story of Western outdoor life entitled ***"Ride for Your Life."*** If you like Hoot—and who doesn't?—you will like this picture. It shows him at his best in the kind of a rôle he loves. ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** has not failed to create a sensation wherever it has been shown. This is a mighty spectacle which everyone ought to see.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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convenience to fetch and carry for you, laugh at me when I speak of love, and then drive me to that other woman "

Vingie moved across to him like the ripple of wind over a field of wheat and put a gentle hand on his arm.

"My dear," she said tenderly, "has she been a brute to you? Tell me, if it helps."

"One doesn't talk about one woman to another. When I arrived at her flat last night there was the usual perfect dinner in the usual perfect setting. Afterwards in the drawing-room I attempted to take Agatha in my arms, but she eluded my grasp.

"'My dear boy,' she said in a voice quite new to me, 'please don't. There is a time for embracing, and a time for refraining.'

"'But when I dined with you before——' I began. She leaned back in her chair and looked at me out of those wonderful golden eyes, narrowed like a cat's.

"'I don't love you. When you were here before I set before you an ideal in the matter of kisses. You don't expect me to live up to my own ideal—that would be too tiresome. You are a child to me, Rupert dear; I've played with you, as grown-ups do sometimes play with children; and now playtime is over and you must find a playmate of your own age.'"

"And you've got the nerve to tell me all this?" demanded Vingie, her eyes blazing in her pale face.

"I have," retorted Rupert with the bland assurance that marked him as a future cabinet minister. "And why have I? Because your heartless manner towards me made possible this episode with Agatha Because this other woman has been equally unfeeling. Because in future I will do as I please, not as any woman pleases. I propose to take everything and give nothing henceforward, and you and those like you have only yourselves to thank "

He stood before the fireplace, feet apart, hands behind his back, husband written all over him

A curious little smile played round Vingie's adorable mouth.

"You've only kissed Agatha; you've never kissed me. You don't know what kissing is, and you never will now." She stretched out her arms in a beautiful gesture. "These, my dear, will never draw your head down to the only place where a man's head belongs, just because you've dabbled in love and grown hot and grown cold, and simply mucked everything. You only learned half your lesson from Agatha. She let you kiss her, and you did; she wouldn't let you, and you didn't. Oh, Rupert, you're a most estimable young man. Did I say man? No, that's wrong. You're not a man, you're a perfect little gentleman."

"Am I?" queried Rupert in a low growl.

He stepped from the high plane of the hearthrug and moved towards her. His arms went round her in a grip of steel. Vingie fought him like a tigress. Finally she spread her two hands over her face, and it took all his strength to wrench them away. At last her fair head lay back in the crook of his left arm and he won relentlessly to her mouth.

"And still," she gasped between kisses, "it—wouldn't mean a thing—if—I didn't want you to. But I do!"

"I wish," observed Vingie, arranging her hair before the mirror, "we could go out and be married now, like they do in the United States. Still, it can be arranged very quietly. You'd better get a license, and we'll be done down in Dorset. I shall return there and you can follow as soon as possible. We won't even tell Charles or George Fordingbridge. I'd like it to be a surprise for them."

"What a lot you know about getting married, darling," murmured Rupert.

"Women do. They have to, my dear," she answered absently.

VII

SIR CHARLES glanced furtively at his watch. Lord Fordingbridge examined wistfully a print on the library wall representing a gentleman coming to grief in the hunting field.

"They should be here by now," observed Sir Charles. "Are you absolutely sure of the day?"

Lord Fordingbridge smiled reassuringly.

"Rupert put in for a month's leave of absence commencin' yesterday, my dear feller. Virginia was clingin' to your Dorset cottage, and so I wrote to Arthur Scrope, the vicar down there. You know him, of course; stroked the Cambridge boat in—let me see, what year was it? He wrote back that he'd been sworn to secrecy, but if I ordered a special luncheon for the twenty-eighth I shouldn't be far wrong. So I let you order the luncheon, Charles. They should be here very shortly "

Even as he spoke a motor car with Rupert Frack at the wheel glided along Park Street and drew up outside the front door. A radiant Vingie descended, followed by her husband. They entered jovially a minute later.

"Hullo, darlings! We've got a surprise for you. We're married!" exclaimed Vingie, kissing Sir Charles lightly on the brow. "Would you like to look at little Vingie's marriage lines? I carry them about everywhere."

"Congratulations, my dear Virginia. Of course the shock of the surprise is very great," declared Sir Charles, glancing at Lord Fordingbridge, who was busy slapping Rupert on the back. He then relinquished this occupation in order to kiss the bride.

"You must tell us your story over luncheon," went on Sir Charles, as the door opened to admit the butler.

They found the dining room a mass of roses. By Vingie's plate lay two intriguing cases. One proved to contain a long jade necklace from Lord Fordingbridge, the other a diamond-and-sapphire bracelet from Sir Charles.

Rupert was staring in amazement at a receipted bill and a check of comforting proportions.

"That's the receipt for the car I lent you, my boy," chuckled Lord Fordingbridge.

"The check is a humble offering from myself," added Sir Charles.

Vingie sat gazing at them with sparkling eyes. "But we meant to surprise you. We never gave the faintest hint ——"

Lord Fordingbridge regarded her solemnly.

"What did the Duke of Wellington say in 1800?" he observed. "'The great thing is to find out what's going on at the other side of the hill.' Laugh at me if you like, but respect my secret service. Why, the very wine is iced to the psychological temperature!"

"George!" interrupted Sir Charles solemnly, "I give you the toast of the bride and bridegroom!"

When the triumphal car had finally departed on its honeymoon journey to Scotland the two old gentlemen returned to the library. With pardonable pride Sir Charles indicated a bottle of 1815 brandy.

"The last in the cellar, George," he said. "I kept it for Virginia's wedding. God bless her."

"Well, here's to youth and love!" observed his lordship, sipping reverently.

Sir Charles allowed a wise expression to modify his well-cut mouth.

"In a sense, yes, George. Youth and love are remarkable possessions. Nevertheless, give me the understanding of age. In youth one flies into mad ecstasies, but age in the background holds the reins. These two young people are a case in point. Every step of their careers has been ordained by you and me. For a time we let them rejoice, and then, from what would seem the most unlikely circumstances we engineered this marriage. We led them, my dear George, by devious routes to meet at the altar. Now that is a thing they could never have done to us, for all their youth."

Lord Fordingbridge placed the tips of his fingers together and a tolerant smile irradiated his rubicund face.

"There is much in what you say, Charles, as even I can see, and I'm only a foolish old man. But today is a day of rejoicing when the cautious spirit of age seems out of place. Let us, therefore, my dear feller, emulate the glorious recklessness of youth and each take another glass of this excellent brandy."

AS WE JUDGE OURSELVES

(Continued from Page 47)

hardly consulted, and generally they scarcely knew one another before their wedding day. This seemed like taking long chances at first glance; yet strangely enough, I found there was a large percentage of very happy couples as a result. A married woman was, over there, the most emancipated individual one could imagine. Her knowledge of the world was supposedly her protection, and she was considered able to take care of herself. She was left quite free, therefore, and had her fun at last.

In Russia the girl children's life and bringing up seemed considerably more normal than that I saw elsewhere in Europe. Months of country life made for a healthy mental atmosphere; and at least out of town young girls were allowed, through their growing time, to have a wholesome freedom of association with their brothers and often with the latter's friends. These relations continued almost the same, even when they came out. It was the elders' part to see that only boys who were eligible as husbands were taken into this intimate little group.

Within such given limits, Russian girls and boys were allowed also to choose their life partners, though the suitor made his request for his fiancée's hand officially of her parents. Young people's meetings in town were of course heavily chaperoned either by parents and guardians or by governesses; but there seemed much more simplicity and less of solemnity about all this in prewar Russia than farther west in Europe. Warmer, gayer family circles existed there. Possibly this was due to long months spent by large patriarchal Russian groups isolated on their landed estates, where old and young became interdependent for conversation, sympathy and comradeship in their daily occupations. Parents and children learned to work and play together with mutual appreciation. In town, their interests were less in common, of course, for charities, society's demands, business, court service and the club took the elders' time, while studies, military service, sports, dancing and friends of their own age kept the younger people interested. Tutors and governesses came more seriously to the fore in the city life, and they watched their charges with grave eyes. Detecting any faults, they had the disagreeable obligation to report these to the parents, and reprimanding duly followed.

Once married, Russian life outside the homes continued for both man and woman. Through the short season of the winter's gayeties, young Russian married belles held high court and led in smart society. Their wit and beauty, their intelligence and charm, made them the center of many feasts and balls. Fine clothes and family jewels decked them out, and they were greatly petted and spoiled; but never did I notice any bad effect from this. Throughout, simple cordiality of relations was maintained; and besides their many pleasures, everyone had considerable work to do, and generally did it well. Six weeks or so was little of the year to give up to the season, and the rest of twelve months' time was spent tending their homes and children. On the estates, care of the parks and flower or fruit gardens, the great household's entire organization, the children's lessons fell on the wife's shoulders; and often even the scientific care of all the crops, the administration of factories and the studs demanded much of her attention. It was an interesting life she had, and each year brought enough new experiments to build up both character and intellect.

The Russian woman also found time to sit down quietly to sew and read. She usually spoke and wrote in several languages, knew the best authors of various literatures, and she really digested what she learned. Small wonder that when she went abroad her brilliancy so often made its mark. The measure of her inward worth was given when the war burst on us Then these Russian women sprang to help the rightful cause. The humblest and the highest mixed for this great task, and princess and peasant worked side by side in perfect harmony to feed and clothe their army, to nurse and save the wounded. In many cases they even fought by their men's side in the firing line. Organized on impulse when the emergency arose, they never flagged in their long, wearying duties. Two years later the last of Wrangel's soldiers were evacuated from the homeland. Then, in exile, or remaining among dangers within

(Continued on Page 56)

SPECIAL DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS IN FOUR TYPES

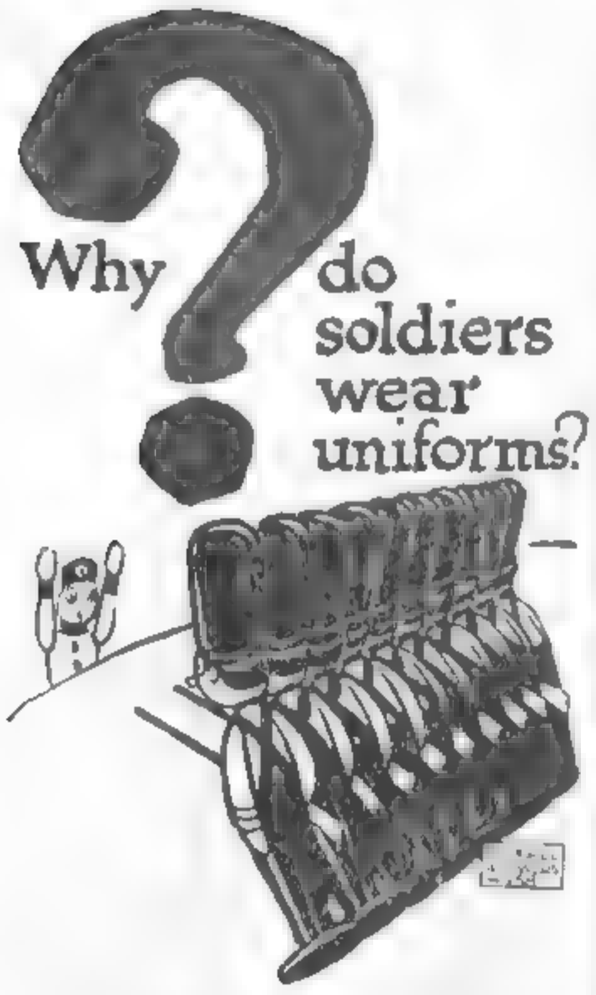
Four special types have recently been added to Dodge Brothers standard line of motor cars—

A Touring Car, a Roadster, a Type-A Sedan, and a 4-Passenger Coupe.

These types have been created for that substantial group of motorists who favor individuality in motor car appointment and design.

In fundamental construction they are identical with Dodge Brothers standard product. Their accentuated smartness, however, is strikingly obvious in many elaborations of equipment and refinements of detail.

Special 6-ply, balloon-type tires, nickel-trimmed radiator shell, front and rear bumpers, motometer with lock, special blue leather upholstery (for touring car and roadster), special body striping, rear view mirror, automatic windshield wiper, scuff plates, cowl lights and steel disc wheels constitute the more important items of special equipment.



—because uniforms enable combatants to distinguish their own men from the enemy. In combating minor wounds and aches that occur in daily life,

Puretest
Tincture of Iodine
With Glass Applicator

is a powerful ally to have in the home. Puretest Iodine is made for the most exacting uses of the medical profession. As a germ-killer, it is one of the strongest known to science.

Whenever you suffer a cut or scratch, large or small, immediately pour Puretest Iodine freely into it!

Puretest Iodine prevents infection and quickens healing. Excellent also for taking the soreness out of sprains and bruises.

One of the 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

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There is one in your town.

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Continued from Page 54

Russian frontiers, the Russian women still faced grinding labor varied by starvation, disease and death. Still patient and still brave to aid and to uphold those whom they love, they win the sincere praise of all who meet with them along their thorny path.

After the Russian revolution I returned to the United States to settle, and I found great changes here. A new generation had grown up, and my own friends had become the mothers of boys who were at college or were just beginning life in business and professional careers. My friends' daughters were recent debutantes or were among the newly married women. I rubbed my eyes and felt like Rip Van Winkle. Was it the result of war, or merely twenty years elapsed, which made these differences I saw, about which I was being told on every side? And such appalling, puzzling things!

Sports had more and more encouraged life in the open air since my time. They had thrown the American girls and boys together in new ways and on one level; had made them rather alike in manner and vocabulary. As I looked on, it struck me that there were both good and bad sides to be found in these arrangements.

Certainly girls today are better comrades than before. Having carried a heavy share of the general load of wartime responsibility, they know their own capacity for public duty and continue doing all sorts of public-spirited things. Besides actual Red Cross work across the sea, and besides the entertainment groups, who got excitement or amusement from their jobs, there were here in America, through several weary years, large numbers of quiet, unpretentious women, both old and young, who took over husbands' or brothers' labor and did it very well, besides attending to their children and holding their homes together.

An American Lack

The clothing, bandages and other useful things prepared by American women's clubs and various feminine associations throughout the country were miracles of organized production. The way every woman followed Hoover's severe instructions as to careful rationing of her family's table and the way she did this even in the midst of plenty, was amazing. The willing sacrifice helped our hungry Allies across the seas and showed a voluntary discipline and a generous spirit for which it would be difficult to express sufficient praise. All these things proved the best that was in our nation's women and gave the measure of their nature. Our girls who helped were quite as worthy as the American boys who gave their lives in France.

Afterwards came the natural reaction from all this strain; and though the generous gifts and the work of our relief units still illustrate American charity, and strength of love and faith, our people, especially the youth, both girls and boys, seem to have cut loose from duty just a bit. A breach has grown, I notice, too, between the different generations. There are those who cannot understand and those misunderstood—both feeling hurt and often most impatient, and both declining, it would seem, to pull together. Parents accuse their children of throwing over old ways for newer methods. Children claim their parents won't sympathize, won't grant the natural rights their young strength craves. The more one questions and one watches, the more puzzled one becomes, for there seems, alas, much truth in both complaints.

Talk with a Frenchman and he will say: "No one has the respect for the old, for the family as a unit, which we show. Whether in the château or in a poor farmhouse, the grandmother's is a place of honor. She is cared for and secured against neglect, and the family organization is protected and kept up by all our conventions. Our children are guarded and trained as nowhere else, and taught to work in one way or another. It is a matter of tradition with us French."

The English system also gives each elder a position well defined. British children merely follow their parents in the scheme of things. It is a matter of British tradition and of centuries of training.

While here something is wrong. Has not our main desire always been to see our children push ahead of us? Ignorant, hard-working laborers still say they want their sons to be well educated. Rich, powerful men, self-made, try to save their boys from struggles they themselves went through; and by putting large sums of money in these youngsters' hands they make themselves responsible for the material spoiling of America's youth. The success of our people seems to have depended in the past on work. There is little or no occupation here for a mere man of leisure. Therefore, a boy generally sinks down unless he struggles for a livelihood

Is this because traditions of the upper classes of old Europe were once and for all abolished by us? The background of estates or of service at the foreign courts, with military duties and heavy responsibilities for each subject or each citizen, is unknown here; and any man who is out of business and minus a profession generally has nothing really worth while to turn to. *Noblesse oblige* across the seas means much in keeping a whole class healthy and well balanced, while only sports, a club and sociable relations seem unable to produce the same effects.

Our Old Isolation

We have been too busy building up material success, perhaps; and we counted too much on our good Anglo-Saxon blood to whip all new foreign materials into shape. We talked romantically of the American melting pot, and it took the turmoil and suffering of recent war years to swing our attention to the truth about these and numerous other questions. We are beginning to take stock of ourselves now frankly. Lately it has dawned on us that we are at a turn in the road when we must choose our way and carry the responsibility of past action, leaving nothing to accident hereafter. A limit put on our extravagance at spending the vast resources of this country, for instance, grows tremendously desirable since forests, coal and oil show signs of giving out. A new thing to America it is to study economy, but it is a lesson soon to be learned if we would keep our national fortune.

We fancied for generations that we would always stand in splendid isolation, self-sufficient in resources and detached in mind. But the World War showed us that a strain of ancient blood, with our sympathies and interests, can carry us quite voluntarily across an ocean just to fight; that we do on an impulse give our blood, our brains, our money for a good cause, making it ours even on foreign soil. Finally we discovered we were still a member of the great family of nations. Since the war, our serious interest has somehow maintained itself in spite of those who said we had retired from the world arena to our old solitude again. Questions of markets, of relief, of industry, of politics have drawn us into common activities with the world outside and have made closer the bonds which hold us to a lot of foreign nations. Deep in their souls, all Americans feel this; and they are convinced some formula must be soon found by which, with all due preservation of their rights and liberty, they can play their natural part in the great world of politics and be among the most successful and responsible of leaders. For a long time we didn't seem to care, and we wouldn't more than play in European fields; yet when the war came, not alone through impulse but with calm conviction, we joined in with the Allies.

This nation, having decided to help and uphold the cause of right, fought a splendid and victorious battle. I saw the excitement which reigned here during 1918, when every man and woman, boy and girl found useful work to do, and did it well. They answered the call for help in such a way as to make their children proud of them for many generations. New ties which held us to the Old World were then discovered, and through the war relations we were drawn so close that in both hemispheres people finally saw beneath the surface. We learned Europe's worst faults and its highest virtues. A good thing for us, as well as for them, in the long run, to realize truth and to meet as equals.

Partly, I think, as a result of this, we live momentarily in a seething conflict of old characteristics and principles with new conditions and new developing types. Conventions, habits, ideas—all are changing, and from this rather wild confusion the new America will emerge—is already now emerging. History reports the wild days of the French Directoire; yet afterwards the swing back came, when common sense and French good taste retained the best and eliminated the tougher side of France's social life. It seems safe to believe that most of the foolishness of life here today will be reformed; and that we shall see children grow conservative again and carrying on the life of this great nation at its best.

The thought is one to give real comfort, and I firmly believe that it is founded on truth; for after listening to others talk, I made some observations of my own. I noticed some of the youngsters whom I met through my boy, who had left their Harvard classes to volunteer for war. Having served in the Army or Navy, they returned to college for their degrees and graduated well, then went into business. At twenty-three or twenty-six they today are already making good and seem quite without pretensions. If married, their young wives do the entire work of simple little homes—cook, sew, maybe run their car, and at times these clever young women even help provide a part of the family income. The whole thing is done with cheerfulness, and there is time besides for an occasional party. Among this group I found much reading and good talk. These are the parents of later nation builders, and who shall say they are less worthy than were their forefathers? They are the only young people who really count.

Of course, in every class in reconstruction times there are plenty of wasters—enough of them to give good ground for the criticism one hears on every side. One wonders what the cause is. Some claim it to be the dancing overtime or a lack of clothes or just lax manners or prohibition or worn nerves kept up by artificial means. Some say it is merely the tremendous rapidity and grind of serious life today, the competition in every field, the vast extravagance and noise, our politics, our run-down national health, political graft, the immigrants, the mixing of so many races, or a false ambition to level everything to a single stratum—the worst of democracy, in short. No one apparently has thought of mentioning among these reasons careless or weak or busy parents, who take too little time to bring their youngsters up; and occasionally I'm rather prone to wonder if this isn't the real trouble, or at least some part of it. Paint and dye and jazz and drink are not a worthy example, of course; and all the generations are indulging in them, not the young alone.

A Credit to Their Ancestors

We are beginning to act on immigration; we are realizing and fighting Bolsheviki in our midst; criticism of ourselves is growing and is all to the good. An effort is being made to reform our movies and our theaters. We are organizing thousands of societies to accomplish various other things that seem worth while.

Perhaps we are merely young and in a fluid state. With tomorrow as our goal, and no claims by yesterday, we haven't quite found a solid base to stand on. Of course, every young race has marked faults. Most Americans like to gamble with their fate. They take life laughing and almost always win out in the struggle. The original energy and vigor, generosity, intelligence and faith are still found in the nature of descendants from our ancient pioneers.

If one talks with American boys of today, it is often to find them as capable, ambitious and deserving of success as were their fathers and grandfathers. They complain, of course. They say that they get worked to death in the great modern cities; that they must be much more prepared now for competition and must have more technical and scientific knowledge to win a place than was ever demanded of their elders. Also they state that the latter are frequently unwilling to consider them grown up or to grant them anything like justice.

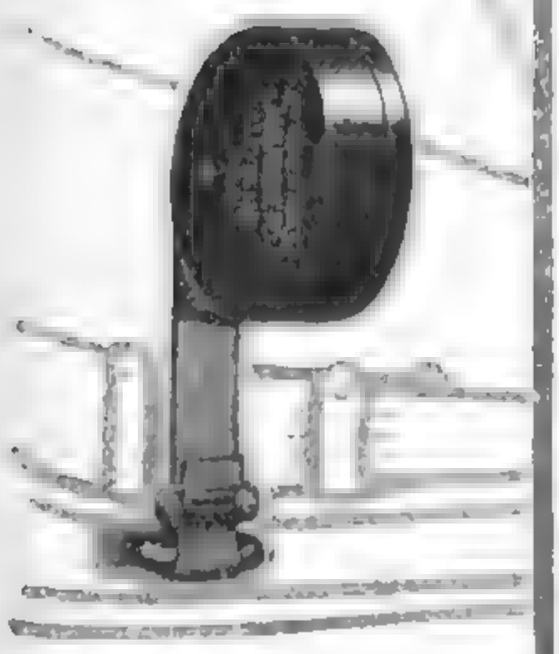
"At our age, however, our ancestors felt like men."

When pioneering was the game indulged in, a father, having done his share, sat still on the cleared patch which he had conquered, while his son moved on to do the same thing elsewhere. There was room for all in that way, while an office can hold only one dominating mind; and it is hard today to give up power to one's son. Consequently it takes an emergency to make old and young work together, even for a time, but when war gave such an opportunity we didn't see the generations fail in coöperation. There is encouragement in that thought.

With girls, the similar misunderstanding is still more marked. The dear, graceful old ladies of my youth, who retired from active life and wore caps of tulle or lace with dainty ribbons, mitts and ancient cameos,

(Continued on Page 58)

GABRIEL SNUBBERS



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Gabriels smooth out rough roads. They make driving and riding easier. They save the car from the damaging jars and jolts. They prevent many body squeaks and rattles. They save motor and frame from stress and strain.

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—has a new, masculine-type fragrance

After shaving, your skin needs its natural moisture *restored*. Aqua Velva does this—conserves and restores the natural moisture of the skin. In this it differs utterly from most of the things men have been using after shaving.

If you have a dry skin, Aqua Velva will instantly relieve the tight, drawn feeling and leave your face comfortable. It prevents chapping, removes the glossy shine which is so objectionable—does *everything* an after-shaving preparation should do.

Large 5-ounce bottle 50c. Costs almost nothing per day—only a few drops needed. *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, if your dealer hasn't it yet.*

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By the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps

(Continued from Page 56)

have completely disappeared. Great chairs by open fireplaces, where they sat, went with them. Grandmothers nowadays are found gowned in the highest heights of fashion, and they rush about as airily busy as the girls who are fifty years their juniors. Many grandmothers jazz and patronize the movies, preside at various committees and conferences, visit theaters and teas, and generally have engagement books filled to overflowing. Their figures and faces are usually molded to remarkable semblance of youth by beauty-parlor specialists, who prey on their ambition to live and look as do the young. This is the strangest change come into fashion in the last twenty years.

The next group, my own generation of middle-aged mothers, also hide their wrinkles and rush about, living as gayly as their own daughters; busy at clubs and restaurants and cabarets, doing all kinds of sports and any other thing suggested to keep off the impression of their being the least *passé*.

Neither of these older sets stays much at home. In fact, while many people have fine houses, I don't know many homes today in the real old-fashioned sense of the good word. Fathers are at business, playing golf or traveling about; mothers are at work or amusing themselves outside; necessarily their children are largely brought up by what appears at first glance to be machinery. Born in hospitals, standardized doctors and nurses at first take charge; then come various governesses and tutors, or the smart schools in winter, with a camp in summer. So the child gets its training in the smartest classes, while the poorer groups are doing what they can to follow in these modes. It may be good in many ways, but the new system rather spoils the old idea of home.

The Postwar American Girl

Association with Europe, when it brought about the copying of some of Europe's forms of bringing up, caused a choice of the wrong models. Smart America saw the fastest sets of London's or of Paris' floating crowds, where morals are a secondary thing and duty quite unknown, and where mere amusement is the god run after. Americans, catching at an effective pose, little realized the existence of vast masses who are Europe's solid strength and who lead old-fashioned patriarchal lives. Few here know how strenuously most Continental boys have always studied, how hard working are these youngsters' parents, seriously educating them and doing their best towards preserving civilization. But, if we try, in time and by an effort we shall learn more of Europe at her best; of the way her sufferings affect her below the surface. What is found in cabarets or on the fashionable beach and boulevard is about all that we have seen so far.

Since my own little daughter made her debut, I have looked on with deepening interest at the young American girls whom she has around her. What these told me often of others farther afield was worth hearing too. Also I have listened to many mothers' counsels, and it seems that in a general way, after the war, the American girl grew to a new model. Fearless and strong she is. Emancipated, having lost all desire for protection, she claims that having for years done men's work across the seas and here, she has full right to vote or to do business, to go wherever she likes, to go alone or in any company which she may choose. She descends from her old pedestal quite voluntarily to be her brother's equal, standing on a par with him in capacity and freedom. As a sign of this new liberty, often she dresses very much like him; often too, she drinks and swears and smokes, accepts his pastimes generally and makes his manners hers. Probably these exterior signs are only transitory; but, of course, her parents are feeling hurt, shocked. However, they seem usually to have no time to study the new problem; certainly they take no time to work it out. Meetings in the family circles grow very rare—why fight? So an armed truce is usually declared between the generations, and the misunderstanding remains and festers.

Quite recently I listened along these lines to a very fine American father. He admitted frankly how much modern conditions troubled his spirit. He said:

"I managed to bring up my sons, as it were, by hand; to stay their friend, to see them educated; and now I'm starting them in life. They are strong fellows, with good minds and healthy, clean natures. They like our home and what it represents. But everything outside seems to me to be the opposite of what they ought to find, and seems made to tempt them away from what I'd like to see them do. Their men friends from college happen to be nice fellows, but are always busy with sports, the clubs, drinking and jazz; the girls they meet are generally only half dressed, and as tough or tougher than are the boys. I've asked a lot of them here to see them for myself. As to our boys' future—a life of politics is made of graft and disillusion; business nowadays means competition with a new cheating crowd of alien vultures who have come in here during the past ten or twenty years, and I dread my youngsters marrying present-day girls.

"Our old American ideals seem to me to have sunk out of sight, and I wonder sometimes what chance a decent boy gets to take hold of life. I wouldn't have mine shut up, nor make mollycoddles of them. They must go out and live with other men and measure up. Yet I grow more and more discouraged as I look on, for it seems as if my own generation has reached out and taken to their hearts all the worst of Europe's ways and Europe's crowds. We might have kept to our own virtues, which were strong, fine traits, even if we kept our ancient roughness too; or we might, in copying things abroad, have drawn on the best there was. But instead of doing either of these natural things, we have sacrificed our rugged strength to gain only a tawdry polish for our society's so-called smart and noisy throng."

I think perhaps such a point of view is overstrained; but I have run across many parents lately who have echoed this man's speech in varying tones, and I admit that I, too, have lived through some anxious moments. This was the case when we sent our boy to a far-away college, as when I saw our eldest girl make her debut, and also when our youngest entered her life at school. All three of our children were unused to local American conditions. They had just come out of Russia, they had foreign bringing up and they were handicapped by habits of discipline and guidance very unusual here. Each of the children had to face his or her small world alone, with discipline relaxed, and had no help save for what advice they could ask from us, who were frequently separated from them and were ignorant ourselves of this new world which had developed so curiously during my long absence.

There were occasionally queer questions brought to me in my quiet sitting room. I was often in doubt as to how best to answer, and I found the simplest way was to lay down no fixed rules, to be as little set as possible, to go the new way so long as nothing really wrong seemed to come of it. Children must live naturally with their own generation; and perhaps more knowledge of life than had their elders is not a bad thing for them, provided wisdom comes dressed in simple, honest garb.

Two Pictures of New York

So we managed to stay friends with our three youngsters, and with most of their young companions whom we met. Somehow when these latter talked to me of all their troubles, pleasures and ambitions, they seemed more natural than had been their reputations.

I fancy, after all, there is as little vital difference between our children and us, as there was between us and our own parents a generation back. The best of them are still a fine lot, bound to make good; and the worst of them will be lost soon, alas, and can't much count. Of course, there are some real grounds for criticism. I often catch myself saying to the young people about me things I remember being told when I was growing up. They take the warnings just as well as I did in those days, let me say to their credit. Because on the whole their wide-open eyes have seen so much of suffering and wrong, I think they need rather less cautioning than I did. Their harder life has perhaps rubbed off their bloom a little, replacing it, however, with a steadiness and strength we lacked at the same age, which should inspire confidence. They shoulder responsibility lightly, as youth will; but they carry it well, I've found, and they don't complain of hard knocks and disappointments.

So much for the best of the modern children. I believe in them and in their strength of good intention, though I admit my fear of life in cabarets and I dislike the paint and all that is artificial or overtension for youth as much as for old age.

As for the noisy, seething cities—just the other day several of us were talking of them in rather a serious mood, and one man said sadly that New York has grown to be utterly foreign. With the worst of Europe's populations, and her rottenest morals thoroughly established on Manhattan, all the infection is being spread from there and is degrading this whole country. Another admitted this might perhaps be true, but he begged by way of contrast to draw attention to the improvements in our art and our educational collections, in architecture and the building of American houses; to the more serious plays and concerts New York has today. "The hygiene, too, is wonderful, considering the masses of our cities' population," he added; "and the great organizations for trade and commerce, and the magnificent charities.

"The way New Yorkers give to their Red Cross, the miracles of hospitals, of science and church institutions, the vital strength, the nobility of combined effort make, in one word, the greatness of it all. Isn't it fine from such a point of view?" he questioned with enthusiasm finally.

The Frogs in the Milk Pan

The possibility of two such completely different views about our children and about our frames reminds me of a story I heard an English bishop tell some years ago. It illustrates in lighter form just what I feel about America's developing conditions. He had been called on to make a speech, and so the bishop rose to say in a gentle voice:

"I have nothing prepared. I would like to amuse you, and I must, of course, be very moral. Let me tell you the tale of two small frogs. Their history isn't long. They were hopping about on a plot of grass near a cellar window one evening, and taking fright at something, they hopped farther than they thought; went through the window, in fact, and landed in a pan of cream which the kitchen maid had stood below the window on a table. The sides of the pan were straight and deep and slippery, and the two frogs splashed about in the white liquid, unable naturally to regain their liberty. 'We can't get out and we must die of this,' sobbed one; and being wise and very logical, he chose resignation as the better part. Giving up the useless struggle, he closed his eyes and quietly drowned.

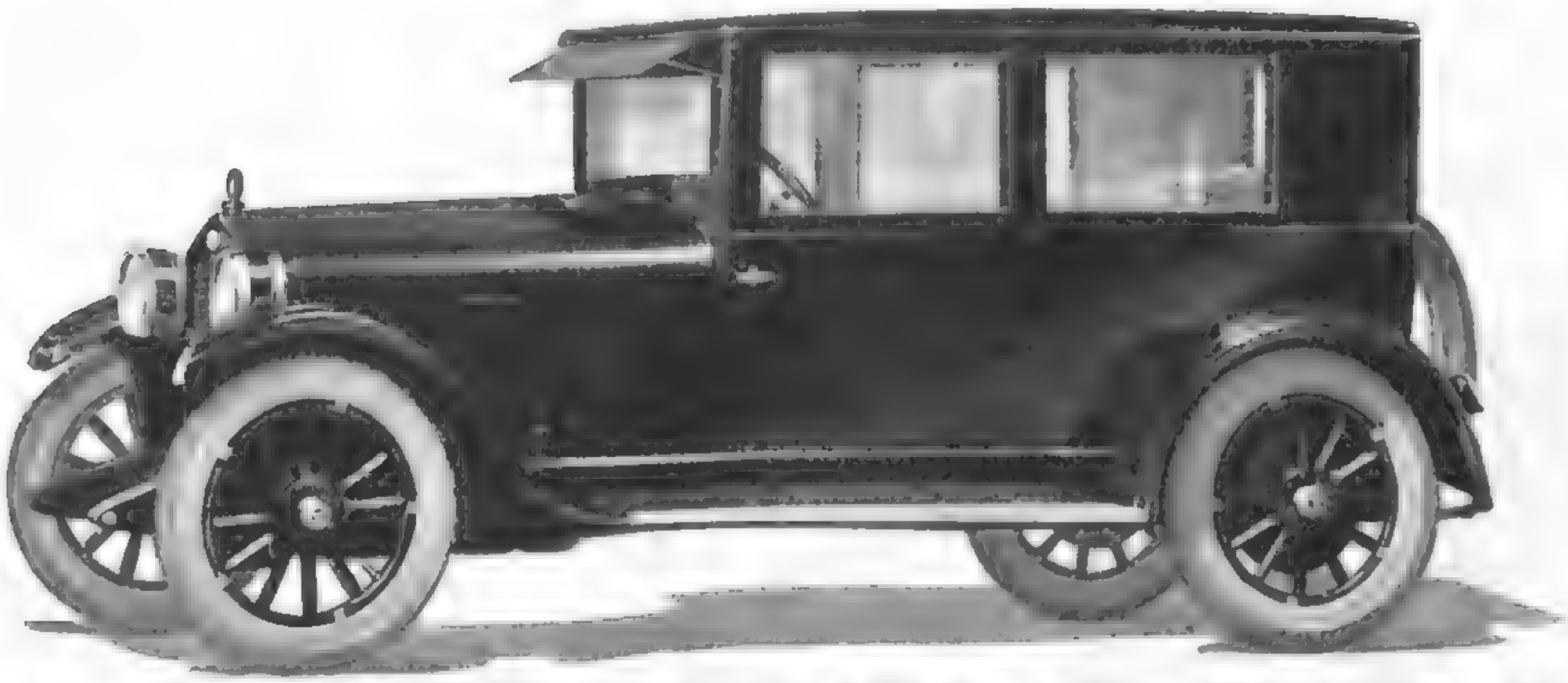
"The other frog was less logical and much younger, with a great energy and love of life. So he refused to face what he heard was inevitable. 'Let's just splash around again and see if we can't climb out somehow,' he shouted. 'Come on and try!' But he saw the other dying calmly. He went on, however, with desperate determination. He swam to the edge and scrambled, and fell back into the pan and fought for life again, and nearly killed himself in what seemed useless agitation. He made a lot of noise and churned the cream up wildly.

"The next morning when the kitchen maid came to fetch her pan she found one frog lying dead in it, while the other was sitting placidly, resting and smiling, on a splendid pat of butter. He had suddenly discovered it, after a long struggle, and never did he suspect he had made it by his own fine effort."

I often think of the two frogs when I watch the world around us, especially when I watch our children and their struggles in these difficult times of reconstruction.

But, seriously speaking, the next few years will be a period when new movements of civilization will be given their direction for long ages to come. Our men of today, and their children, hold power in their hands to make or mar a world. To build is the kind of job Americans have always liked, the kind of labor our grandfathers did well, and theirs before them too. It presupposes clear vision and noble faith, strong bodies and warm hearts—the traits this nation fairly claims its banner stands for.

The year 1918 proved America's youth was worthy of its flag, and surely the laughing, pushing group, throbbing with intensity of life, which won so great a victory on foreign soil can win a similar fight at home. This being so, why need we be discouraged? It seems a better part to help them on towards their success, and the elder's duty is to set a much-needed example above all else.



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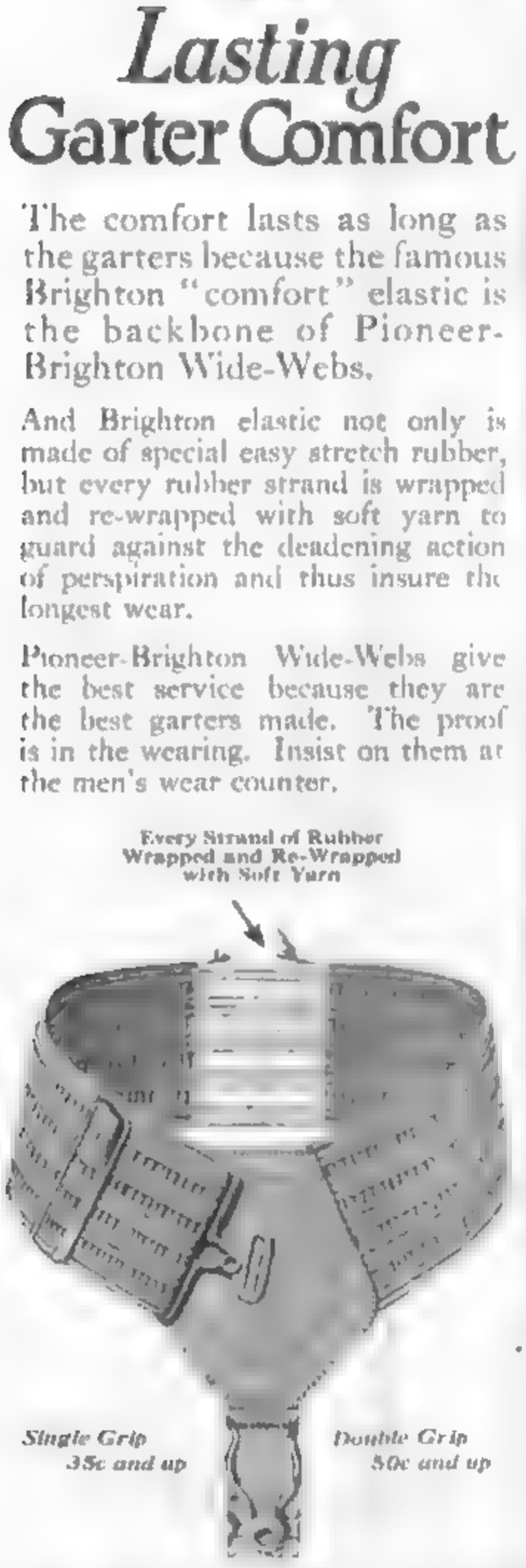

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BATTLING BUNYAN CEASES TO BE FUNNY

(Continued from Page 31)

"Why—why, when would you—like to make it?"

He took no hope from this question. It had always been like that—a crude sparring for time.

"Any time," he answered; "any evening you say; or any day, either. If you want to make it daytime, I'll lay off work that day; if you say an evening when I'm booked to fight, I'll default the bout."

Deliberately he had left her no opening through which she might escape. Her painful confusion showed him that she realized this. He watched her a moment, almost triumphantly, as if it were a sort of victory finally to topple upon his own head his long-tottering house of happiness.

"Never mind, Miss Costigan," he said before she could frame any response. "I—I won't ask you again. I know how you feel about it."

"But, Mr. Bunyan, I ——"

"I know you're ashamed to go out with me, and—and I guess nobody can blame you for it. Your friends would kid the life out of you if they saw you with me, and you know it. I'm not blaming you."

He turned to leave, but her voice brought him back again.

"Mr. Bunyan, I want to say how—how sorry I am. I—like you, but ——"

"I told you I understand," he interrupted dully. "I'm so used to things like this that I guess I can get over this all right. At least, you've been nicer to me than anybody else. You don't seem to think I'm so—so funny. I'll never forget that, Miss Costigan. That's something I'll remember—all my life!"

For a moment they gazed straight into each other's eyes—two pairs of suffering eyes meeting on the common ground of anguish. Then the girl's small fists clenched whitely. Her chin lifted. Her bosom rose and fell in turmoil.

"I—I'll go out with you," she said. "Any time you say!"

He did not know that this was her pride-less sacrifice to love. He shook his head, slowly, sadly.

"No, Miss Costigan. Not—not that way."

He covered his flaming hair with his hat and fairly ran from the hotel. He walked and walked, without direction, almost blinded with his boundless grief.

"She pitied me!" he kept murmuring under his breath. "She was ashamed all right, but she pitied me! So help me God," he vowed, "I'll never see her again!"

Four days later he was summoned by telephone to Jem Canby's office. When he arrived he found two other men there with the promoter. He recognized one of them as Johnny Prentis, the lightweight champion of the world, and the larger man as Prentis' manager. They were on a barnstorming tour of the Middle West during the dull season in the East, Prentis boxing local talent in the various towns. It was easy money for the champion.

"Hello, Bunyan," Canby greeted. "Meet Johnny Prentis, the champion. And Mr. Riley, Johnny's manager. Boys, this is Aiken Bunyan, the fellow I was talking about."

The champion and his manager grinned.

"Quite some moniker," remarked Prentis, extending his hand.

Bunyan shook the hand, but not warmly. Prentis was stopping at the Benson House, and Bunyan knew that the champion and Molly Costigan had become acquainted. In fact, he had seen the two of them walking together on Broad Street the evening before, Molly's arm linked through Prentis', and he imagined that she was quite honored thereby. The sight had added greatly to his suffering, even though he knew that he was forever through with Molly and that Prentis would leave town after his fight Friday evening, possibly never to return to Midland.

"Kid," said Canby, addressing Bunyan, "how would you like to go eight rounds with the champion Friday night?"

Bunyan's eyes narrowed.

"What's the big idea?" he asked. "I'm not the top-notch hundred-thirty-five-pounder around here."

Canby winked at Prentis and the manager, and they winked back. They did it openly. There were to be no secrets kept from Bunyan.

"It's like this," Canby explained. "I picked you for two reasons. In the first place, Johnny doesn't want to meet too tough a bird because, after all, this is just exhibition stuff. And if we choose Jimmy Dugan, he'll have his hands full, because Dugan is good, and damn ambitious. On the other hand, if we pick anybody but you they'll raise a howl. But with you, everybody'll be satisfied and we'll pack the house to the doors. You get the idea, don't you?"

"Yes," said Bunyan grimly. "They'll look for the biggest laugh of their life when funny Aiken Bunyan meets the world's champion."

"Exactly," Canby admitted readily. "Now I'll give you five hundred dollars for the bout. Johnny promises to take it easy. Don't you, Johnny?"

"Sure. It'll go eight rounds, and not too rough."

"I'm not asking anyone to take it easy," said Bunyan.

"All right with me," grinned Prentis. "I'll end it in the first round if you want. Any round you say. I'll be glad of a chance to show some real stuff, because I'm bringing a little lady friend to see me work."

Bunyan's throat closed. It was a full minute before he could speak.

"We'll see about that," he said at length, "Friday night." He turned to Canby. "I'll take this fight, but I want more than five hundred for it. I want a thousand."

"A thousand!"

"Yes, a thousand," Bunyan repeated. "I'm damn funny, ain't I? I'll pack the house, won't I? They'll come in from three counties to laugh their fool heads off at me. I'm worth a thousand."

Canby looked helplessly at the champion and his manager. It was evident where lay the real authority.

"Listen," cried Prentis. "This comic valentine thinks he's good. He thinks his funny jaw can meet more than one of my right or left hand socks. I'll make him a little sporting proposition. We'll give him two hundred bucks for every round he stays with me. Or he can have the original offer of five hundred for the fight." He turned to Bunyan. "What do you say, funny-mug?"

"I'll take the two hundred a round," said Bunyan. "Let's put that in writing. And also put in that under no circumstances is the referee to stop the bout on a technical knock-out. It's to go on until I'm put down for the count of ten. Get that?"

"The referee won't have to stop it," laughed Prentis. "I will."

On Friday night the Midland Sporting Club was indeed crowded to the doors. To the normal seating capacity of the building many rows of benches had been added, and not only was every seat occupied but people stood in a solid line along the railing behind the ringside chairs and at the top of the tiers which sloped up the walls.

"Some of 'em came to see the champion," thought Bunyan as he walked down an aisle to the ring, "but most of 'em came to laugh at me."

He crawled through the ropes and seated himself in his corner. The champion had entered a moment before him and was already seated, smiling gayly and confidently, as a champion should. Bunyan regarded him intently. Prentis' nose, broken many times, was flat and misshapen. When he grinned two front gold teeth glittered in the light. He was revoltingly ugly; why did not the people laugh at him? Why only at Bunyan, who bore not a single mark of battle?

Thoughts like these were the only ones that had come into his mind for nearly three weeks. They had become an obsession, haunting him day and night. Why did they laugh at him? Why did they laugh at his name—his mother's name, his father's name? Why?

"Lad-ies and gentle-men!" The announcer, flinging both arms into the air for silence, was speaking. "In this corner we have with us this evening Johnny Prentis, lightweight champion of the world!"

A roar of cheers rose from the spectators, a mingling of inarticulate shouts, an undercurrent of handclapping. Prentis rose in acknowledgment, shaking gloved hands with himself high in the air.

The announcer waited long enough, then motioned again for silence, which was readily granted him.

"And in this corner we have Battling—Red—Achin'—Bunion"—he grinned broadly—"of Midland."

The audience took its cue. A roar of laughter echoed and reechoed through the building. These people had come to laugh and they meant to get their money's worth. They shrilled clever witticisms, puns and brilliant epigrams; a pity it was that they were lost in the clamor.

Bunyan, too, rose in acknowledgment. His face was white and set; the look of a cornered beast was in his eyes. In agony of heart and soul he bowed to the left, to the right, his lower lip protruding. Then he sat down and waited to be called out for instructions.

In the very first row at ringside his eyes picked out the face of Molly Costigan. He could see her white set features in the strong light which bathed the ring, the press inclosure and the first few rows of chairs beyond. He turned his eyes away quickly, but the sight of her seemed suddenly to turn his blood to frozen water.

"Let 'em laugh!" he cried out in his mind. "We'll see how long they laugh at me! Tonight is the end of it, so help me!"

He was thinking this when he stood in the center of the ring while the referee was repeating the formula of instructions. He was thinking it when, again in his corner, he held to the ropes and limbered up his legs by crouching and straightening up several times.

"Tonight is the end of it. I got to stick at least five rounds to bring my savings to even ten thousand. I got to do it. If it kills me I got to do it—and then they won't laugh at me any more."

Battling Bunyan was only a second-rater, and he was fighting the world's champion of his class. But after the first half minute of fighting he knew that he had a chance to survive five rounds. The champion evidently was not in his best condition; he seemed slower than Bunyan had expected; and his punches were not so cruelly crushing. Every blow hurt him, but he thought that he might be able to endure them for fifteen minutes. He fought the best he knew how, carefully, cautiously, with the single purpose in his mind to protect himself as long as possible.

Between the first and second rounds his seconds worked over him. Prentis had already given them work to do. Bunyan's lower lip was split and a stream of blood flowed from the wound; his right eye was turning black and swelling rapidly.

"Watch out for that left hook," one of his seconds cried into his ear. "He'll cut you to pieces with it if you don't."

"Two hundred dollars," murmured Bunyan. "Four more to go."

The spectators had enjoyed that first round. They didn't consider it much of a fight, but they were having a lot of fun.

"There's no use talking, that Achin' Bunion looked funny when he popped his eyes that way and stuck out that bottom lip! And did you see the way that lip went in when it met the champion's left glove?"

"Did I see it! I should say so. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better keep that lip in, Onion! You'll get it knocked off for you!"

"Go to it, Corn Plaster!"

"You'll have more than a achin' bunion when you get through here!"

The house rocked with mirth.

"Two hundred bucks," muttered Bunyan. "Four more to go."

When the gong sounded, ending the third round, Bunyan was still on his feet. He had been knocked to the floor three times during the round, but he had risen each time before the fatal count of ten. When the bell sounded he stood swaying in the center of the ring, and his seconds rushed to him and dragged him to his corner. Both eyes were now black and swollen; he was almost blind. Blood gushed from gashes in forehead and cheek.

"Let me throw in the towel," pleaded his second. "You can't last another round. You can't hardly see."

"Six hundred dollars," muttered Battling Bunyan. "Two more to go."

The laughter was not quite so uproarious now. What little rose from the crowd seemed forced, as if it were a duty to be performed, a tradition to be upheld.

"That kid's dead game, what I mean!"

"Did you see him get up for more?"

"Nothin' yellow about that kid!"

And a clinging remnant of the old tradition, "Bunion plaster can stick!"

(Continued on Page 62)

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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 60)

The house laughed a little—ever so little.

"Six hundred," muttered Bunyan. "Two more to go."

Champion Johnny Prentis was enraged. Each round was costing him two hundred dollars, but that fact concerned him least of all. This smart Aleck busher, this funny-mug was making good his boast. And everyone in the place—particularly the several sport writers—knew that he, the champion, was trying his best for a knock-out.

"The damn hick," he complained to his manager, "ain't got sense enough to know when he's hurt! He just won't stay down!"

"Take your time," advised Riley. "Measure him and put over a hard one right on the button."

"Ain't I?" cried Prentis. "I've hit him with everything I got; and I added some new ones I didn't know I had. But he won't stay put."

"You're overanxious, that's what's the matter," Riley declared. "Take your time and let him have it."

"Watch me!" said Prentis through his teeth.

It is not often that such brutality enters into modern pugilism. In this bout there intruded a personal element which is usually lacking. A prideful champion fought with rage at his own comparative impotency; a heartbroken, soul-sick youth suffered unyieldingly because his physical pain seemed to soothe another, deeper anguish. And what suffering Battling Bunyan endured! It seemed impossible that any man could withstand so unmerciful a beating and yet dare to meet still further punishment. During the fourth round he fell again and again to the canvas floor, sometimes to his knees, sometimes prone, on his back or on his face, where he writhed in agony. But always he was on his sagging, tottering legs again before the referee could utter "Ten."

A hush had fallen over the Midland Sporting Club, as if this once-laughing throng were now suffering even as Bunyan suffered, as if the merciless rain of blows which thudded against Bunyan's pulpy face actually stung the faces of those who watched them and heard their crushing impact. The gong boomed at last into a strange stillness. No laughter now as Bunyan staggered blindly to his corner; no merry quips and jests. A shroud of horror hung low and oppressively like the motionless smoke fog.

In his corner for the respite of a single minute, Battling Bunyan lay back heavily against the angle of the ropes while his seconds gently sponged the blood from his battered face and body, held the bottle of aromatic salts beneath his nostrils. The sting of the pungent odor quickened his drooping senses. His puffed lips moved

"Eight—hundred! One—more—to go!"

Then someone in that silent throng moved. Someone leaped to his feet in what seemed to be sudden fury.

"Stop the fight!" he shouted. "Stop it!"

The words burst like a shell amid the motionless ranks. In an instant the place was filled with a chaos of voices, of tramping, scraping feet, of bodies rising.

"Stop the fight! Stop the fight!"

The angry demand shrilled from every throat.

Several policemen ran down the aisles and met at the ringside. A lieutenant stopped the timekeeper's hand as it rose to hammer the gong. Jem Canby caught the police officer's eye and nodded, motioned decisively to the referee. The fight was over. Without formalities it was concluded. No awarding of the decision; no raising of the winner's arm. In the hearts and minds of the spectators, not the champion but that battered bleeding boy who drooped in his corner was the winner.

With muttered curses on his lips Prentis rose and let his attendants envelop him in his robe. In his victory he was no hero. He felt it, knew it.

"Let's get out of this," said Riley quickly. "These rubes ain't got no love for you now, Johnny."

In Bunyan's ebbing consciousness the trend of events slowly shaped themselves. The fight was stopped. Only one more round to go—and the fight was stopped. Only two hundred dollars more to add to that which he had earned through three long years of heartache—and they had stopped the fight. These people who had shamed him with their laughter, tortured him with their quips, stabbed again and again into his sensitive heart—they now denied him his desire at the very moment when it was within his grasp. A numbing despair gripped him.

How they must hate him! How they must hate him!

Of a sudden this despair changed to fury. They could not do it! They dared not do it! Even as they hated him, so did he hate them. First they had placed beyond his attainment the girl he loved, and now ——

He struggled to his feet, swayed drunkenly, tottered drunkenly to the ropes, and clutching them for support faced his torturing inquisitors. He could not see them through his puffed and purblind eyes; they were to him but a black shapeless mass. But he could hear them, though their voices floated to him as from vast distances. Perhaps they were laughing. Surely he must seem to them a comic spectacle with his black closed eyes, his misshapen nose, his thick slashed lips and blood-smeared face and body! How funny, indeed, he must seem to them!

"Listen—to me!" he screamed as loudly as he could. "Listen, I tell you!"

He was conscious of the hush which instantly fell. He tried to curl his lips into a sneer.

"Why don't you laugh? Why don't you laugh at me now all of you? I I been so funny to you all along, I guess—I guess I'm still pretty funny yet. My eyes are funnier now than they ever were. My—my lips stick out farther 'n ever. Why don't you laugh?

"You—you got no right to stop this fight! You got no right to do that to me! I could stick another round. You know I could stick another round. But you want to keep me from—from getting that last two hundred dollars.

"What did I ever do to you folks, anyway? That's what—I want to know. Why do you—hate me like—you do? I ain't never—never done nothin' to you that—that ——"

He stopped. His lips twisted convulsively. Beneath the glaring light the tears which squeezed from his sightless eyes glistened and sparkled as they rolled down his cheeks.

He tried to speak again, but the words would not come through his tight throat. His senses swam. His grip on the rope loosened. Gently he sank to the canvas floor, where darkness gathered him in.

Battling Bunyan was knocked out.

When he recovered consciousness he knew that he was in the dressing room, lying on a rubbing table. People were gathered around him, ministering to him. When the damp cloth was removed he tried to open his eyes; and through them he saw dimly the faces that gazed down at him. He thought that he recognized the fat features of Jem Canby.

"You—you stopped the fight!" were his first accusing words. "And you promised not to."

"Don't you worry, kid," came Canby's voice, very gentle for Canby. "You stood on your feet for the same as five rounds. You get your thousand, kid."

"Thanks, Mr. Canby," said Bunyan faintly. "Thanks."

Canby's face moved away from the line of Bunyan's vision and in its place appeared that of Molly Costigan. He could not see her very clearly, but he saw that she was weeping. Hot tears fell from her face to his own.

"Gee, Molly," he said, "are you in here?"

Sure enough, it was Molly's voice that answered; Molly's voice as he had dreamed he might hear it, not as he had ever heard it before. It was not merely kind and pitying; shame for him seemed to have fled, and in its place were the soft tenderness and sincerity he knew must belong to the voice of a girl like Molly.

"I I'm sorry, Aiken I'm sorry if I was ashamed to go out with you when—when I should have been proud to. I—I should have been proud—all along."

He reached out and, as if instinctively, his hand found hers.

"Aw, forget it, Molly! And—and cut out the crying, Molly. I guess I'd rather see you laugh than cry. I—I guess I would." With a valiant effort he managed a smile. "The time to cry is past now, anyway. Didn't you hear what Mr. Canby said? I get my thousand—and in a few days, when I'm all right again, I'll buy out Peterson's Garage. I—got enough now, all right." He paused. The smile faded from his face and he grew serious. "Say, tell me, Molly: When—when I made my crazy speech out there—did they—laugh much? I was kind of drunk—punch-drunk—I guess. I didn't know just what I was saying or doing. Did they—laugh much?"

And the single scalding tear which fell from Molly's cheek to his was his answer.

GOOSE STUFFING

(Continued from Page 7)

testimony as to the absurdity of the story had to be explicit, painstaking, submitted to all the legal requirements of evidence in order to offset the invention of a flash news paragraph inspired perhaps by mere radical leanings designed to give the new Italy a black eye. Such is the power of mere assertion! And such a power is always in the hands of those who are unscrupulous in stuffing the geese.

Any shrewd person, before accepting mere assertion, particularly if it is sensational and startling, will do well not only to weigh the mere power of assertion but also to weigh the factor known as the desire to believe. This desire is extraordinarily strong in the average American heart. If your American neighbor—the man who lives in the house next door—believed and stated yesterday that yellow was blue, you may be pretty sure that tomorrow it will be additionally difficult for him to receive information creating a distinction between the two colors. Other peoples have no such love of their opinion. They will open their ears to new evidence more readily than we do, because we are fond of thinking that we have always been right since birth; and secondly we are prone to accept any conclusion based on the world as we would wish it to be, rather than upon the world as it is.

When I came back from the Russian front during the war and talked about the young, blond, clean-shaven giants who were being recruited for the Russian Army, a great number of my fellow countrymen said, "You must be mistaken about the Russians. They are men who wear black beards." I tried to explain that our Russian immigrants, from whom this black-beard picture was taken, were of the Russian Jewish type and racially were not Russians at all. But everyone bore resentment against any change in their own picture gallery of traditional belief! They wanted to believe exactly what they wanted to believe. Having considerable knowledge of European and Oriental peoples, as well as my own kind, I want to be frank enough to say that the foreigners, when they receive new evidence, prick up their ears, open their eyes, sniff the wind and are willing to face facts; but that in the main we, on the contrary, have a terrible burden in our dislike of bothering to get the evidence behind some bare assertion, and have a real hatred of this evidence if it upsets our calculations of yesterday, or the conviction we learned at papa's knee, or the notion we embodied in our high-school graduation essay. This is doubly true if the idea concerns the thing we call our big heart or the thing we call our duty to exert moral influence.

Goodness knows, I feel that one of the finest things about us is our charitable spirit, our wish to relieve suffering, and our strong prejudices. I merely rise to say that I am sorry when we are whipped into a wild gallop, quite against our own individual good sense, by a flood of propaganda from those who may gain by propaganda.

I remember that a prime minister of a little country came to me when there was a postwar refugee problem. This is what he said:

"My country can absorb a certain number of these refugees. We don't want them, but perhaps it is our duty to take them. We can, on a pinch, put them to work in our agricultural districts. But I want you to use your influence to guarantee that there will be no American aid given to these refugees. If there is American aid given them they will huddle down in relief camps and become paupers under the care of your relief workers. We will take the refugees if

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4

Things Necessary to Avoid Repairs

The whole story of motor car upkeep

It's really a simple thing to keep a car in good condition—running sweetly, and unneedful of repairs. But how many motorists do it?

First it's trouble with one part, then another. But if you'll notice, it's usually a moving part *on the chassis* that causes the grief and brings the repair bill.

Car owners go on paying repair bills for such parts as spring shackles, clutch bearings, universal, water pump, steering connections, etc., yet when they think of operating costs they think only of engine repairs or the cost of gasoline and tires.

Motorists seem oblivious to the fact, but most motor car grief comes from *chassis parts*, and the repairs on these parts amount to more than the cost of engine repairs, gasoline and oil combined.

Lack of Proper Lubrication

It's so unnecessary to have these troubles with chassis bearings. It's all due, as automobile men point out, to nothing else than poor lubrication.

Ask any repair man—he'll tell you that 80% of the repairs made on the moving parts of a motor car are made because of improper lubrication.

The hard wearing chassis bearings need the protection of lubricant as well as the motor bearings.

Dry, dirt-worn bearings mean more than a squeaky or rattling car, more than a "stiff" car—they mean ***heavy repair bills, rapid depreciation, low resale price.***

In the used car market, authorities tell us, a $1,500 car of standard make which has been methodically lubricated by the owner, will generally sell for at least $150 more than a car whose lubrication has been neglected.

It's So Simple With Alemite

With the old grease-cup method it was, admittedly, a job to lubricate a car. (Too often the lubricant never reached the entire bearing surfaces).

But with the Alemite High Pressure System it is almost as easy to lubricate the chassis as the motor.

Just a turn of the Alemite Compressor forces clean lubricant clear through to the bearing surface. As the new grease is forced in, the old grease, grit and rust are forced out.

This use of Alemite every 500 miles means a car that will be practically immune to wear and repairs—a sweet-running car and a long-lived car of high resale value.

Write for Valuable Information

Just regard Alemite for what it truly is—as much a fundamental in motor car operation as oil, water and air—and you'll find it a simple thing to keep your car in good condition, unneedful of repairs. Oil, water, air—Alemite—that's the whole story of motor car upkeep.

If Alemite is on your car make it a once-every-500-miles habit. If Alemite is not on your car, write us and we'll tell where to have it installed complete—$5 to $20, according to make and model of car. (Ford and Chevrolet, $3.99, Overland, $5.67.) Canadian prices higher.

In any case, if you would know the full importance of lubrication, write for our free booklet, "Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch."

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO., 2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

OIL OR GREASE

Alemite works well with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil especially adapted for our system—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put"

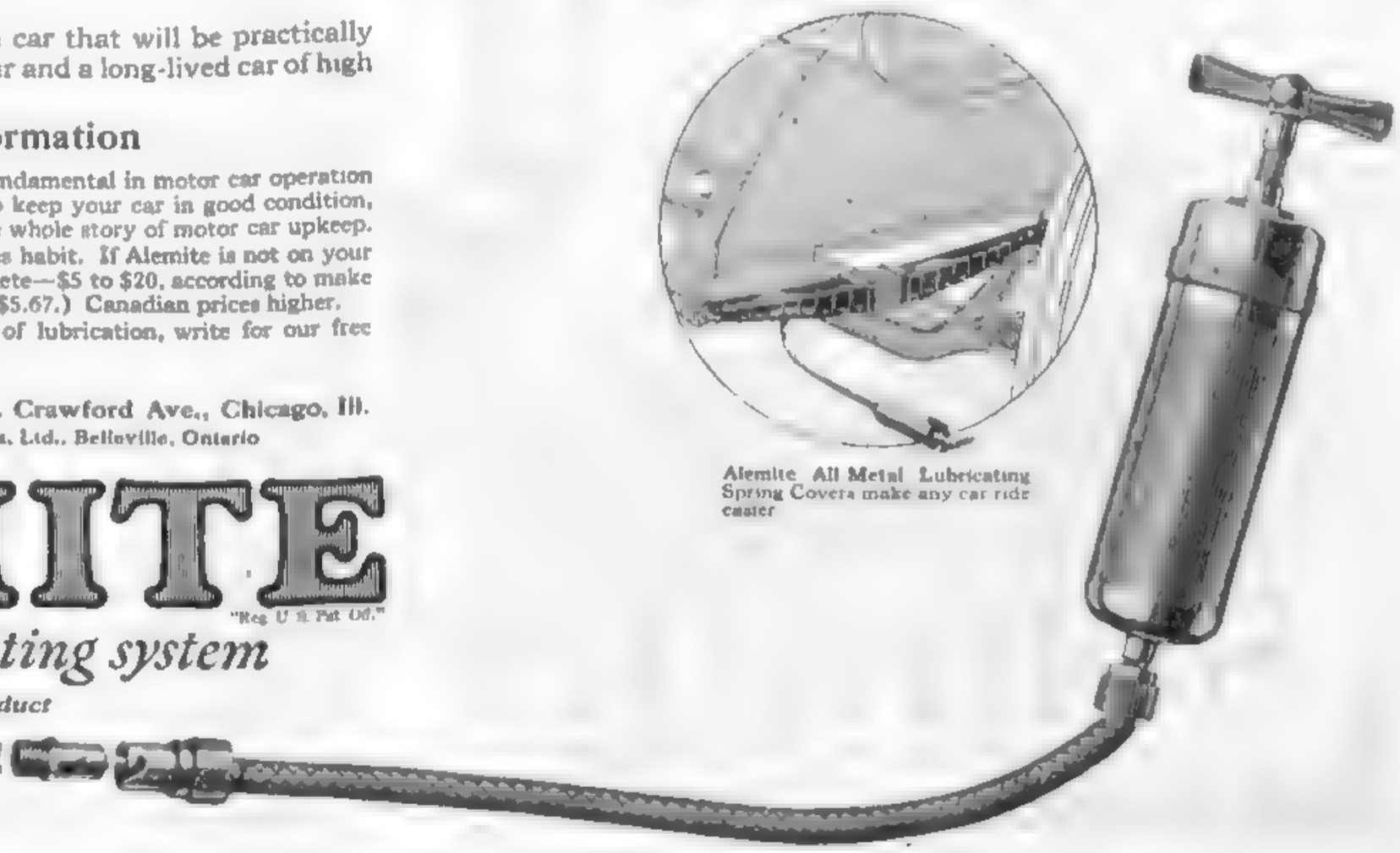
Alemite All Metal Lubricating Spring Covers make any car ride easier

ALEMITE

"Reg U. S. Pat. Off."

High pressure lubricating system

A Bassick-Alemite Product



"Don't kick your tires —use this gauge"

If you are doubtful about the air pressure in your tires, kicking them won't tell you what you want to know.

Improper inflation may be too much air, too little air, or uneven inflation. With too much air, the force of jolts and bumps is increased, vibration is greater, and the cushioning effect is lost.

With too little air the effect is the same as extra weight in the car. Uneven inflation, one tire too hard and another too soft, upsets the balance of the body, squeaks occur, and the car responds slowly to the steering wheel.

The Schrader Tire Gauge tells you instantly the air pressure in your tires. The gauge makes it easy for you to maintain correct inflation and secure maximum tire service.

There are three types of Schrader Gauges: the angle-foot gauge made specially for balloon tires; the straight gauge for regular passenger car tires; and the angle-foot for truck tires and regular passenger car tires on wire or disc wheels and wheels with thick spokes or large brake drums.

Ask your dealer for free booklet, "Air—the most elusive prisoner." This booklet tells how to care for tire valves. It will help you get the maximum service from your tires. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address and we will mail you a copy direct.

You can get this Schrader Angle-Foot Tire Gauge or either of the other two types of Schrader Gauges at any motor accessory shop, garage, or hardware store. Buy your gauge today.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, New York
Chicago Toronto London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

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we do not have to receive also American charitable assistance."

Now, of course, in the main this man would have agreed with me and with you and the rest of us that nothing is finer than the spirit that provides the funds for American relief work abroad; but if he had been asked to be absolutely frank he would have added -as he did—that, in the main, we are considered abroad as being benevolently crazy. He would admit that we save a lot of suffering unfortunates from death, but he would have added—as he did -that we pauperize a great many peoples and prevent them from going back to work. He would explain—as he did—our tendency to put our money in the wrong places by saying that we were gulls for the propaganda of those who obtain a living, an adventure or the Royal Order of the Simoleon Fleece for their labor in making other folks pay the bills of the generous gesture.

In common with certain newspaper men who are friends of mine, and who saw it, he would point out that he had seen trains, carrying dried milk into a certain country where a certain number of cars of milk given by American money were hitched onto the hind end of a train of dried milk that was sold by some other nation for cash. Furthermore, he might have pointed out that there are American associations for helping, let us say, the deaf of such and such a country—a country that prides itself on doing a normal amount of good for its deaf and rather resents our advertising its deafness.

He might have pointed out that well-meaning American ladies have gone to the Vatican and asked the Pope to give his patronage to the supply of free milk, say for Switzerland, and that the Pope, rather astounded, answered, "But that country exports milk!"

Why am I telling all this? For the simple reason that the prime minister who said these things to me would never dream of getting upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House and saying them. No, never! And why not? Because he would be up against a tremendous, overwhelming, unusually thoroughly organized propaganda.

And that propaganda would have appealed already to American willingness to listen to mere assertion; to our traditional belief that nothing must be said that will diminish our conception of the duty of our big heart—especially when that obligation is a long, long, long way off.

Minding Other People's Business

If in the middle of our country a mining strike results in the brutal murder of half a hundred helpless corralled creatures, leaving widows and orphans; if our laws fail to punish the guilty, it makes no such occasion for our activity as does exactly the same unpleasantness if this unpleasantness takes place between peoples in far-off places. If our immigrants settle in colonies and fail to absorb into our population, and develop crime spots and misery blotches, we are less concerned about them than if they had stayed far away across the world. If we hear about the opium evil in China and India, we leap to benevolent interest, even though we may consume more narcotics per capita than one or the other of the other far-away lands, and never give it a thought.

And why is this so? It is because as to any far-away evil the assertion goes 100 per cent. In addition to that, it is because we have so long cherished the idea that it was our duty to put our distant neighbor's house in order, that now the logic of developing a good home civilization first will not displace it. Our national idea is that we are all right, and that we ought to make the other fellow all right also. Neither may be true, but we have the habit of belief and the desire to believe. It has been soaked into us. Nothing in the world is more comforting than the thought that we are near enough perfection to send out agents to sow the crop of benevolence where the long weeds grow and every bathtub requires a set of six lessons.

In mixing up goose stuffing, therefore, the first thing is not, as is commonly supposed, the invention of ways and means to reach the geese; the first thing to consider is the ingredients of the stuffing. I will disclose the proper recipe. It follows:

To flat assertion add sufficient benevolence to insure that in case any geese protest they may be accused of being against kindness or virtue or love of man, or of being enemies of God. It is wise to do this, even in cases of propaganda for home politics or international politics or a brand of soap. Mix thoroughly into the present belief and prejudices of the people.

For instance, if the propaganda were being made in favor of bigger, brighter signboards, it would be well to mix it up in some way with devotion to mothers, or Armistice Day, or the idea that capital and labor should form a partnership. Serve quickly while hot.

Having determined the right kind of mixture for the goose stuffing, the next problem is to get it introduced into the geese. I have had, it seems to me, business of this kind solicited by at least several thousand publicity agencies. Usually a publicity agency is run by an ex. They are run by ex lawyers, ex-doctors, ex-authors, ex-college professors; but my choice would always be the ex-clergyman. He will be the one who will know how to get the thing mentioned from the pulpit. It is fine to get it into the newspapers, the movies, the radio, the rostrum and the rotogravures; but the summit of propaganda is to get the churches working. They are so much better than the colleges that nowadays any wily European statesman would willingly swap six publicity agencies, ten newspapers, four lecture tours, two college professors and one propaganda film—all for one ex-clergyman.

I was asked recently by a European statesman who was making a speaking tour over here, "Haven't your churches gone over into politics?"

I said, "Well, maybe. Anyhow, they are carrying a side line."

Keeping the Workers Going

A good method of distributing goose stuffing comes from providing as many persons as possible with jobs—particularly if the jobs are abroad and furnish opportunity to travel in comfort. The best propaganda organizations are built on this principle. At first glance one might think that it is necessary to have money to pay the salaries and traveling expenses. Don't worry! Distribute the jobs and those who hold them will attend to raising the money for the salaries. They will keep alive the organization that passes the hat back home. Depend upon it! The chances are that among the job holders there will be a lot of skilled veterans as workers.

Professional workers in causes have now become a substantial class. The war and peace—added thousands to the old number. They have learned the importance of drives, campaigns, literature, and of sticking to the fraternity among themselves. Among them there are a lot of worthy, fine souls—just as willing and fine as if they were not making a living out of it. But there are certain tendencies at work just the same to provide goose stuffing, and a terrible yowl arises from the group if any hard-sensed person gives any evidence to show that things are not so bad as they are painted.

I said to one of the heads of one of these organizations last year:

"Look at this piece of literature. It exaggerates everything. It is not written to create love and pity, but hate and loathing. Would Jesus of Nazareth consent to this publication?"

The gentleman heaved a sigh.

"Alas," he said, "it is harder and harder to raise money to keep our organization going. You have no idea how difficult and disagreeable is this money problem! Already we have been forced to withdraw sixty of our workers from the field."

"Where are they now?" I inquired.

"Why, they have come back home."

"And are any of them lecturing?"

"I believe some of them are."

There is no propaganda in the world better than the man or woman who has to scratch gravel to keep a paid worker's job by raising the pay out of goose stuffing. You can go away and leave that individual and not worry about it. Depend upon him or her to show that anyone who questions the cause or the need of money is a mean-spirited, cynical, unenlightened, selfish, parsimonious creature who, if not watched, would probably be shaking pennies out of children's banks and foreclosing mortgages on the homes of soldiers' widows. I recall a sweet-faced lady who was going abroad to coördinate the work of some women's movements in Europe.

I said to her, "Are you sure you are going to find any substantial women's movements for your cause in Europe? And if you fail to

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JOHN MOHLER STUDEBAKER
1833—1917

The Romance of Transportation in America

"The Covered Wagon," a moving picture, grips the heart, thrills the imagination, and inspires the respect and reverence of every American citizen who sees it for the hardy pioneers who blazed the trail in settling this great country.

What a romance it is, and how faithfully it depicts the hardships of transportation of several decades ago! What a marvelous advance has occurred since, and how gratifying it is to reflect that the descendants of these old pioneers were and are the creators of the modern transportation vehicles we use today!

Railroads, both steam and electric, electric railways, and gas driven automobiles, airships, and trucks, accomplishments by American men within three generations, are the romance of American transportation.

The "covered wagon," illustrated below, built by John Studebaker in 1830, is now in the Studebaker museum at South Bend. John Mohler Studebaker, his son, a wagon-builder and blacksmith, with his brothers Henry and Clem, built a covered wagon in 1852 with which he joined a wagon train for California in search of gold. This wagon was one of the train which arrived at old Hangtown (now Placerville) in August, 1853, in good condition.

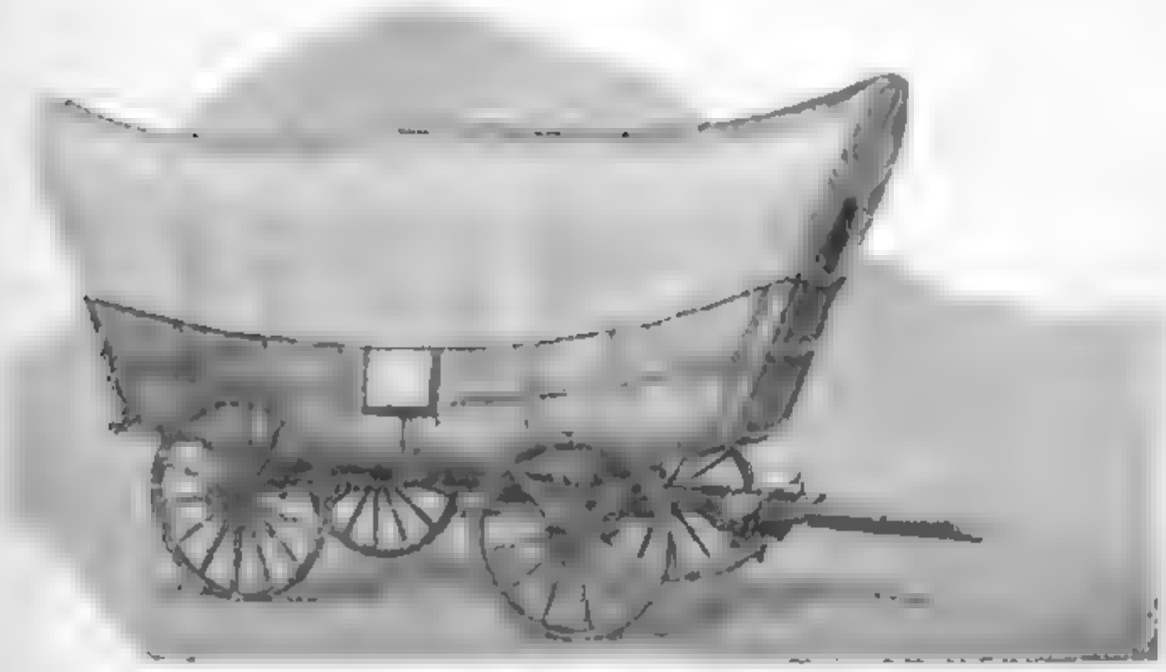
John Mohler Studebaker renounced gold mining to build wheelbarrows for miners and repair stage coaches, which tasks he followed for five years. Returning to South Bend in 1858, he invested his savings of $8,000 in the firm of H. & C. Studebaker, and for forty-five years supervised the building of Studebaker wagons and carriages. He was a master builder.

The covered automobile illustrated below is one example of Studebaker products of today. It is built by men who cherish the ideals of the Studebaker brothers and seek to add luster to the name. It is a striking illustration of the part Studebaker has played in the romance and development of transportation vehicles. It represents the supreme accomplishment of the present day, and stands out as a quality product of the first order. It provides adaptability, comfort, and luxury, at a moderate price made possible by the facilities of the $50,000,000 of manufacturing plants in which it is built.

The broad principle upon which Studebaker business has prospered for seventy-two years, now grounded upon tradition, insures satisfaction to everybody who deals with the House of Studebaker.

STUDEBAKER

DETROIT, MICHIGAN SOUTH BEND, INDIANA WALKERVILLE, CANADA



THE COVERED WAGON OF 1830
Built by John Studebaker
Now in the Studebaker Museum

THE COVERED AUTOMOBILE OF 1924
Built by The Studebaker Corporation
Now in the hands of Thousands of Owners

THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF QUALITY AUTOMOBILES

"Say, Doc, haven't you got a bracer in that grip? This is my third blowout this morning."
"You don't need a bracer, Billy. What you need is Kelly-Springfield tires."

THE ability of Kelly-Springfield cords to stand a tremendous amount of punishment without giving trouble is only one of the features that have won for them their great popularity. They also give as nearly perfect protection against skidding as any tire can give and deliver mileage which alone would make their purchase profitable.

It costs no more to buy a Kelly

KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES

(Continued from Page 64)

find them, will you promise to report the truth about the results of your research?"

She looked at me with the sad eyes of one who gazes at a man who is behind prison bars, or who ought to be, and went her way.

The mere existence of partisan organizations guarantees to us a certain amount of propaganda. We have a whole set of international societies doing, no doubt, a great deal of good. But of course there is their literature, and some of them flood us with goose stuffing. Imagine, for instance, that the president of the Chambers of Commerce of the Halcyon Isles arrives in New York with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Downright Uplift. He tells her that the Halcyonites are being robbed of their simple little homes by a great power. He invokes the aid of the great-hearted American people and their Government. Mrs. Uplift, who belongs to the Peace-at-Any-Price Society, nevertheless writes the Secretary of State that we should send a squadron!

When the State Department writes her that no one can steal the homes of Halcyonites because they live in caves, Mrs. Uplift decides that a committee is necessary. Being a member of three hundred and forty-eight fashionable committees already formed, she thinks, naturally, of another. The limousines come out. The ladies decide that Halcyon Isles must be saved and go home to ask their secretaries where they are. The bankers and brokers and all that set are enlisted. A diplomat out of a job sees a chance to work up the people of the United States about the Halcyon oppressed. He struggles with Mrs. Uplift and gets away from her the control of the Halcyon Society. He learns that the Department of State has never recognized Halcyon, and in a statement to the press accuses the Administration of failing to expand our foreign trade, and of engaging in a policy of isolation.

He circulates a petition to Congress in the name of the society, which by now has a secretary, a treasurer, an honorary board of presidents, a board of managers, an honorary board of trustees, a corresponding secretary and a publicity committee—all on the letterhead of the society. Prominent men who receive this petition sign it—naturally, because they do not know what it is about. Benevolence is the one thing nobody needs to know about. Editorials begin to appear about the fine records of the eight Halcyon Islanders who fought in the war and the legitimate claim of the Halcyon Isles upon our sympathy. The Halcyon Isles are said to have had an unbroken existence of three thousand years. Three Halcyon Islanders appear at meetings all over the United States and with sad, grave faces play their simple island melodies on the ocpia and laugh in their big quaint sleeves.

Just Bursting With It

The morning mail brings us all our appeal "to save Halcyon with our hearts and with our dollars, to guarantee its independence, its self-determination, and to demand that the United States take a mandate of the islands and require that Brazil or Japan set aside a large territory as a National Halcyon Home"—just as we at the demand of Patagonia would agree to set aside the state of West Virginia as a National Home for the Negro. The upshot of the whole affair is that the great power which is persecuting the Halcyon Islanders withdraws its line of trading steamers and the president of the Chambers of Commerce of the Halcyon Isles goes back and is free to exploit and goose-stuff his own dear independent people, which was what he was after when he came to New York. So he sends back to our retired diplomat the Decoration of the Great Kingfisher!

In the meantime we have been Halcyoned in the papers, in the movies, by broadcasting and by orators, by talking machine and by mail and telegraph and telephone, by signboard and smoke-writing on the sky. This is an age and time when we are learning so much that we never have a moment to think. We are asked to take in such a quantity that we are ready to burst—with goose stuffing.

A writer in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST pointed out recently that if a group of persons wanted Congress to pass a law freeing all captive canaries, all that would be necessary would be to hire a publicity agent and a lobbyist, to accuse all detainers of canary birds as heartless and cruel brutes, and before even the birds themselves could protest against being turned out in midwinter the job would be done. That is a 100 per cent possibility in principle; it is not impossible at all. If the toothbrush-holder manufacturers' organization wanted to start a brush-'em-thrice-a-day-from-left-to-right movement and have it written into party platforms, and came to me and wanted me to take the job on a contingent fee, I would do it.

I'd begin with the phrase, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." I'd get a few preachers. I'd have college presidents on my honorary committee. I'd make life-insurance companies buy space for me. I'd have movie close-ups showing a tooth in various stages after having been brushed in the wrong direction. I'd defy an opposition congressman to open his mouth. He wouldn't dare, because if he did the public would look in. A personal-liberty league might challenge me. If they did, I'd say they were bought up by the National Dentists' Union because of the fear that my movement would spoil the filling-and-pulling business. I'd accuse 'em. I would show they were against the church and religion and progress. I'd have the legislation passed. If people did not brush their teeth from left to right I'd have the law on 'em. I'd see 'em brushing their teeth and I'd say, "I made 'em do that! Me! I'm a benefactor, I am! I'm benevolent, I am! And I've had my way and made 'em do it whether they wanted to or not! I've got their conscience and their free will. I'm a lover of mankind. My name is in the papers. I'm a crusader. I'm a divine agent." That's what I'd be able to say—all because of goose stuffing.

Rough Work and Smooth

The fact is that even when the job is not a paid job, there is a certain fascination about forcing one's own will on others. It is a lovely sensation—especially when one's own name gets into print so often. There is a great thrill in being for something. The easiest horse to ride into the limelight is a cause. It costs nothing; the geese pay the bills, and it is the stuffer and not the stuffed who gets all the credit.

Now we have come to the point where foreigners are beginning to take cognizance of our goose-stuffing business. American opinion has begun to have value for statesmen and governments abroad. They had already begun to pull and haul on it just before the war involved us. Those were the primary-school days. They were the days of Dernburg and the imperial German propaganda. Both of them stuck up like sore thumbs.

The attempts of those days were about as awkward as an attempt to hide the bass drum under the doormat. Today all this rough work has gone.

I do not say that foreign governments have actually instituted Ministries of American Opinion, but it would be foolish to deny that no end of thought is given these days to methods that will put the ring into the nose of our thinking or shake the oats to the quart measure over the top rail of our pasture fence.

It is our duty to watch the cable situation. It ought to be watched, if for no other reason than because in our commercial dealings abroad with one nation the control of cables by another nation gives the latter an immense amount of knowledge about what our business men are doing and what prices they are quoting and the opportunities they have discovered. But there is also the reason that cables often determine the control of an international political situation. Give me the control of cables, and by untangling codes and by delaying messages, even for an hour or two here and there, I can raise the very deuce with the aims and programs of my opponents. Furthermore—and by no means the least important—I could do a great deal by the control of cable services to affect the news that is fed tomorrow morning to the people of the United States. Often, as I have pointed out, the power of the first assertion can never be overcome. Therefore by merely reversing the order of two news stories I may be able to insure that one will travel so fast that the other, which denies its truth, will never catch up with it. I do not mean to direct suspicion at any nation; particularly I wish to avoid suggesting that the one nation which controls more cable and more message-sending to and from America than any others in the world misuses this control. I do assert that, in case of a change of scruples, it

(Continued on Page 68)

The Phaeton, $1395 f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra

How the Chrysler Six Establishes New Ideals of Ease and Stability

Riding ease and roadability based on gross tonnage, extreme wheel base and generous springs, are costly and inconvenient luxuries.

By going back to fundamentals, Chrysler engineers have literally obsoleted previous ideals of motor car solidity and riding comfort.

The overall length of the Chrysler Six is 160 inches. It conveniently adapts itself to the ordinary city parking space.

Yet it provides generous room for five large adults. And better still, it rides so smoothly that you can drive in comfort at speeds up to 60 miles an hour over a cobbled street or rutted road.

The Chrysler Six Phaeton weighs 2740 pounds, ready for the road.

Yet you can drive it 60—70 miles an hour without the usual clutching of the steering wheel, without sidesway and road weaving that ordinarily make speed a fearful thing.

It took three years for Chrysler engineers to work out all of the seven fundamentals of Chrysler riding ease and roadability.

They began by discarding the common foundations of comfort and solidity—heavy weight and great length.

They knew that the ideal car had to be light in weight for economy and easy handling.

They knew it had to combine roominess with compactness to afford easy parking.

But to be ideal, the new type of quality car must also ride as solidly as a two-ton car; it must take the bumps as easily as the ordinary Leviathans of the road.

The Chrysler Six not only does all that, but it goes 'way beyond. For one ride in the Chrysler will give you an entirely new conception of riding ease and stability.

First, Chrysler engineers brought the center of gravity lower than ever before.

They got weight closer to the road by scientific chassis layout.

Then they discarded the ordinary front axle and perfected a new, scientific Chrome-Molybdenum tubular axle.

The Chrysler front axle has 34 per cent greater rigidity, or static strength, than an I-beam axle of the same weight. It has over five times the resistance to horizontal strains in a fore and aft direction. Its resistance to torsion, or twisting, strain is 138 per cent greater.

The greater rigidity of this wonderful new axle keeps the tremors of road jolts out of the steering gear. This makes steering infinitely easier; riding infinitely smoother.

The next step was to distribute the weight of the car to keep the whole chassis in perfect balance at even highest speeds. That cut out most of the ordinary road weaving.

Then a new type of spring mounting was devised.

Chrysler Six springs are mounted close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels. That eliminates sidesway. You can actually drive the Chrysler around turns at 50 miles an hour.

To make the riding ease just as exceptional, the springs themselves were scientifically balanced—thin vanadium leaves of precisely the right length and number to cradle you over a bump that usually hurls you out of the seat.

The great spring companies say that Chrysler has accomplished the perfected spring action they have been seeking for years.

In addition, all these features of comfort are supplemented by tires of extraordinary size.

The result of these engineering advances is that the Chrysler Six flattens down to the road like a greyhound after a rabbit, and runs steadily as an express train on its rails.

If you happen to hit an ordinary road bump or rut when you're going 45 in your Chrysler, you never think of slowing down. You don't have to with a car that rides like the Chrysler.

To these epochal improvements, Chrysler has added two others—

Pivotal steering, with ball thrust bearings on the king pins, so there is no more strain handling your Chrysler at 65 or 70 than at 30 or 35.

Chrysler-Lockheed four-wheel brakes, with perfect hydraulic equalization, so that your Chrysler is always under control.

Test the Chrysler Six for yourself. Then you'll understand why this already famous quality light six is literally revolutionizing modern car design.

Touring Car, $1335; Phaeton, $1395; Roadster, $1525; Sedan, $1625; Brougham, $1795; Imperial, $1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled, Cris'-ler

ARATEX SEMI-SOFT COLLARS

THEY are soft, smooth and flexible. They will not wilt, shrink or crack. Being pre-shrunk and banded, they fit perfectly and do not sag, break down or gape open in front and the points are true and even *35c each, 3 for* $1.00

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF

ARROW COLLARS

Continued from Page 66

would be possible, and no American can afford to overlook that possibility.

With the increase in value of American public opinion, it is natural enough that governments abroad which find means to control their press in a manner rather shocking to the American mind should consider the possibility of putting a little goose stuffing over our three-mile limit. Some governments abroad have controlled their national news agencies. They are not so free as agencies of our own.

Once upon a time a representative of one of these foreign agencies endeavored to sell me, in behalf of interests I represented, the services of this agency at so much a month. These services were said to be the furnishing of certain advance-bulletin advices, and also investigations and reports. The sum charged appeared to me quite out of proportion. I said so. The representative lowered his voice.

He said, "Ah, but we can also receive news from you. If there is certain material you desire published we can send it out for you!"

"Anything?" I asked.

"Ah," said he, "anything unless one of the ministries of the government should not like it."

Of course, governments used to making public opinion in this way are irritated when the same method may not be used in the United States.

Let them not despair; there still remain other methods. I am bound to say that were I prime minister of a foreign country in these days, when public opinion in America has taken on a value for which there is likely to be an ever-increasing competition, I would give heed to what may be done. If that is true, it behooves us, Americans, to give heed also.

One of the first things to be done by a foreign country is to educate its own nationals who have emigrated to the United States. We used to be shocked at the idea that the Germans in the United States were being rounded up to use their voting power and to spread propaganda. But since the war other nations have far outdone the Germans in stirring their nationals in the so-called foreign colonies to keep strongly hyphenated. It is natural and proper that diplomatic officers and other foreign officials should visit their own racial groups. It is natural enough that sentiment for the land of origin should be stirred.

But it is rather dangerous business when anything is done by foreign nations to whip their sons into a solid front either to make a showing at the polls or to create a patriotic grouping stronger than the grouping of these adopted sons around the American flag.

Safety In Diversity

I realize that the temptation is great. I realize that if America ever should become involved in European politics, it would be impossible to prevent one nation abroad which desired our partisanship from competing with its opponents in the business of enlisting the help of its own nationals in America. Indeed, this is one reason why it pays us to stay out of European controversies.

Having attended to its own nationals in America, a foreign country which desired to put some goose stuffing into us would probably turn to a diversity of methods. Once upon a time, in the old days, it would have considered the control of certain newspapers, the establishment of propaganda bureaus, the distribution of literature. Those were the old tools, and they all had—and have now—a kick-back. The control of the newspaper, if discovered, discredits the whole case; a foreign nation coming out of our closet with its mouth and fingers covered with jam cuts a silly figure. Propaganda bureaus do more harm by their existence than good by their activities; they may be active batteries, but they also make excellent targets. As for the old-fashioned literature—books, pamphlets and posters—the American is prone to throw them all into the wastebasket.

Nowadays there is virtue in mere diversity of method. Diversity prevents the appearance of a campaign. Diversity creates and fosters more delicacy of touch. If a foreign government wants something printed in America, it no longer pays for the printing; today the premier of that country goes to parliament or a county fair, and in an impassioned speech carried by all the wires—perhaps even listened to by radio—flatters us, scolds us or wheedles us; but above all, if he is successful, he interests us.

Then there is the tragic fact that many of our newspapers do not send Americans abroad as correspondents, but, because it is cheaper, hire correspondents of other nations. For instance, only a careful survey would disclose the great number of British nationals who are feeding our own journals from places in Europe. It is not necessary in the cases of French, Swiss, British, German or Italian correspondents of American papers that they should corrupt our supply of news. They would not be human if they did not have their own national leanings, and it would be a miracle if European politicians failed to play upon these leanings.

If the Tables Were Turned

One of the points of new attack is through our financial houses that have become associated with past or prospective foreign loans, or with the financing of investments abroad. Foreign governments have learned that these agencies make excellent propaganda bureaus because of self-interest.

Finally, in the main, the printed word has been replaced by the spoken word. The laborite who comes to visit and report upon our labor-union methods may, before he sails, have had a long conference with the premier as to affecting American opinion on the Ruhr question; or the pretty young duchess who comes with letters of introduction to the best families in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago, and who talks so appealingly to Senator Blobbs at the dinner party, may have a more or less informal commission from her government. It is more delicately done in these days than in the olden time of ten years ago.

Except the European statesman on tour in the United States! There is nothing delicate about these tours. The great attraction furnished is the exhibition of the Man Who. If his speech were printed hardly any of us would read it. We go to the armory or opera house or hippodrome to see the man. After he has got us there he proceeds to advise us what to do. He gives us tips on running America. He criticizes our style. He questions our good sense or moral fiber. He tells us how powerful we are, how good, how glorious. It is real goose stuffing.

But if one lights a pipe after the evening is over and puts the feet up on the fender and begins to think, it is probable that these questions will come into the mind:

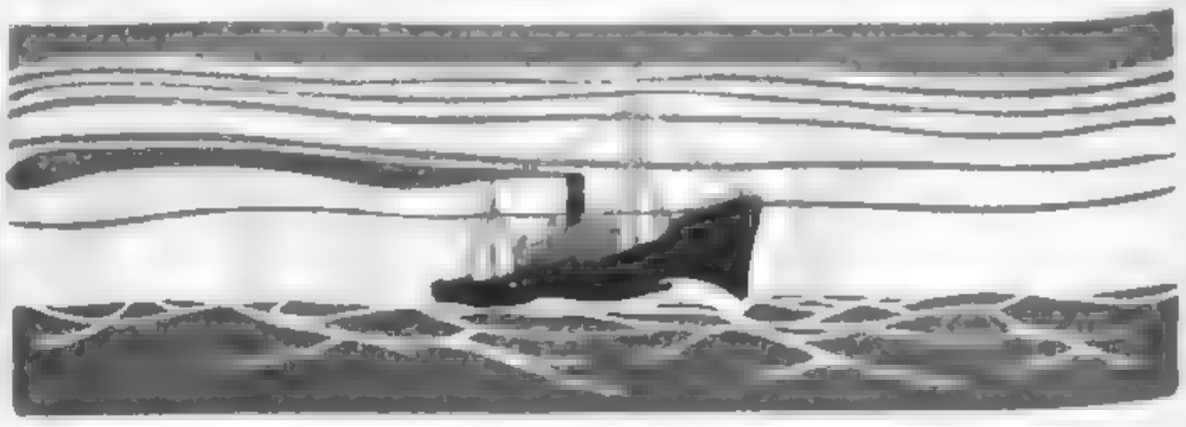
"What would happen if Senator Johnson went touring around England making speeches advising the British Government as to its foreign policy?

"What would the French say if McAdoo turned up in France on a tour of advice about the Ruhr and reparations?

"Wouldn't they show them the list of steamship sailings?"

We do not. We let them come and go at their own will. And it is probably a good thing. It shows that we are not so much afraid of propaganda after all. It indicates a curious sixth sense in us. Let radio bark, the movie flash, the printing presses hum and the orator roar. The world is giving us goose stuffing aplenty, but——

We know it!



Let Sanity Prevail

This advertisement was written because we know that the American people have not lost the power to think for themselves

People in the mass are like a handful of confetti, and this is the day of the advertising man's carnival—Mental Mardi Gras!...*Such tooting of horns! Such clashing! Such deafening clamor and ballyhoo!*..."*Any car without four-wheel brakes is* Obsolete!"...*"Any car with four-wheel brakes is a death trap!"*..."*We build them like a picket fence—all in a row!*"..."*Wrong! We build them like Paul Poiret makes gowns—"V" shape!*"..."*Every year we build the* Ultimate!"..."*Last year, we were wrong. This year, we are different. Therefore, this year, we are* Right!"...*And so it goes, till our ears crack, and our heads split*—And Nobody Knows Anything About Automobiles.

WHEN you burn out a main bearing 100 miles from town, the advertising hypnotist whose copy sold you the wrong car can scarcely be expected to crawl out of a warm bed and *tow you back home*.

To an appalling degree, automobile exploitation has degenerated into a mere rhetorical contest.

The only limitations on what an automobile manufacturer can claim are apparently the imagination of the copy writer and the size of the dictionary.

A manufacturer, whose car sells for less than $2,000, says, "The standards of yesterday fade by comparison."

Another in the $1,500 class claims "the most outstanding values in the world."

In the face of this country-wide orgy of sloganeering, of competitive claims and counter-claims, obviously there is nothing left for the prospective buyer of an automobile to do but fall back *on his own judgment*, and on his own *personal knowledge*.

In our saner moments we all *know* that there is no such thing as the world's best automobile just as there is no such thing as the world's best cake of soap or the world's best anything.

For example, a good automobile is a good automobile whether it has four-wheel brakes or forty.

Why becloud the main issue, which, of course, is comparative intrinsic motor car value, by arguing over brakes—as if the only function of the motor car is *to stop*.

Incidental features of this sort should be held down to their proportionate importance.

Neither four-wheel brakes nor the lack of them makes a motor car. Marmon four-wheel brakes are unusually simple and good, but you can take them or leave them and still have a perfectly satisfactory automobile.

The value of an automobile *must be* based on the particular degree to which it meets the individual need of its particular owner.

No thinking manufacturer will claim that, regardless of what you want an automobile *for*, you ought to buy his car.

Many people want mere transportation. The Marmon car, for example, is *far more* than mere transportation. We would be the first to admit that there are many excellent, smaller, lower-priced cars that, within a limited traveling radius, will answer the need of mere transportation just as well as a Marmon.

We are looking only for the type of men and women who need and want the distinctive type of performance which the Marmon car alone has to offer. A Marmon car does certain definite things in a certain definite, unmistakable way.

If you will tell us exactly what you need in an automobile, we will tell you frankly and instantly whether or not you belong in a Marmon.

A better way might be for us to tell you what the Marmon car is like, and then let you make the decision.

On second thought, the most satisfactory way would of course be for the Marmon car *itself* to *show* you what it is.

We suggest, therefore, that you drive a Marmon for ten miles, for fifty miles, or for any reasonable distance.

Remember what the best car you have ever driven feels like, and acts like; then compare the feel and performance of the *Marmon* with the feel and performance of that best, favorite car of yours.

Forget absolutely what the Marmon costs.

Forget whether it has six cylinders or sixty.

Forget whether its cylinders are set at ninety degrees, sixty degrees, all in a row or on top of each other.

Consider *nothing but results*.

Forget all we have said about Marmon, and wipe out for the time being all that anybody has ever said about any automobile.

When you get back from this ride, climb into your old, fine, favorite car again—the car which up until now you have considered the best that any automobile can be

—and *see the difference*.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY, *Established 1851*, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

MARMON

MARMON

FISK
CORD TIRES

Paying *Less* for Quality

The unknown untried tire—the one usually offered as a *great buy*—may look good when it is new. But the real cost of any tire can only be figured by the mileage—comfort and security you *get out* of it.

Experience proves that Fisk quality, actually costs less—because it delivers more than you have learned to expect.

When it's time to Re-tire—get a Fisk.

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

INTERLOCUTORY

Continued from Page 17

"I have to go downstairs now," she explained, "and get the odds from my commissioner. I think Tombola is worth a little bet, though the track is rather heavy. I'll ask Larry Wagstaff if I see him. Of course, it's stupid to bet on a jumping race——"

Mrs. Wayland went down the steps, her heavy, strangely corseted figure conspicuous in the smart throng, nodding to everyone, scavenging tips from the mighty.

Judith Pendarvis didn't feel like trailing within range of the sort of snub she'd been meeting. She sat at her table in the bright August sunlight above the quite lovely spectacle of lawn and fountains and race course, and she felt gibbeted. She wondered if Mrs. Wayland, to whom innumerable boxes were open, would return.

"Say, I beg your pardon, but aren't you Mrs. Pendarvis?"

Judith turned a face actually radiant at hearing a friendly word. It was some young man with whose face she had an unpleasant association.

"Oh! Mr. Gigsby!"

"Yeah. Maybe I didn't get kidded about having driven you away from the Pueffers' party."

"I'm sorry you had to suffer for my nerves. I assure you you were innocent."

"I'm finishing up my vacation here, playing the ponies. You don't know any news going around that would be a good excuse with the office for staying over a day or two, do you?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"You're staying at the States, aren't you? I thought I recognized your back at breakfast."

Until he had gone, Judith didn't realize how much she had hoped, when she heard his voice, that it was Joe Hawksworth being facetious. She'd seen Joe in the distance, plying among the grandees with his satisfied small mouth, and the great box of chocolates he had carried ever since some doctor his mother subsidized gave him a talk, illustrated with Turneresque charts, on the subject of what alcohol was doing to his stomach. Joe would have solved everything; but, of course, he must be at the heart of any cabal against her. He was Stan's best friend, next to Larry. Stan was sharing a cottage with the pair of them.

Mrs. Wayland was back.

"I've been making inquiries," she announced, and a grateful lump came into Judith's throat.

"What did you find out?"

"Well, I've placed just a little bet on Tombola, just for luck. Why don't you, my dear? I think it would make you feel so much gayer."

"I don't feel gay at all."

Mrs. Wayland sighed again.

"How much time have you left?"

"The thing becomes final tomorrow night at twelve o'clock."

"That's frightfully soon, isn't it? I thought that we might go to one of the gaming places and possibly run into him; but I'm dining at Pelham Rogers' tonight, and so's Larry Wagstaff, and I presume Stan is too. And tomorrow night there's that bazaar I promised to help. Oh, it's too wicked! There come the horses now. Isn't Tombola a beauty? Larry said she's bound to win if her poor knee doesn't go back on her. Six is magnificent, though—Gilded Lily. I remember her sire, Gilt Edge. Now, my dear, that's a good chance. Why don't you play her?"

Judith thought the great chalk white and walnut dining room at the States was more cheerful than her bedroom.

"Mrs. Pendarvis!"

This time it was Rospiglini.

"How d'you do, mon prince?"

The disreputable old thing was apparently glad to see her too.

"You have been here long?" he asked.

"Just three days; and you?"

"I have arrive this morning."

Prince Rospiglini always referred to his own activities in a pompous, expository vein.

"You are staying in the hotel?"

"I know no one here." He paused. "You have a large acquaintance, isn't it?"

He thought she'd get him some invitations. That was why he was so pleased. It had often proved a disadvantage to Rospiglini that he was always inadvertently giving people a peep at his cards, and his cards were almost always at least smudgy. She supposed he was starting another of his eternal matrimonial campaigns.

"Not a person," said Judith.

"But madame's husband is here."

"We're divorcing."

Rospiglini felt the curtness.

"That is interesting," he commented. "I would join you, but I have my own table."

It began to rain. In the drawing-room across the hall the orchestra keened Carrie Jacobs' Bond. The music did something to Judith Pendarvis. She wished brokenly that it were midnight tomorrow and she a divorcée. She had the kind of mind which always believes it can do something to avert a catastrophe, and it was frightful for her nerves, because in this case there wasn't anything to do.

If she were only at Pelham Rogers' party! How strange it was to wish that, when a few months before she'd been so intensely bored with parties of the sort. She knew perfectly well what it would be like. The Spa News had given a list of the guests. There would be Larry Wagstaff, brown and abrupt; Joe Hawksworth, with the shrill questions which were his only form of conversation; blue-eyed Lou Marshall, a girl all splendid health and abundant enjoyment; handsome Mrs. Langdon, whom they called Colonel Langdon because that had been her rank in the war and she was that sort anyway; Mrs. Wayland, talking like a dope sheet; and Stan, unlike the rest, standing apart with his amused look, saying short, distinguished things.

"Which," Mrs. Pendarvis asked of the taxi starter, "of those drivers has the most nerve?"

Mrs. Pendarvis had changed her gown. She was dressed with the rather sensational simplicity she knew most appealed to Stan Pendarvis, in a honey-colored *robe de style Empire*. About her neck was the curious parure of topaz she and Stan had found in the shop at Blois. Her hair was done in the Empire version of a pure Greek coiffure, a thousand little gilt curls. Around her she held a thread-lace shawl that looked as though she might have found it on some morning lawn woven over the dew.

"Why?" asked the man. "Because he's the one you don't want? I'll see that you get a careful driver, lady."

"I want a plucky one," Mrs. Pendarvis repeated, "and I want to speak to him inside before we start."

"That Dumphy's a crazy kid." He blew his whistle. "C'm here, Bert."

The Dumphy kid had a jaunty nose and strawberry-blond hair. Mrs. Pendarvis interviewed him in a little writing room.

"How much will you charge to turn over your car?"

"You mean let you run it?"

"No, I mean turn it over in a ditch at a place I'll show you——"

"How much is it wort' to you?"

"Two hundred dollars, besides whatever repairing may be necessary."

"Make it two-fifty——"

"All right, here's fifty now. You'll get the rest in the morning if you'll ask at the desk for an envelope Mrs. Pendarvis left for you."

"Is it for a picher?"

"No, a private performance."

"When do we start?"

"This minute."

The Dumphy car was really a miserable affair. Judith tapped on the front window with her small gold-filigreed fan. Bert Dumphy lowered it.

"Now don't expect," she warned him, "to have a special body by Durbier grafted on at my expense."

"I won't, lady. Just as is, that's all. Out by the Rogers place you said?"

It was chillier than Judith had thought, or perhaps she was only shivery from nerves.

Pelham's brilliantly lighted windows shone through the drizzle about two hundred feet back from the road. A private avenue of spindly elms led to his door.

"Don't turn in," Judith directed; "any place here will do."

The boy indicated a spot where the ditch was rather deep.

"How about this?"

"Fine!"

He stopped.

"Well, turn it over," she told him.

"You get out."

(Continued on Page 73)

John N. Willys Was an Automobile Dealer Himself

He sold automobiles long before he built them. He found out by actual contact with the public what people most desire in motor cars. He found out exactly the kind of support and co-operation motor car dealers need, and should have, from the manufacturer.

John N. Willys is, as everybody knows, president of the great $100,000,000 Willys-Overland organization. The purpose of this message is to spread far and wide a genuine piece of good news for all men who are waiting for the best possible opportunity to go into business for themselves. This is their opportunity.

Here is the Story

THE great success of Willys-Overland—the unparalleled public demand for the new Overland and Willys-Knight motor cars—has created a need for additional Willys-Overland merchants in many parts of the country. A need that gives scores of wide-awake men the opportunity of a lifetime to be independent and prosperous.

In 1923 Willys-Overland rounded out its fifteenth year in business with the *greatest selling gains in the entire automobile industry.* Motor car sales for the whole industry showed a gain of approximately 60 per cent. *Willys-Overland sales leaped ahead 106 per cent!* And this present year shows every earmark of being an even greater Willys-Overland year.

Tie In With Success

THE market is right—*and ripe.* Willys-Overland merchandise is right—the greatest Overland and Willys-Knight models ever built. Cars that richly earn and deserve their leadership strictly on the basis of greater value. Cars that sell faster and stay sold longer because they offer more actual beauty, comfort, power and economy per inch of size, and per dollar of cost! Cars that have literally taken America off its feet!

The new Willys-Overland merchants we seek must be a credit to these cars. They must be men who can look their neighbors square in the eye. Men who think straight, talk straight and act straight. Men who are honest as the day is long. Men whose heads won't be turned by success.

Take Your Own Measure

PERHAPS you are one of the men we want in our larger dealer family. You need but a small amount of capital. You don't even have to be in the automobile business at the present time if your heart is in the right place. All you need is a burning desire to get ahead in life, a fund of energy and enough money to get started in a modest way.

We help you. The Willys-Overland franchise is called the most liberal dealer agreement ever written. It helps in a hundred ways by not making things hard in any way. Among the benefits of this franchise is the generous assistance offered to you under the Willys-Overland finance plan. Willys-Overland believes in giving its dealers all help possible, for after all, its dealers are active partners in its success

Other Big Advantages

WE believe we have more to offer retail automobile merchants than any other manufacturer in the industry. Besides cars of utmost salability and a franchise of utmost liberality, Willys-Overland backs up its merchants and its merchandise to the very hilt. With powerful advertising in the national magazines, farm publications, newspapers and outdoor mediums—telling the story of Overland and Willys-Knight superiorities to millions and millions of buyers.

Then there is the great advantage of covering the widest market a dealer can cover under one franchise. 90 per cent of all cars sold in America sell for less than $2000. Beginning with the Overland Chassis at $395 and graduating up to the big, luxurious 7-passenger Willys-Knight Sedan at $1995, Willys-Overland covers this richest of all fields like a blanket. Cars for everybody at prices everybody can afford

Profits

WILLYS-OVERLAND merchants are more successful because they sell more cars with less effort—and because *the cars are so well-built they require but a minimum of attention and service.* The cars are marvels of endurance

Then, too, Overland and Willys-Knight get far more than the usual repeat business. Because of the wide price range you enjoy a wider range of patronage. Overland owners graduate into Willys-Knight owners. Fewer prospects go elsewhere. Satisfaction brings them back for their second, third or fourth Overland or Willys-Knight. Therefore your business grows and grows.

This automobile business is a wonderful business. Statistics show that the percentage of success per dollar invested is greater among automobile dealers than among merchants of any other class. It's a business that keeps you young with the very pleasure there is in it!

If there are no Willys-Overland vacancies in your community, don't worry. If you are sincere and well qualified we will *find a place for you* as near home as possible.

To get a better idea of how really successful Willys-Overland merchants are—both veterans and newcomers—sign and mail the coupon for a free copy of the "Book of Evidence." Or write or wire for the complete Willys-Overland story as it might apply to you in your vicinity.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Willys-Overland, Inc.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Send me the book, "Evidence," which tells in the words of dealers themselves how successful they are under the liberal Willys-Overland franchise.

Name _____

Address _____

Long service proves Asbestos the cheapest of all roofings

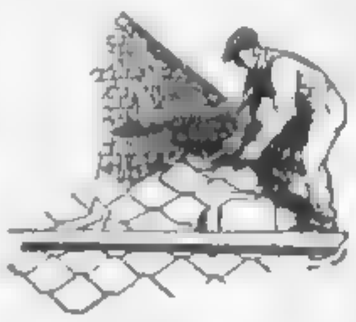
ROOFING ECONOMY is determined not by how much it costs—*but how long it lasts.*

A roofing that will last three times as long as another is easily worth twice as much—but fortunately you don't have to pay even that much.

You can buy Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing at a price only slightly greater than the initial cost of average roofings but you get asbestos.

Think what this means. It means weather resistance—twelve months a year! It means fire-safety! It means *permanence!* You pay a little more to have your roofing made from indestructible asbestos, but you get this back every year, as Asbestos Roofing gives unfailing service with little or no expense for repairs.

If you buy roofing because of a cheap initial price you'll soon decide after paying repair bills that you have made a costly mistake.



Lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof at a great saving. Picture shows the Hexagonal Method.

So, in buying roofing for ultimate economy, get the facts about the price and permanence of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing from the Johns-Manville dealer near you.

If you don't know who he is—write to us and we'll tell you immediately.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Incorporated
294 Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 67 Large Cities
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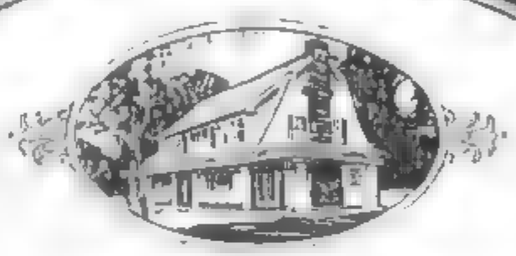
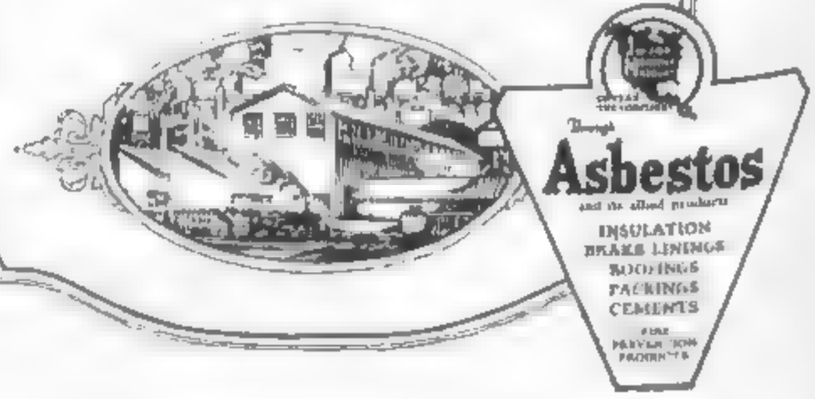


What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red, green or blue-black
Dwellings $6,000-$7,000	Slate surfaced asbestos shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red, green or blue-black Standard (rigid) shingles—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000-$15,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or Colorblende (rigid)—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $15,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—flexstone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Asbestos Protected Metal
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

**Note*—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofing

(Continued from Page 70)

"I will not. You're going to stay in, aren't you?"

"There's more glass back there. You get out or I won't do it."

Mrs. Pendarvis descended into the downpour, thanking God that her hair was naturally curly.

"Do it gently now," she admonished the boy. "I'll never forgive myself if you're hurt."

"Yeah. Break your neck nice, Bertie."

He backed the car a few yards, then made for the ditch.

Two wheels went down, the body canted. Mrs. Pendarvis saw the boy jerk his shoulder as though he were trying to urge it over. It went, slowly at first, then with an alarming crash.

"Are you all right?" Judith called.

The boy didn't answer. She went to the car and leaned on the mud guard, peering over.

"Boy!" she said.

He didn't respond to her hand on his arm. The windshield was broken and there was certainly blood. It looked as though the wheel were crushing him.

"Are you hurt?" Judith screamed.

Then, when he didn't answer, she ran. She had torn the thread-lace shawl, her hair was drenched, the yellow dress clung to her indecently. She sped past the enormous window of the great hall where they were all sitting and rang the bell at the entrance imperiously. A butler appeared.

"My car's turned over." Excitement gave her voice a ringing quality. "I'm afraid the chauffeur's killed. Will you go, please?"

"Yes, madame."

The butler plunged out past her, calling "Here you, Clifford!" to someone evidently on a porch around the corner.

"Who is it?" Pelham Rogers' voice demanded.

He came into the entrance hall with his muddling sober walk—a precipitous, lounging walk—with lowered head. When he walked that way he always reminded Judith of schoolbook pictures of the South American anteater.

"My car's turned over, Pelham. I'm afraid the boy's killed."

"Judy!"

The door behind him was crowded; Larry and Joe, Mrs. Wayland, Lou Marshall, Mrs. Langdon ——

For a terrible instant Judith thought Stan Pendarvis wasn't there. When she caught sight of him behind the others, she was so upset she could only repeat herself.

"My car turned over. I'm afraid the boy's hurt. The butler may need help; could some of you ——"

Stan went, with Joe and Larry.

Pelham said, "Got something to do first," and plunged out of the room, leaving her to the women.

Mrs. Wayland said, "But, my dear, how about you—you're all right?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly."

Mrs. Langdon put her hand on Judith's dress.

"What do you say that for, Judy? You're in the deuce of a way."

It occurred to Judith, while she protested that she was only wet and a little shaken, that Mrs. Langdon wore her pearl dog collar as though it were a stock. One wouldn't have been surprised to see a horseshoe scarfpin thrust in the front.

"Come on in here," Lou Marshall said, leading the way into the big room.

The sound of a suggestion from anyone else was perfectly unendurable to Mrs. Langdon, she immediately took the affair into her own hands and began issuing orders.

"Stand over here, Judy. We'll light the fire. You light it, Bess. See that the draft is open first, though. Lord, don't you know any more about lighting a fire than that? Give me the match."

Judith had been quite right in thinking that a little melodrama would make them forget their preconcerted attitude toward her, particularly after one of Pelham's dinners.

"I never saw anyone so drenched," Lou Marshall said, as though it were something to be very enthusiastic and amused about. "Don't you want to take off your dress? I've got a great angry Spanish shawl you can wind around you."

"Will you keep out of this?" Mrs. Langdon bullied her. "Where's Pel gone?"

"Where did you think?" Pelham asked. He had lounged into the room with an enormous cocktail in unc rtain hands.

"Drink her down, Judy.

"See if that isn't the angriest mixture you ever tasted," Lou Marshall irradiated.

"Now," said Colonel Langdon, "where's the nearest bathroom? She needs a hot bath."

"Right." Pelham turned himself. "I'll tell one of the maids."

"Maid, nothing! I'll see that the tub is as it should be."

"Oh, there's no need," Judith protested, but they were off.

"Is there anything I can do, my dear?" Mrs. Wayland asked meaningly.

"Later, get the others away for a moment if I give you a sign," Judith murmured.

"Here's the rescue party," Lou Marshall said.

They were dripping.

"Tell me about the boy," Judith called.

"Just the wind knocked out of him—nothing at all," Larry Wagstaff called back from the door; then very rudely went to the other end of the room.

Joe Hawksworth joined the group at the fire. His mother had always been so insistent about his not catching cold. Stan hesitated, then followed Larry. Joe Hawksworth examined Judith with his pale eyes. She could feel him formulating questions.

"Where in the world were you going?" he began.

Mrs. Wayland, hearing, began to fumble her long rope of pearls, for whose virtue even their maker could find no kinder term than that they were indestructible.

"I was on my way," Judith said calmly, "to meet Rospiglini at one of the gaming places. He was coming to get me, but his car broke down or something. He explained it, I suppose adequately, over the telephone; but you know his dialect."

"Rospiglini? I didn't know he was here. Did you know he was here, Lou?"

"My dear, it leaves me cold. I can't bear Italians. No one but the United States Government has so much curiosity about one's income."

"Gad, what a night!" Joe Hawksworth's tight little mouth made a great matter of it as he patted his wet lapels.

"And those others," Judith said. "They're just as wet as you. Larry Wagstaff and Stan Pendarvis, there's no reason why you should catch pneumonia. Please come here."

They came. Stan, slender and courteous, Larry steering to a spot as far from Judith as possible.

"How are you, Judith?" Stan asked.

"I feel a little diluted," she answered, and she just glanced at Mrs. Wayland, but very pleadingly.

Mrs. Wayland almost jumped.

"Why shouldn't we get back to our bridge?" she suggested briskly to Larry and Joe and Lou Marshall. "I'm mad to finish my hand; it's a perfect problem."

"Let's," said Lou. "if Joe can trust his lungs away from that angry old fire."

"Joe can take his coat off," Mrs. Wayland urged; "we've all seen braces before. And Larry can move the table up here close, or I will if Larry's too wet."

Judith and Stan were isolated momentarily. "Do finish this cocktail for me if you can without being noticed," Judith said; "you know how they scorch my throat."

It made him stand facing her, back to the room.

"You've heard that I'm not marrying Jim Farley?"

"Rumors to that effect."

"But not the reason, I imagine. You'll be amused. I heard him boasting about you."

"No!"

"It was humiliating to feel that his desire to have you as a husband once removed accounted for part of that elemental passion."

"In any case, I doubted whether you'd like the rôle of mate woman."

"Stan, you make me shudder!"

Pelham Rogers thrust his head between them.

"Come on and bathe," he commanded; then, noticing that it was Stan she was talking with, he grinned. "Hope I don't intrude."

"I made him come over," Judith explained. "He was so wet."

"Hygienic, though divorced," Pelham said, turning himself. "Come on."

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Judith lingered.

"Not quite divorced," she said; and looking at Stan, she did something to her brown eyes—opened deeper depths in them.

Stan looked back, his curious gimlet look, and if she could have had just another moment ——

"Speed there," Pelham pulled her. "Langdon'll lick you if you keep her waiting."

Pelham's quarters were off the living room. Beyond the bedchamber was a gorgeous bathroom with a sunken tub and a glowing electric heater set in the wall.

"Get off your things," Mrs. Langdon commanded.

"I'll dry them. I wouldn't wear that shawl of Lou Marshall's all covered with her rotten perfumes, but there it is on the bed if you want it."

Judith didn't bother, but stripped off what she had on and stepped into the tub.

"Lord, you're beautiful!" Mrs. Langdon remarked, and went out with the dripping armful, closing the door behind her.

Judith soaked, wondering what next, when a man's voice said, "Judy?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Oughtn't we to telephone Rospiglini?"

"No, don't bother."

"Won't he be worried? Where were you going to meet him?"

"I don't know the name of the place."

"What did you tell the driver?"

"I just said the gaming house near the lake. Don't worry about Rosi, and if you need to communicate with me again send one of the women."

"Sorry."

Judith got out of the tub and turned the key before she began drying herself. Then suddenly she had another inspiration. She looked about the bathroom for a weapon and found a wooden soap bowl. With it she gave a sharp blow to the key, which bent with a queer snap. Then she beat on the door as though her blow had been the first of a series of knocks.

"What is it, my dear?" Mrs. Wayland gasped, outside.

"I've locked myself in, in some way, and can't get out."

"My dear!"

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, I was dummy."

"Suggest that it's more decent to have Stan break in the door than anyone else."

"My dear! You're too clever!"

Mrs. Langdon came, however, convinced that she could break in a door as well as any man.

As she battered, Judith prayed and crossed her fingers, like the pagan with an early religious training that she was. The combination proved effective.

"I guess I'll have to get your—Stan," Mrs. Langdon admitted at last.

"Out of the way of the door, Judy," Stan called; "I'm going to do that running jump."

He had done it once in Neuilly when she lost the key to her linen closet. Probably that, lying in the bottom of her mind, had suggested the idea.

She heard his quick steps, then his heels struck in the neighborhood of the lock. The door shook. Judith found she was trembling.

"Once again ought to do it," Stan called.

Judith draped her towel about her, the steps beat hurriedly, then the door banged open.

Judith didn't waste a moment.

"I was such a rotter, Stan. I've been so sorry. Will you let me come back?"

His eyes and hers again.

"My God, yes!" he said.

"I suppose we'd better not tell them now. It would be a little sensational."

"Where are you staying?"

"At the States. When will you come?"

"The minute this breaks up. Two o'clock at the latest."

"Room Five Hundred and ——" Judith began, when she heard in the next room a blanched foreign voice, a voice that paralyzed all her emotions but agitation.

"Throw me Marie's shawl," she commanded, "and run."

Rospiglini was there. Judith twisted the shawl into a gown.

Rospiglini stood by the fire. He hadn't been long enough in the country to be used to a lot of people all speaking English together. He was grinning confusedly at what seemed to him a puzzling joke connecting him with the beautiful Mrs. Pendarvis.

"You found me," Judith said, swinging to him. "How astonishing of you!" Then, trusting to her swift Italian, "As your peasants say, *Voi m'avete chiappata in una bugia Siate gallante. Non mi tradete.*"

For an agonized moment she saw that he thought her words a part of the joke.

"My car," she hurried on, "was wrecked outside. Didn't they tell you? I had explained to them that we were meeting at one of the gaming places. They keep asking which one. The one by the lake is all I could explain. Do you know its real name?"

"I am so deafened by so much English. Speak to me in Italian."

By the time she had translated her monologue he had somewhat grasped the situation.

"That was all I knowed," he said.

Colonel Langdon stalked in with Judith's dress.

"Dry as a bone," she announced; "saw to them myself. I know these bachelor's maids."

Larry Wagstaff addressed Judith for the first time that evening.

"I thought you might be wanting to run on, Judy," he said, "so I have my car waiting for you. Any time you're ready."

"Don't run," Pelham protested, because it was physically impossible for him not to be a good host.

Judith smiled radiantly at Mr. Wagstaff.

"I presume bed is the best place for me," she said. "One can always rely on your gallantry, Larry."

When Stan and Larry and Joe got back to the rented cottage they shared, at about half after one, Stan made directly for his room.

Larry went out to the pantry for a drink and Joe followed him.

"What do you think?" Joe demanded. "Don't you think she just came to try to get him?"

"No," Larry answered, "I don't think so at all. I know it. The door of that car was closed. It wouldn't have been if someone had just jumped out and run to the house. She wasn't in when it turned over."

"Well, do you suppose he'll go back to her, Larry? Do you? I think he will, don't you?"

"He's a fool if he does. He ought to let the thing go through. He can remarry her in cold blood if he wants to."

"Are you going to say something? I'd like to say something, but I don't know what to say."

"Lord, no! I'll save my breath to cool my porridge. Look here, Joe, will you help me stop him if he really is planning something? He'll thank you for it afterwards."

"How do you mean, Larry?"

"Let's have a look at what he's doing upstairs."

At half after two Judith Pendarvis telephoned to Pelham Rogers' house.

"Mr. Rogers' residence," someone said.

"Who is this, please?"

"Mr. Rogers' butler."

"Is—Mr. Wagstaff there?" Somehow she couldn't ask directly for Stan.

"He's been gone some time."

"Mr. Pendarvis?"

"They left together, with Mr. Hawksworth."

"Telegram for them—sorry."

So Stan had gone with Joe and Larry to be argued with.

Judith appealed to Central again.

"Can you get me the cottage Mr. Wagstaff is occupying, please?"

"Hello!" It was Larry's voice.

"Larry, this is Judith Pendarvis. Is Stan there?"

Larry didn't answer for an instant, then he did glibly.

"No; I think he went to the hotel, Judy."

"Oh, that's all right; thanks."

There must be some stupid mistake about rooms. Judith waited ten minutes longer, then she changed from her negligée of pistache gaze de Chambery to a Rolande walking costume, with a tight hat, and armed herself with an amber-handled Tom Puce. She wouldn't awaken poor Hattie till she knew whether she would have to go from the hotel.

There was quite a crowd in the office. Judith went to the door man.

"Do you know Mr. Stanley Pendarvis by sight?"

"Yes, ma'am."

(Continued on Page 76)

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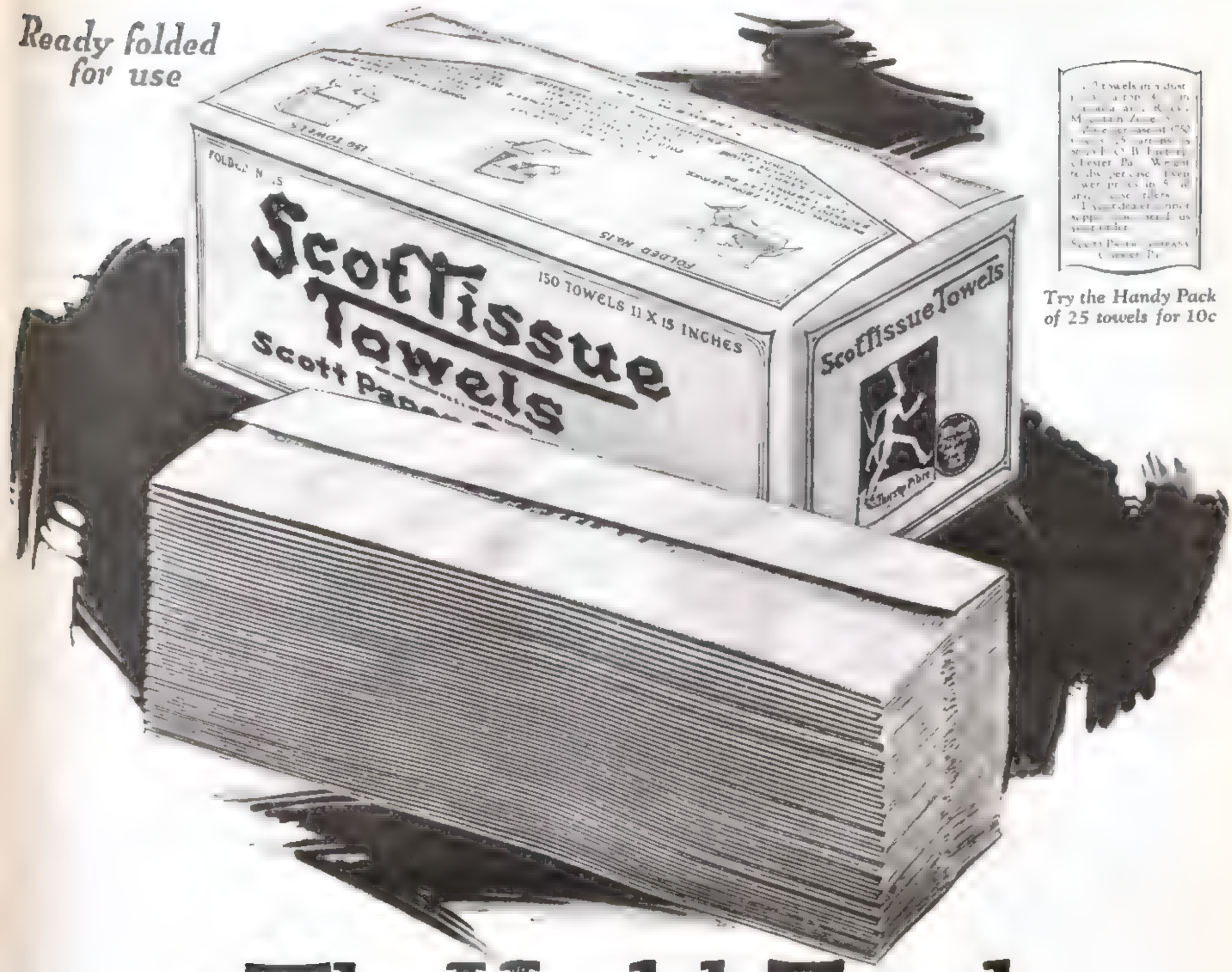

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(Continued from Page 74)

"Do you know whether he's been in the hotel this evening?"

"I ain't seen him, ma'am. He ain't staying here, you know."

Larry Wagstaff had undoubtedly deceived her. She'd remarked that liar's instant of hesitation. At that moment Mr. Gigsby came to her, smiling over his chested straw hat.

"Well, what are you doing around so late?" he asked with uncouth pleasantness.

"I I'm trying to think how I can get back my husband."

Mr. Gigsby laughed.

"I shouldn't think that would be hard for you."

"You see, he was supposed to come here tonight; but I imagine the two friends he lives with argued him out of the project. I suppose you wouldn't care to squire me on a reconnaissance."

It was amazing how something had burned away every restraint which would ordinarily have inhibited her.

"Sure I would," Mr. Gigsby said. "Where to?"

"Taxi? Want a taxi?"

A number of drivers assailed them on the dripping porch. Then one dominated the others.

"Hey, shut up! I know this lady. She wants me. Don't you, missis?"

It was Bert Dumphy.

"Heavens! Are you as all right as that?" Judith laughed. "Of course I want you."

"So's the old car," Bert told her. "Nothin' but the windshield gone. Where do you want to go to, missis?"

"This man's going to think I'm a gunwoman," Judith warned Mr. Gigsby.

"I don't ask no questions," Bert put her at her ease.

"Well, I want to go to the cottage Mr. Wagstaff and Mr. Hawksworth and Mr. Pendarvis have rented, and when you get there I want you to stop while we decide what's to be done next. Do you know where it is?"

"Sure!"

It was a small house with a big weeping birch overhanging the porch. There was a light in one room downstairs.

"Suppose we peek," Judith suggested to Mr. Gigsby. "I'd like to make sure before I do anything."

They tiptoed to the porch. The light was in a wide, deserted living room, a room with pictures of roistering monks—one she was sure Stan couldn't much like.

"Nobody there," Gigsby whispered.

The porch went halfway around the house, and they creaked their way between willow chairs and jardinières to the other side.

The window there showed only a dining room, dimly visible in the light from beyond. Judith, however, heard something. A discussion was in progress in some upper room, the voices indistinguishable except that a certain shrill note suggested Joe's questions. When they went down the steps, Bert Dumphy was waiting for them.

"There's a light in one of the windows upstairs. Do you want I should shinny up that old tree and skin around on the porch roof?"

"Do you think you could?"

"You bet! I ain't lived in this town for nothing."

He went up like a lineman. The tin roof creaked, was silent, creaked again. Then he was back at the tree and down.

"Gosh, what do you think? They got a guy tied to a chair up in that room."

"What kind of a man?"

"A slim-built, clean-shaven fella. Wagstaff and Hawksworth set there talking to him. There's a suitcase half unpacked, but I didn't see no bottles in it."

"What was the man they'd tied in the chair doing?"

"He looked mad, but he was kinda laughing. When I looked in that Wagstaff was just holding a cigarette for him to smoke."

"That explains it," Judith flamed to Mr. Gigsby. "Did you ever hear anything so outrageous? What are we going to do?"

"Telephone to the police and let them take the pair down to the jail house."

"Stan would be furious. He'd swear they weren't doing a thing."

"Do you wanta get the fella out that's tied up there?" Bert Dumphy demanded.

"That's just what I want."

"Well, I'll tell you how we can work it if this guy's got the guts." Bert looked at Mr. Gigsby. "Him and me can go up and ring the bell. One of the two'll come down. When he opens the door we'll both jump on him. We'll be all right if it's that sissy-lookin' Hawksworth that always carries the box of gumdrops. When we've got him knocked out we'll beat it upstairs and tackle the other one. If we have any trouble with him you can be uncutting the guy in the chair. What do you think?"

"Great!" Mr. Gigsby applauded.

"But why should you want to do such a dangerous thing for me?" Judith wanted to know.

"Ain't earned that two hundred and fifty yet."

"You won't really hurt either of them—promise?"

"Oh, no, we'll just croon 'em to sleep. I've got a wallop like a mother's kiss. Feel that."

For all his skinny youth, the arm was hard as a cable.

"You wait down here where the eaves keep off the rain," Mr. Gigsby suggested.

Dumphy said, "There's a glass front in the door. If it's the sissy one we see coming I'll whistle and you'll know it's all jake."

Judith felt as though she had hired two assassins. She crouched almost on her knees because she felt better hidden that way, and she heard the doorbell ring a startling peal. There was a pause, then it rang again, and almost instantly there was a jubilant brief whistle from the porch. Judith was a little sorry it was Joe. She disliked Larry far more and would have liked to have him bear the brunt of their first onset. She hoped they wouldn't disfigure Joe so that he'd be a terrible enemy forever after.

The door opened.

"Well, what do you want?" Joe's voice rose shrilly.

"Say, boss, could you let a fella have a match ——"

Pandemonium. It sounded as though they'd ripped one of the pillars from the porch and were beating Joe with it.

"Oh, don't, don't!" Judith said to nobody, and not really aloud.

It sounded as though a foot were being put through teeth—real fast-growing agonized teeth. It sounded as though someone were being picked roaring into the air and flung down so hard that he bounced and came down again dully. Then the door slammed. They'd forgotten her part. Judith raced to the steps to pick her way over what was left of Joe and see if she couldn't open the door somehow. On the porch there was a coat in a heap, and beside it Mr. Gigsby with a profuse nosebleed, saying, "Not so good." The overcoat was Bert Dumphy. Judith helped Mr. Gigsby carry him to the car. When he was almost there he opened his eyes just long enough to remark, "Say, lady, you play too rough for me."

Mr. Gigsby was too shaken to assume the wheel, so Judith did.

"See if you can find out where he wants to be taken," she said to Mr. Gigsby.

At that, Bert Dumphy spoke again.

"Back to the hotel," he directed. "I'll be picking up something else tonight. We only got one August in this town, you know."

The sense of being beaten didn't really overwhelm Judith until she was crossing the lobby of the hotel, when Mr. Gigsby said, "Well, what's the next move?"

"That's the trouble," she answered; "there isn't any next move."

It was lucky for Mr. Gigsby that she wasn't the crying sort.

"Say, Mrs. Pendarvis," he said, "I could get even with that Hawksworth guy. I suppose you wouldn't want me to though."

"How?"

"Send a dispatch to the Associated Press telling what they did to your husband."

"Oh, please! That would be the end of everything."

Then suddenly Judith stopped, and the look of defeat fell from her.

"I've been so stupid," she said. "Will you come with me to the telephone? I may need to be coached."

At last the operator said, "Here's your party."

"Hello!"

"Who is this speaking? Larry? Larry, this is Judith Pendarvis again. Have you heard anything from Stan?"

"No, Judith."

"It's awfully strange. He hasn't been here, and I'm sure no slight thing would have stopped him."

"Oh, maybe he changed his mind."

That made her furious. She interrupted his "Well, good night, Judy," by calling "Wait!"

"I don't see that I can be of any assistance," he said.

"I thought you could furnish me a photograph to give the Associated Press man. The only one they have is so bad."

"The who? What are you trying to get at?"

"Why, naturally I'm taking steps to have Stan found. With bootlegging rows and hold-ups at every turn, I'm worried to death. I've already notified the local police. Aren't you alarmed? It certainly wouldn't be good for your banking thing to have Stan disappear or find that he'd been killed in some disgraceful way."

"Judy Pendarvis, you know Stan is all right. Call them up immediately and tell them so."

"But I don't, Larry. And with Mr. Gigsby waiting to telegraph the news all over the country, I don't feel I should miss a chance for such a valuable method of tracing Stan."

"Wait half an hour," Larry snapped.

There was nothing yielding in his tone, but Judith dismissed Mr. Gigsby.

"You've been so good," she said. "I think tomorrow I'll have a small item for you—one that will test your finesse."

She had time to change back to the piratache negligee.

She had telephoned at twenty minutes of four; at ten minutes past four there was still no word from Stan. Larry Wagstaff had known she wouldn't do what she threatened.

Wouldn't she? She got Mr. Gigsby's room on the wire.

"Can you meet me downstairs in ten minutes?" she asked. "I'm afraid we'll have to let them have it."

But as she crotched the receiver she knew Larry was right. She couldn't.

There was a touch on the door.

"Come in."

Stan's eyes were laughing.

"Compliments of Larry and Joe," he said.

Judith was suddenly horribly ashamed. She drooped her head like a little girl.

"I'm sorry," she told him; "but it seemed to me as though I couldn't go on without you."

"Sorry?" he asked. "When I'm so glad?" And he kissed her.

It was fortunate for Mr. Gigsby that after half an hour he asked the door man if Mr. Pendarvis had turned up.

Valspar-Enamel withstands a Five-Day Blizzard!

The rear axle snapped! Before the owner—J. Martin Smith of Glyndon, Md.—could secure help a real, old-fashioned blizzard set in. He had to leave the car where it stood.

Five days later Mr. Smith returned. He was absolutely dismayed at the sight of the car—almost entirely covered with ice and snow. He located the nearest garage and after considerable effort the car was towed in.

"This boat'll need some painting," remarked the garage man as he surveyed the ice-covered car. Smith agreed that it would.

Imagine his surprise and relief when he returned a few days afterwards to have the proprietor say, "Say, Mister, what kind of enamel do you use? That snow and ice didn't hurt your car a bit. Look at it." And there it was looking as good as ever.

The answer to the garage man's question was: "I finished it with Valspar-Enamel."

Why drive a shabby car?

Thousands are driving shabby cars today which could easily be made to look like new and have a finish that is water-proof and weather-proof. All you need when you do the job yourself is a little Valspar-Enamel, the ideal automobile finish.

Valspar-Enamel is not affected by heat or cold and has all the wonderful Valspar qualities.

It is easy to apply and comes in the following colors: Red—*light and deep*; Vermilion; Blue—*light, medium and deep*; Green—*medium and deep*; Ivory; Bright Yellow; Gray and Brown. Also Black, White, Aluminum and Flat Black.

Send for samples and color cards today!

Postscript

If you do not care to refinish the car yourself, go to an automobile painter for a professional job. In a few days and at a reasonable price he will refinish your car with Valentine's Automobile Varnishes and return it as bright and new as the day you bought it.

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample per person of each product supplied at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

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State color .
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Dealer's Name _____ _____
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Your Address _____ City _____

S. E. P. 3-15-24

(Controlled Spring Action)

This is Why "Ride Rite" Springs RIDE RIGHT

"Ride Rite" Shock-absorbing Springs assure you maximum riding comfort because of their scientific design. The illustration above tells a story. Note the action of the Ride Rite Spring end as compared to the stiff, sluggish all-over action of ordinary springs. In "Ride Rites" more of the spring leaves come into play as the bumps increase in size. This explains why "Ride Rites" ease the car gently over all bumps—large and small.

Correct spring design—shock absorbing qualities built in—attains its highest development in Harvey Ride Rite Springs.

Send for "Springs And Their Care"

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.

Dept. C, Racine, Wis. U. S. A.

UP FROM HEAVEN

(Continued from Page 11)

as of a cat stroked the right way which all the women of her race employ on hearing a male foreigner speak French. "*Merci, fort beaucoup!*"

Her voice continued faintly for some time after Trumper set the receiver end up on the table, exclaiming as he did so, "Hell!" The frown on his brow looked as if it had been cut in with a knife. So, he mused despondently, Miss Elizabeth Bannon knew one near-lady, one Sadie O'Neill, and one French maid. How many more of her varied acquaintance she thought she could trust remained to be seen. He tried to revive himself with the thought that his depression was quite out of proportion to the occasion—all to no avail. The price of half a dozen pairs of silk hose was a mere flea bite; what dispirited him was the discovery of ingratitude and knavery in one whom Nature had been at great pains to stamp true blue, warranted not to run. It also hurt to think that the girl had been shrewd enough to read him more accurately than he had read her, for she had recognized in him the kind that would pay and pay, and take his medicine without a whimper.

In spite of the fact that he had purposely left the receiver down, the telephone began to ring with urgent insistence. He bore with the harsh discord as long as he could stand it, and then responded, only to hear a metallic voice rip out the formula: "Your receiver was off the hook. Hang up, please. Thank you."

"It was off because I left it off," shouted Trumper.

"Awl-righty! But hold your hair and the wire for a minute. Somebody wants you. Go ahead, lady."

Before Trumper could drop the instrument of torture another voice came to him, a familiar voice, the voice of his separated wife, Janet Schermerhorn Clayton Bromleigh, to whom it was his custom to telephone perfunctorily late every night and at no other time.

"Why are you calling me up here, Janet?" he asked coldly. "You haven't lost anything, have you?"

"Why, that's just it, Trumper," replied Mrs. Bromleigh breathlessly. "The most extraordinary coincidence ——"

"I know," broke in Trumper. "You dropped a pair of silk stockings, brown, size eight and a half, at twenty-nine dollars and eighty cents the pair; and out of all the millions of people in New York, the god of coincidence decreed that I should be the one to pick them up."

"Yes!" agreed Janet breathlessly. "Isn't it astonishing? When I recognized your studio number I could hardly believe my eyes. So clever, too, about the two articles of wear. It fooled me for almost a minute."

"Speaking of recognizing the studio number," said Trumper, a sardonic gleam in his eye, "doesn't it occur to you that if you were really the loser of the stockings you would have called me up at the office at five minutes past ten this morning?"

"If I were really the loser!" repeated Janet. "Why, Trumper, what do you mean? I never would have seen that tiny advertisement at all if it hadn't been for Genevieve Case, who called me up only ten minutes ago. She was with me when I lost them."

"Oh, was she?" snarled Trumper. "Well, the two of you ought to be hitched tandem and driven over a mile course for the lying record. Lots of people bought silk hose on Fifth Avenue yesterday, but nobody dropped a pair."

"You mean you refuse to return my stockings?" asked Janet in a hard tone.

"Your stockings!" spluttered Trumper. "Didn't you hear what I said? Why ——"

"That will do, Trumper," interrupted Janet incisively. "You can be sure I thought there was something behind all this clandestine advertising or I would never have bothered to call you up. Since you seem to have found someone else who wears my size, I gather there's nothing for me to do but say good-by to you and my stockings."

"Janet!" cried Trumper. "Wait a minute. Of course you can have them. Listen "

But he was too late; Mrs. Bromleigh had rung off. He arose, fuming; caught up coat, muffler, hat and stick, and started for out-of doors. While he was still in the hallway the phone again began to ring. He paused, looked at the diabolical instrument over his shoulder, grinned painfully, and departed.

By the time he reached the street he was frowning harder than ever, for questions were seething in his brain. Before Janet had called him up he had been convinced of Miss Bannon's perfidy. While Janet was talking he had all but absolved Miss Bannon. When, however, Janet introduced the name of Genevieve Case, supposedly Mrs. Burton Case, mistress to a French maid, conviction and absolution of Miss Bannon had simultaneously gone by the board, leaving him once more racked on the wheel of doubt. The chances that Miss Bannon knew Janet were nil; even the chances that she knew anyone who knew Janet were a hundred to one against. And yet —— Well, as for himself, he no longer knew where he stood, or whether on his feet or his head.

There was only one fixed point on his horizon—his promises to several persons to send an identical pair of stockings to various addresses. He sought out the fatal shop of the previous day's adventure and proceeded to enter his order. On this occasion he was not in a hurry and had time to observe the eyes of the clerk growing larger and larger and filling steadily with what looked like mounting admiration. How marvelous that one man should be on intimate terms with so many of her sex in Lesser New York who could take size eight and a half without cutting through the toes in one dance!

"I suppose," she murmured, apparently to the air, "he makes it a point to treat them all alike."

Trumper issued from the store pondering on the full meaning of this cabalistic observation; it angered him, not so much by reason of its possible content as because it added one more trifling vexation to a brain already overburdened. One rubber of bridge convinced him that he was in no condition to endanger his own or his partner's money, and he soon abandoned the card room and his club. Seeking the anonymity of a public telephone booth, he called up the only key to the mystery which enveloped him.

"Can you get me Miss Elizabeth Bannon?"

"Betty ain't in yet," replied a cheerful voice. "Call up again in about ten minutes." Then: "Hold on a minute; here she comes now."

"Hello! Yes?"

"Is that you, Miss Bannon?"

"Surely. Who are you?"

"This is Mr. Bromleigh. I —"

"Oh!" cried Elizabeth with a falling inflection. "I know. Somebody wants the stockings."

"Very much," said Trumper. "Would you think it awfully rude if I asked you to bring them down here?"

"Where are you?"

Trumper gave his studio address and then added in the same breath, "The doors to my place are always open while I'm here, so you needn't be frightened, but bring a friend if you feel like it. Walk in, climb as high as you can go, and walk in again. Just take a taxi on me and tell it to wait."

"My!" exclaimed the girl. "You must be in a hurry. Well, I'll come with the best friend I've got."

A quarter of an hour later she arrived, not in a cab, and alone. Obeying instructions, she climbed the stairs, pushed open the hall door, walked into the studio, and now stood for a moment taking the measure of its bare floor, littered workbench and easel, of the Bokhara rug hung on one wall, of the red lacquer screen, and of the hard-looking couch whose Persian covering struck a lonely note of loveliness. Then she faced Trumper with a toss of her head and said cheerfully, "Well, it's warm, anyway."

"Where's your best friend?" he asked, rising.

"Right here," replied the girl, tapping herself on the chest.

She walked over to the Phyfe cabinet, which seemed to present the only fitting surface to receive a package of feminine daintiness, and laid on it the once insignificant parcel that had made a fair start toward establishing permanent furrows on Trumper's usually placid brow.

She touched the waxy top with ungloved fingers, examined the piece curiously and said, "Funny thing, isn't it? Like a fat, solemn little business man who never takes a chance."

"You've hit the nail on the head," laughed Trumper. "That's a utility piece by Phyfe, made in the days when furniture was not bought to clutter up a room, but to serve as many purposes as possible. It's a sort of workbox and writing table combined."

"Well, there are the stockings," said the girl with a tiny sigh and a backward glance as she turned to go.

"One minute, please," said Trumper, seating himself.

She faced him and stopped, giving him a chance to make a first detailed study of her appearance. On the whole it was commonplace, but taken bit by bit it was as full of possibilities as the fresh paints on a palette. Her clothes were such as a neat shopgirl is expected to wear, and he gave them scarcely a glance. The things which especially arrested his attention were her eyes, blue with quickening flashes of humor; her piquant face, broad at the cheek bones, narrowing fast to a tapering chin; her pale hair, badly dressed, but clustering where it had the chance in such a manner that, having it at hand to measure by, the most easily fooled man on earth could distinguish an artificial wave by contrast a mile away. His prevailing impression, however, was that her head, with all its shortcomings in beauty of the type which is easily seen, was made to go with her body—made to order, as it were.

"Miss Bannon," he said, answering her questioning eyes, "I am in trouble—the worst kind. You got me in, and only you can get me out."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean," replied Trumper, "that one of my most prized foundations has been shaken -a sort of faith in God's signposts. You may take the stockings when you go, as I have no further use for them. It's this way, Miss Bannon. I advertised, as you may have seen, that applicants for the lost package could call me up here between four and five. This afternoon, between four and ten minutes after, four people phoned exact descriptions, and there is reason to believe that more would have done so had I stayed to give them the chance. I have sent those whose names I gathered each an identical pair of stockings, and that's why you may ——"

He stopped abruptly, warned by the kaleidoscopic changes that had been going on in the girl's expression. No slow wits inside her head; she understood more swiftly than he talked, and the reaction of each thought which his words inspired flared for an instant in her eyes. At first they were puzzled; then blank, almost opaque; then they blazed with the scorching fire of accusation; then the flame died out and they filled with shiny water, crinkled at the corners and closed tightly. Her cheeks, which had flushed bright pink, turned white; her face broke into little pieces and began to cry.

"Oh! Oh!" she gasped chokingly as she started for the door.

"No!" cried Trumper, gripping the arms of his chair. "You shan't—you can't—go like that. Wait a minute. Stop!"

"I won't wait!" cried the girl, turning on him and stamping her foot. "I won't stop!" But she did both. "How could you think such a thing? How could you?"

"I don't," replied Trumper earnestly. "I don't think anything of any kind. I've simply quit thinking. Can't you see that you must help me out for my sake as well as your own? Don't you suppose I have been doing mental gymnastics until my brain is dizzy? Do you know a Mrs. Cavanaugh?"

"No."

"Neither do I. Do you know a girl with an E-string voice called Sadie O'Neill who says she was brought up on shadow soup?"

"No."

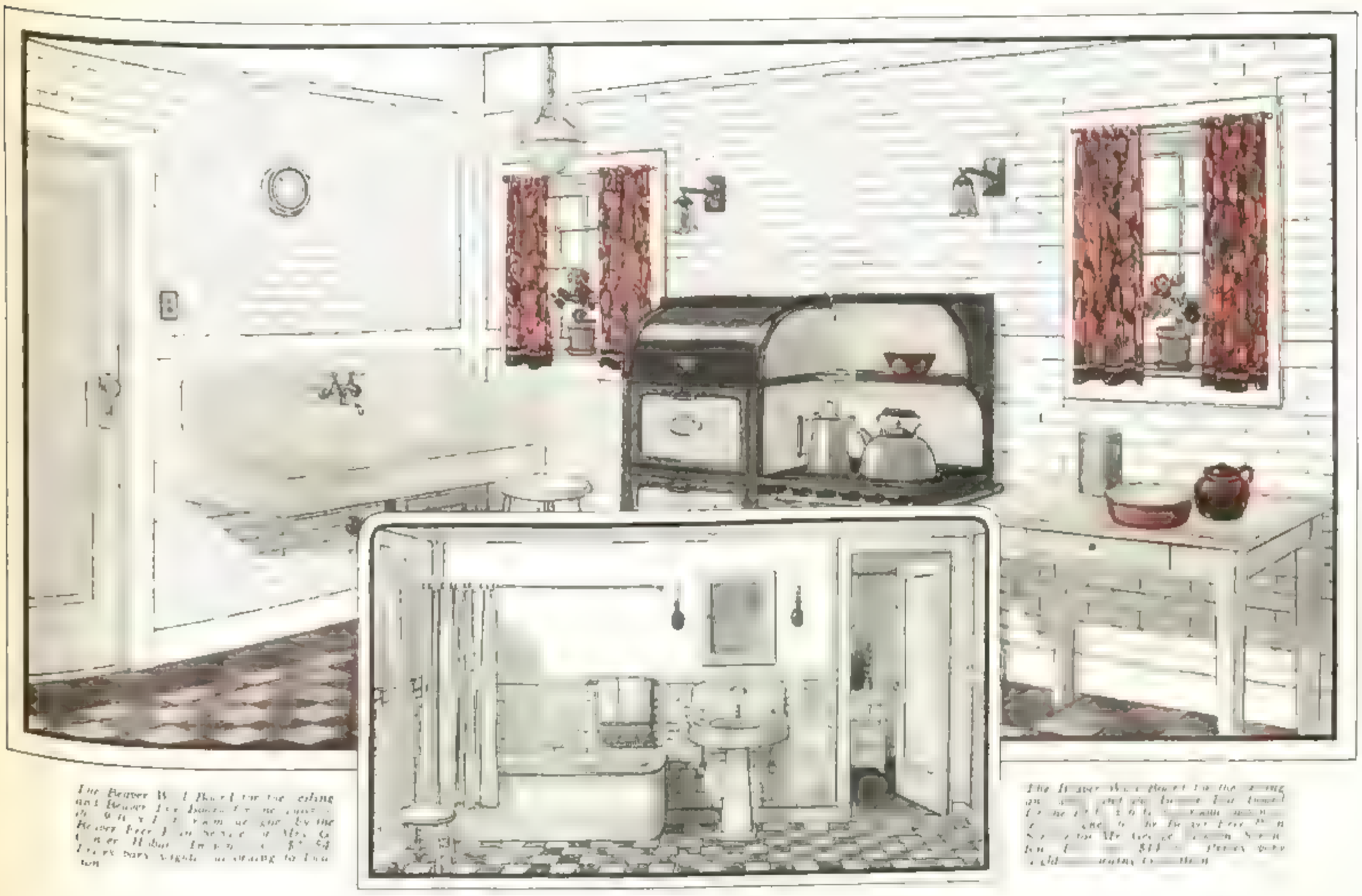
"I thought not; and neither do I. Do you know a Mrs. Burton Case or her French maid?"

"No; I don't. But look here," said Miss Bannon, becoming impatient, "what's this anyway—the longer catechism?"

"Of course," continued Trumper, "you don't know my wife either, or you would have said something about it yesterday. Well, all the people I have mentioned claimed those stockings. Now blame me if you can."

"They did?" exclaimed Elizabeth unbelievingly, sank to a seat on the edge of a

(Continued on Page 81)



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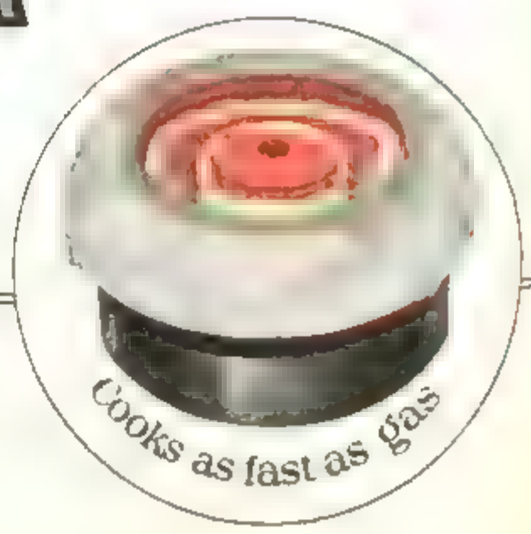

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chair, stared at Trumper's lugubrious countenance for a moment, and then threw back her head and laughed.

The studio had heard laughter before, but never such a merry, carefree peal. Trumper was not only relieved but entranced; all his tense muscles relaxed. He leaned back and laughed with her, although not quite so loud.

"I had not thought of it in that way before," he remarked presently, "but I suppose it is terribly amusing. It's great to have you think so, anyway—and you're not afraid of me or anything like that, are you?"

"Afraid!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Why, I never even thought of being afraid of you. I hated you for a minute, but now I only think you're funny."

"Me!" cried Trumper. "Funny? What do you mean?"

"Now don't get angry," she admonished him soothingly. "I don't mean ridiculous; I mean just funny."

"I suppose that makes a big difference," said Trumper, frowning, "but even so it isn't especially helpful. Do you mind explaining just a little more?"

"Have you really sent the stockings," she asked in reply, "or are you only going to?"

"I have sent them," he answered.

"Well, that's what makes you so funny," she explained. "Why couldn't you wait until you asked me what to do before you spent all that money?"

"Now you've got to tell me what you mean," he said, rising to pace up and down before her. "I refuse to be tortured; I also decline to believe that you knew anything about this crooked business, even if you should declare you did with one hand on the Book and the other on your heart. Go on."

"I know what you've told me, and nothing more," she complied meekly, "but add a little sense, and you'll see that only a friend could have done this thing."

"A friend!" exclaimed Trumper, turning on his heel to stare at her. "You mean that girl who was with you?"

"No, I don't!" cried Elizabeth indignantly. "Poor Alice! Why, she couldn't think of such a thing if she stayed up all night, and she never does. She can hardly keep awake through the movies. Even if somebody thought it out for her, they couldn't have prodded her into doing it with a hundred-dollar bill. No; whoever did it wasn't one of my friends, but of yours—somebody that knows you well enough to know how easy you are. Not even I could have guessed that."

"Magyar!" yelled Trumper.

"What?" cried Elizabeth, startled and puzzled.

"Magyar," repeated Trumper in a lower and more bitter voice.

"What does that mean?" she demanded. "Is it a college yell or an insult?"

"Magyar Williams," explained Trumper abruptly. "The man who was with me when I saw you do your dance in front of the motor car. I didn't mention you in any way; I simply said good-by to him at once, so it must have been plain accident. The first part, I mean. He probably was in one of the cabs held up by the traffic, near enough to hear us talk, and his distorted sense of humor led to the rest. Life is long; never again will I pick out a hat for him."

"Do you always pick out his hats?" inquired Miss Bannon, the corners of her mouth tilting upward.

"When I do," said Trumper gravely, "he is one person; when I don't he is something entirely different—not a person at all—just the call of the wild lost on lower Broadway. By the way," he continued, turning to her with a sudden change of expression and a smile as carefree as her own, "how would you like to stop being a shopgirl and be a dancer instead?"

The girl stared at him; the smile slipped from her lips, leaving them open but uncurved. Her eyes buried themselves in his, seeking in vain for a derisive flicker; then her face went white as she whispered, "It would be heaven."

"Really?" said Trumper eagerly. "You feel like that?"

She nodded.

"How much do you trust me?" he asked after a moment's thought. "Enough to throw up your job and take fifty dollars a week while you're being tried out?"

"Who will supply the pension?" she asked ironically.

"I will," replied Trumper. "I'll pay it while I employ you, and for eight weeks after we decide you lack the brains or the necessary perseverance to make good. On the other hand, if I am right and you turn out to be a dancer, you can pay me back whenever you won't miss the money. Nothing in writing—just you to me, and I to you—but you must agree to do exactly as I say and ask no questions."

"It sounds like the open door to heaven," murmured Elizabeth, still pale. "I guess there's a string somewhere, but I'm not the kind to draw back until I trip on it. Suppose you begin by telling me what I've got to do."

She settled back in her chair and watched Trumper think. His brow became corrugated, but not with worry, and presently he threw up his head.

"Get rid of your present employment," he ordered, "as quickly as you decently can, and then go around just as you are to S. Q. Zelter, in the Olympic Building, and sit around in the waiting room until he sees you. It may take days—perhaps weeks—but don't give up until you see Zelter himself."

"Oh, I'll see him," said Elizabeth confidently. "And what then?"

"Ask him for a job, and when he refuses you remember his exact words—all of them—so you can say them over by heart. Be careful—very careful—not to mention my name. A lot depends on your remembering that point."

"Anything else?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes," replied Trumper, "there's plenty more. You've got to learn toe dancing from a professional. I'll have a good old-fashioned draft-horse teacher here every afternoon at four as long as we need him. Here's fifty dollars—your first week's pay. Do you know the kind of snub-nosed slippers you'll need?"

"I do," said Miss Bannon, looking down at her two biggest toes, wiggling them inside her thin shoes, and sliding them toward Trumper. "I can stand on them already," she confessed almost shyly.

"Great!" said Trumper. "That's fine. Now when do we begin?"

"I don't owe Zubenlaufer's anything in the way of back courtesy," replied Elizabeth promptly. "We'll begin tomorrow."

They both arose; Trumper handed her the fifty-dollar bill he had drawn from his folder, and she stood for a moment looking down at it. She had the faculty of making hesitation eloquent, so that when she raised her eyes to Trumper's and he saw that they were brimming with tears he felt that she had talked for five minutes, said a thousand things, and now was about to cry.

"None of that!" he exclaimed hastily. "Not here. Run along, and do it somewhere else."

"But I won't want to do it anywhere else," stuttered Elizabeth. "I—I want to do it here and now."

"All right," said Trumper, rushing for his hat. "Just put on the catch and slam the hall door when you get through."

As he walked up the Avenue he felt mysteriously elated, as if he carried with him a land of dreams. The questions which had assailed him earlier in the day as to the substance and destiny of man attacked him again, only to find him intrenched beyond their reach. Sunshine was the answer to everything. A girl like that, with free heart, free laughter and free tears, had as much right to endowment as the Rockefeller Foundation, for she was the source of a radiation which quickened everything that was clean, joyful and aspiring. If she could make Trumper Bromleigh forget his lapses, his meannesses, his ineffectual tamperings with the mechanism of life, outraged daily by a billion bungling mechanicians—if she could do that to him without diminution of power—she could as easily lift and carry forlorn thousands on the wings of her gayety and April showers. Perhaps he was a bit mad, as many believed; but give madness its due—it has its moments.

He played cards, dined, talked, danced, slept, arose and went to his office in a daze. Only by a violent effort did he fasten his attention on the ticker at his side and snatch each two-point profit as it came along. His desk was littered with such solid food as lambs never feed on, thereby surrendering fleeces with skin attached. What Trumper fed on was the driest kind of information—financial structure, surpluses, over and under capitalization, proposed national and state legislation, and above all, by far most difficult of access, the personalities behind a corporate name. Who was doing a thing meant a lot more to him than what was being done. Dislike of a single man, or of his ears, or even of the hairs in them, was enough to make Two-Point Bromleigh sell short and wait; unqualified approval of an entire board by the antennæ of his sixth and seventh senses made him buy at the market and hold for his modest profit.

As the clock struck the last note of three he left his place of business and started for the studio in a distinctly nervous and unpleasant mood. Why had he felt so bucked only twenty hours ago? Was it not reasonable to surmise that he had dreamed powers into a shopgirl out of the whole cloth of his own too active brain? But, just the same, why had he told her she need not come until four? An hour—well -almost an hour to wait. What was man? Why, man was the pediment of idiocy, and he its colossus. He was a fool, sublimated in that treacherous air of Romance which dogs the footsteps of us all, rich and poor alike—a shadow we may not lose, lovely in imagination, grotesque upon the public wall. Bah!

And then he arrived, got out a huge square of drawing paper, mounted it deftly with thumb tacks on a board, placed it on the easel, and proceeded to divide it into twelve panels.

As he was on the point of finishing this preparatory task the door opened and Elizabeth entered. She nodded, said "Hello," and seeing that he was busy directed her attention to her own affairs. She tossed a package on a chair and then her cloak and hat. After that she did something occult to her waistband; to mere man it looked as if she pulled it crooked and then pulled it straight again. She raised both hands and did something equally mysterious to her hair. Trumper only knew that the effect of these operations on her hair and her skirt, the latter short enough to have attracted ribald attention in those days, was to make them look as if they had been hung out in the sun and wind for an hour. After that she sat down on the couch, folded her hands and her ankles, and assumed the air of a child who had been told to see if it can keep still for five minutes. The impression of quiescence, however, was entirely ruined by her bubbling eyes.

"You went to Zelter's office?" asked Trumper, still held in the grip of his grouchiness, though it was fast loosening.

"Uh-huh," replied Elizabeth with a bob of her head.

There was something in the confident motion which made him prick up his ears. "You didn't actually see him by any chance?"

"Yes; I saw him," she replied. "Do you want to know what he said?"

"I want to know all that was said."

"Word for word?"

"Yes; word for word."

"I said, 'Hello, Mr. Zelter,' and he said, 'Why, hello, Betty. You here again? What do you want?' And I said, 'This is your next to the last chance, Mr. Zelter; I want a job.' Then he got red and said, 'Betty, you get out of here. Go look in the glass, and don't ever come back. Why, I've known you ever since you were born!' Then I said, 'Well, you old tortoise, what's that got to do with it?' I couldn't help looking as if I was going to cry and he damned a few girls for snickering, came over to pat my shoulder, and said, 'There, there, now. No hard feelings. There ain't anyone in New York I'd rather have my girl, Zita, take to a vaudeville on a deadhead ticket than you, Betty; but if you don't get back quick to that job I got you at Zubenlaufer's, I'll telephone your mama.' That was all."

"All!" cried Trumper, aghast. "Has Zelter really known you your whole life long?"

"Yes," affirmed Elizabeth, "he has."

"A daughter, eh? He really has a daughter?"

Elizabeth stared amazedly at Trumper's bulging eyes, and presently remarked ironically, "Yes; he has a daughter, and a wife, and two suits of clothes, and everything. Why?"

"Nothing," said Trumper, catching up a crayon with trembling fingers. "Put on your dancing slippers and do anything else you like in the little room you'll find behind the screen there. The toe expert will be here any minute now."

When the dancing teacher arrived he was given concise instructions as to just what knowledge he need not impart to his pupil. He glared, shrugged his shoulders, thought of the thickly buttered bread involved, and went to work. Meantime

Bergster

F. BERG & CO.

NEW YORK

A Sta-Shape Hat at 7.00

(Slightly Higher West of Rockies)

©BERG 1924

They Retain the Style Lines Longer

FOR spring, for value and for style—The Bergster at seven dollars. Correctly interpreting the 1924 vogue with a special accent of its own. The Bergster is a Sta-Shape hat—processed to stay stylish.

Others $5, $6 and $10

F. BERG & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

Factory: Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Berg

REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

Sta-Shape

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

Ask for Topkis and get more for your dollar

HERE is a sure way to get a more satisfactory athletic union suit—and cut your underwear expense in half at the same time.

Ask for Topkis and pay one dollar per suit.

Through and through, Topkis has better quality than many union suits sold at higher prices.

Better material. Topkis is made of the best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics.

Better fit. Topkis is correctly designed and generously cut. You are always comfortable in Topkis. Roomy armholes. Extra wide, extra long legs. Full size guaranteed. A Topkis Union Suit marked 40 is a 40. Pre-shrunk to stay true to size after many trips to the laundry.

Better wear—because careful tailoring is combined with the dependable Topkis fabrics to produce a sound, sturdy garment. Seams closely and evenly stitched. Buttons firmly anchored.

Is it any wonder millions of men wear Topkis—when they get so much value for One Dollar? No good dealer will ask more—but you can't blame them for saying it's worth more.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c a garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits and Waist Union Suits.

In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Buy Topkis by the box—six union suits for $6. You cannot get better fabric or fit if you pay twice what Topkis costs.

Ask your dealer for TOPKIS Look for the Topkis Label.

Write for free booklet full of underwear facts.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

Trumper remained at his easel, sketching furiously. Only from time to time did he glance at Elizabeth as she broke occasionally from the tension of rigid effort into natural action or repose. When the contracted hour expired the instructor promptly took his leave, promising to return on the following afternoon, and Elizabeth cast herself prone on the couch, exhausted, quite still save for her rapid breathing. Trumper said nothing, but sketched more eagerly than ever. So engrossed was he with his work that he did not notice when she arose and crept to his side.

"Oh!" she murmured at his ear, startling him. "What is it? I know, and I don't know."

He flung the crayon on the floor and drew back to look at the twelve panels as a whole. Each had a figure within it—just limbs and a pose—each was different; but all of them together suggested movement so strongly that they dragged the eye along, and yet left it baffled. One sensed rather than saw a vehemence which strove to depict pause before movement, a vertiginous whirl, and finally the collapse of motion.

"Betty," he said in a suppressed voice, "you mean it, don't you? You feel something? You don't know what it is, but you know it's there—somewhere in that mess of lines. Go ahead, now. Read it. Tell me."

"I can't," she said, shaking her head from side to side, her eyes enlarged, her lips trembling.

Trumper left her standing before the easel, went to the telephone, and called up Binotinelli—the same Binotinelli who had got a strangle hold on fame overnight through executing the vision by which Trumper had lifted an ungainly girl out of pony peonage into the high lap of luxury.

"Bino, this is Trumper Bromleigh."

In the tense stillness of the studio and of all her faculties, Elizabeth could hear the rasp of the eager answer: "Yes, Mr. Bromleigh."

"Bino," continued Trumper, "a girl will come to you with my card at eleven tomorrow morning. She's a blonde with a rippling body and a peculiar type of face. The reason she won't come until eleven is that I want you to motor out to the country about sunrise into the flamingest maple leaves you can find. Grind their color and their spirit into your soul. Watch a hundred of them hang, swirl, and fall, one at a time. Then come back and design a dress for Miss Bannon different from anything you've seen or heard of. No embroideries; no detail. I mean she isn't to be any paunched Eve wearing sin and an obvious girdle. Not by a million miles. She's got to be the passing breath of the whole blood red and old gold, gay and dying forest in just one leaf. Do you get that? Do you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bromleigh."

Trumper started to speak again, but stopped, interrupted by a terrifying sound. He rang off hastily and turned. Elizabeth had fallen on her knees before the easel; her elbows were embedded upon them, her face was buried in her hands, her back was quivering with a shuddering movement, and she was sobbing as only the elect among the daughters of gods and men may sob. He strode to her, stooped and picked her up; her heart thundered against his hand.

"You mean you see it now, Betty?" he whispered. "Plain enough to tell me what it is—to show me?"

She stopped crying with startling abruptness, blinked, shook the tears from her eyelids, and lifted her face to his. "I see what you have seen," she said gravely. "If I can never do it for you I shall die."

Two weeks later the dancing master was dismissed and on the following afternoon, when Elizabeth started toward the phonograph which had provided the tempo for her lessons, Trumper seized her hand and drew her to a seat beside him on the couch At an angle before the Bokhara rug stood the easel, half facing them.

"Get the idea," whispered Trumper, holding her hand tightly; "get it, and cling to it. The pause, the leap, and the tonal crash of autumn. Colors like ringing cymbals. Flame and courage under gay banners. You said the other day, 'I see what you have seen.' Well, my miserable sketches have three movements—poise, swirl, and collapse. So has a fugue—introduction, development, and conclusion. I've chosen one from Bach and had it adapted. Listen."

As he spoke the word "Listen" music drifted from behind the rug into the room and filled it, so that presently the sound seemed not to come from any direction, but merely to be an increasing, swelling, overmastering presence. The girl quivered, swayed, and strove to arise, but Trumper clung to her hot hand.

"No," he said. "Just listen; just drink it in, learn it, live in it until it lives in you."

Several more weeks went by before Trumper issued from the daze within which he had come to breathe, eat, sleep, work and have his being, long enough to look up Zelter. He found the great director more or less at leisure after having launched his annual avalanche of supreme settings, masterly turns and haunting lyrics expressed in individual packets of art and beauty.

"Want to see the show again, eh?" began Zelter before Trumper had time to speak. "Well, I don't blame you. I can't, for it's the best yet or ever. Been cut down a bit since the opening, of course. How many?"

"Keep all your tickets," replied Trumper, proceeding to make himself at home. "All I want is an evening of your time—glad clothes, dinner and a show."

"Show! What show? Where?"

"At the Casino."

"That!" boomed Zelter. "Why, that ain't a show; it's a glue factory. Complaints have been coming in so fast and hard from the Jersey shore that the board of health is going to close it out next week."

"Will you come?" inquired Trumper placidly.

"No; I won't. I've seen it once too much already."

"Zelter," continued Trumper in his easiest conversational style, "occasionally I think I'm the biggest fool on earth, but strangely enough those moments never come when I'm with you or even thinking of you. Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time there was an old tortoise who had lived in the mud for a thousand years without ever taking the trouble to look up. Along came a fisherman, laid hold, and flipped him over on his back. The tortoise saw the sun for the first time, blinked twice, and then began to croak excitedly at the bottom of his voice, 'Oh, look! Everybody look! See what I've found!'"

"You mean me," whispered Zelter raucously, for Trumper's overbearing manner as well as his words had caused tiny beads of perspiration to gather on the famous director's brow. In spite of his visitor's insinuation, he was nobody's fool, and at the present moment the memory of how he had discharged an ungainly young lady from the fifteen-a-week class and then failed to get her back at ten times the price after she had been revamped by Trumper, was looming ominously in recollection. "I'll come," he added in the form of a groan. "Oh, I'll come. But just let me know where we stand. Have you bought the show?"

"As a running concern," replied Trumper. "Running down, I mean."

The three opening numbers of Trumper's first theatrical acquisition were so odorous that it is amazing none of the scattered audience arose to leave. Trumper, who had taken the precaution to intercept all programs, had Zelter on one side of him, and in the two seats to his left sat his friends, Doctor Maxon and Mr. Magyar Williams. One row in front shone Binotinelli's bald pate.

After the third number there was a slight intermission, a mere pause, made tense by a haunting overture.

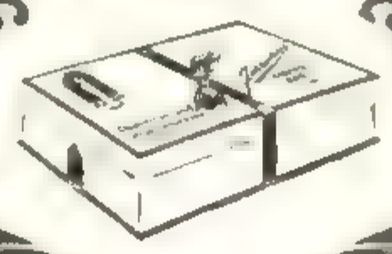
"I've heard the first cousin to that," whispered Zelter, frowning. "What is it?"

Before Trumper could answer the slip curtains parted, revealing trunks of trees; no branches, no foliage—just trunks of trees; widely spaced in the foreground, gathering thickly in perspective, all of them standing, save one. On that log perched the breathing symbol of all the autumn leaves in the world—old gold, bronze, and a scarlet heart. Nothing fixed, no pattern, merely the vivified flame of the forest. The leaf unfolded, raised its arms, turned, swayed, hung poised, stilling murmurs, riveting the public eye; then it leaped into the soul of the swirling music.

Mad motion of color, courage and joy, rising—rising higher and still higher, snatching the burdens of the sons of men, making carnival of grief and trouble, mere feathers on a phantom wind. Within the whirl, Betty Bannon's elflike face, eager, trustful, winsome; the incarnate hope of youth spreading its wings to snatch eternal fire from the gods. Followed three measured movements of breath-taking pause and swift descent, ending in a twirling, slowly dying pirouette—pointed and vertical—a

(Continued on Page 85)

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES



A SOCIAL SUCCESS—*Johnston's Chocolates*

THE man experienced in the ways of women appreciates the touch that variety may add to even a box of the finest candy.

And so he gives her JOHNSTON'S CHOCOLATES. The Choice Box, perhaps, for here are 22 different varieties of candy in one box!

He knows, too, the box will attract the woman whose fingers are accustomed to handling dainty things. For it is indeed expressive of the richness and rare goodness to be found within.

You will find an authorized Johnston's Candy Department
in one of the better stores in your neighborhood

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Graham Brothers Standard 1½ ton Truck for Ice Dealers. The body is one of 36 standard types manufactured by Graham Brothers and sold everywhere by Dodge Brothers Dealers.

Ice—and Health

Ice is indispensable to America's health.

It protects the lives of babies and revitalizes the nation in times of oppressive heat. It reduces living costs by preserving essential foods in storage.

Without ice, the prices of meat, milk and produce would soon become prohibitive.

Six thousand ice manufacturing plants, adding 40,000,000 tons of their crystal product to the 13,000,000 tons annually harvested from lakes and rivers, make us independent of the whims of winter. The menace of a shortage no longer exists. Prices are reasonable—and the product as pure as human ingenuity can make it.

Graham Brothers Truck, serving in 343 different lines of business, has a particularly creditable record in the Ice and Cold Storage Business. It has proved to the satisfaction of the most exacting owners that it possesses the attributes they value most—exceptional sturdiness, unfailing dependability and real economy of operation.

1 Ton Chassis, $1265, 1½ Ton, $1325, f. o. b. Detroit

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 82)

spinning top in flames. Waver—tremor—waver; then headlong collapse—stillness—crumpled flame of autumn on the breast of earth.

Amid the roar of applause, ravenous and demanding, Trumper gripped the arms of his seat as if he would rip it from its foundations. Zelter leaned forward, chin on arms folded on the back of the stall in front of him; stared, and whispered hoarsely with tears in his bulging eyes, "Betty Bannon! Little Betty Bannon!" Doctor Maxon and Magyar Williams, with jaws clamped, were clapping steadily, intent on producing the effect of a dozen hands. Binotinelli was not looking at the curtained stage; he was standing, methodically beating his stick to splinters on the empty seat in front of him.

Inevitably there was an encore, but at its close Doctor Maxon did not clap. He sprang to his feet so instantly that people behind him yelled furiously, "Down! Down in front, you big boob!" He paid no attention; instead he leaned over, pressed his fingers deep into Trumper's shoulder, and whispered, "Trumper, wake up! Come with me. Your little dancer is down and out. Do you get that? She'll never do that dance again, and live."

Trumper struck his hand away, arose, and plunged recklessly for the aisle, the doctor close at his heels, with Williams and Zelter only a stride behind. A stubborn guard refused them admittance to the wings and in another moment would have been felled on the field of honor had it not been for the timely arrival of a frightened attendant who gasped, "We need a doctor, Mr. Bromleigh."

"I've got one," replied Trumper without looking behind him. "Lead the way. Run!"

Ten minutes later, with Doctor Maxon acting as broad-shouldered interference, Trumper emerged from a dressing room, bearing in his arms a small form, bundled in a cloak. The still face looked as if it had sunk into a deep sleep. He followed closely in the wake of the doctor, glancing neither to right nor left. They entered a cab which went first to a drug store and then to Trumper's lonely house. While the audience at the Casino was still applauding, Betty came to her senses in strange surroundings, half arose, blinked her eyes, and laughed.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "Wha what happened?"

"Nothing," said Trumper.

"Nothing except that you are not as strong as you thought you were," explained Doctor Maxon, noting her bewilderment. "You fainted."

"When? Where?" she demanded, straightening.

"At the very end," replied Trumper. "Only the doctor, here, would have known that it was not in the part. You are in my house, but I'll bet the crowd in the theater is still clapping."

"That's funny," said Betty, and laughed again. "You know," she added, turning to Trumper, "I think I'm hungry. You see, I couldn't eat. I guess I was journey proud."

"Hungry, God help us!" cried Trumper, rang for a servant, and ordered that all the food in the house be brought at once.

"He means two or three chicken sandwiches," corrected the doctor, "and a glass of port wine."

When Betty had taken but a mouthful and a sip a commotion arose in the hall. One could hear the butler's low-voiced yet angry protests, Zelter's high-pitched appeal, and Magyar Williams' matter-of-fact "Oh, go to hell!"

The door opened; Magyar entered and stopped short, his eyes fastened on Betty. Zelter peered around his shoulder, and behind Zelter stood the red-faced butler. Trumper sprang to his feet and strode forward, exclaiming, "I heard you say 'Go to hell,' Magyar. Just do it. Get out of here—both of you or I'll throw you out."

"Oh!" cried Betty. "Please, Trumper, oh, please don't spoil everything. I'm so happy so very happy. Look at Daddy Zelter. Doesn't he make you laugh?"

Trumper stopped obediently and half turned on his heel. She had dropped her cloak and was set in the blot of its darkness like a curling flame, drawing the eyes of all the men, inviting them to adoration. Only cool slim arms, trembling parted lips and bubbling eyes held her to earth and proclaimed her real, unspoiled, lovable.

"You really wish them to stay?" he asked.

"Yes; all of you," declared Betty, her eyes on Williams alone.

"Well, then," said Trumper ungraciously, "this is Magyar Williams."

"Without a hat," murmured Betty gravely.

"Yes," agreed Trumper, glancing at Magyar and realizing vaguely a quality of youth, vigor and sincerity he had never before perceived. What the devil had happened to the man? Aloud he said distinctly, "Just wait until you see him out of doors six months from now."

Zelter and Doctor Maxon were puzzled, but smiled. Williams was neither puzzled nor amused; he crossed over and sat down before the girl. The others began to chat presently, but they two, Magyar and Elizabeth, were silent, staring into each other's eyes until walls and the city's streets fell away, leaving them alone, their feet planted upon virgin rock. Gradually there crept into their faces a look which made Doctor Maxon sigh, Zelter frown, and Trumper feel like a lost soul, dropping from the toppling blue into the icy regions of outer darkness. The three men ceased their forced talk; they no longer lived. Into the pool of unstirring silence fell Magyar Williams' voice: "Anything in the world you want. Anything—and always. You know what I mean. A knife across my throat if you ask it."

The others fastened their eyes on her, holding their breath. They saw a shadow dash across her eager face and a tremor shake her body, but there was neither shadow nor trembling in her voice when she answered, "Oh, never that! Never as long as we live!"

At midnight Trumper lay propped in bed, still holding the phone through which he had just talked to his wife, a mile—a thousand miles—away.

"You all right, Janet?"

"Fine, thanks, Trumper; but so sleepy."

He set down the instrument, switched off the light, and sank back on the pillows, but did not go to sleep. What is man? he mused instead. Is he a cogwheel or a whole engine? Is he fuel or furnace? Does he eat or is he eaten? Is he stationary, centrifugal or progressive? If he moves, does he run on a track, or as a chicken crosses the road? Whither if anywhere is he going, and what can he do about it?

Peculiar Formations in the Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs, Colorado

Three Million Motorists Are Courting Disaster!

OVER 13,000,000 cars on America's streets and roads today! And at least one-fourth of them have brakes so faulty as to be positively dangerous! Another fifty per cent. of cars are running with brakes only in "fair" condition. These are figures collected by police departments in various cities. Is it any wonder that our daily papers show accident lists that read like a war-time report of battle casualties?

Are *your* brakes safe?

There is only one way to be sure. Have those brakes tested by a "brake specialist"—the garage man. If he is one of the thousands of repairmen who do their lining jobs with Thermoid—so much the better. Then if the brakes need renewal you get Thermoid, the lining which grips at a touch on the pedal.

Thermoid needs no "breaking in." Age and use do not impair its efficiency. From thick to thin down to the last ply, Thermoid *holds*. Forty per cent more material, "grapnalized" (specially proofed against friction and wear) and welded into a dense, solid body under tremendous heat and pressure. That's Thermoid!

Don't let the day pass without having your brakes tested at a Thermoid" garage. It's the best accident-*prevention* insurance there is

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.

[illegible], Detroit, Atlanta, Seattle, Kansas City, [illegible], Cleveland, London, Paris, Turin

Makers of Rexoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid Tires, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints

Thermoid
Hydraulic Compressed
Brake Lining

OUR RAILROADS

THE Consolidation Coal Co., Inc., congratulates the Railroads of the United States upon their splendid service to the public in the past twelve months.

In 1923, the railroads transported nearly 50,000,000 carloads of freight, excelling by 5,000,000 carloads the banner year of 1920.

The railroads put into service last year 3,750 new locomotives and 200,000 new freight cars, the second greatest number of locomotives and the greatest number of freight cars put in service in any year since 1907.

This new equipment, backed by higher standards of efficiency, made 1923's record of railroad service possible.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building - New York City

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GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*
WAUKEGAN, ILL. *Waukegan Coal Company*

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34

BULLETIN CORRECTION

BOSTON, Feb. 31.—Editors: In tea-party raid, please eliminate reference to Ku Klux Klan. NOT VERIFIED AND DANGEROUS.

The Quickest Service (ed)

—30—

BULLETIN

GARDEN OF EDEN, Feb. 31.—(BY THE QUICKEST SERVICE) (LEAD ALL). William Cain, brother of Abel, and son of Henry P. Adam and Mrs. Elizabeth Eve, widely known in local social life, was arrested near here today on a charge of murdering his brother. Police are afraid they will be unable to cope with the situation should a general uprising occur attempting to lynch the prisoner.

Cain, the police declare, denied all knowledge of the crime. According to the officers, he asked this question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

—30—

FLASH

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ASSASSINATED.

—30—

NINEVEH, Feb. 31.—(BY THE QUICKEST SERVICE). William H. Jonah, widely known evangelist, has mysteriously disappeared, after having left a distant city for Nineveh to open a revival service. Friends express fear that he has met with foul play

—30—

LUXOR, Egypt, Feb. 31.—King Julius—kill it.

—30

EOS BULLETIN

FORD'S THEATER, Washington, Feb 31.—(BY THE QUICKEST SERVICE). President Abraham Lincoln was shot and almost instantly killed while attending Ford's Theater tonight, by Wilkes Booth, an actor, who shot from the stage during the drama. The assassin made good his escape, but police posses have taken up pursuit and his capture is imminently expected.

—30—

ROME, Feb. 31.—kill it.

—30—

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, Feb. 31.—The treaty of peace between the Confederate States of America and the United States was signed here today by Generals Robert E. Lee, representing the South, and Ulysses S. Grant, representing the North.

—30—

BULLETIN

NINEVEH, Feb. 31. -(LEAD JONAH) (BY THE QUICKEST SERVICE). A wireless message to the REAL NEWS stated that William H Jonah, widely known evangelist, who has been missing for several days, had set sail aboard a vessel bound for a foreign port. After two days' sailing a great storm arose, and because of superstition among the crew Jonah was thrown overboard. A huge whale immediately devoured him, but later threw him out upon a shore. The minister is said to be on his way to this city.

—30—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 31.—A wireless message picked up here at the Arlington station from Mars says that a sudden drop in the temperature there has caused a heavy loss to crops. An appeal for help was also contained in the message and government officials are preparing fast air vessels to take provisions and clothes to the distant planet.

—*A. R. Bird.*

A Daymare

THE Special Feature Writer sat slumped down in a big chair in the outer anteroom to the waiting room of the private offices of the Captain of Industry. He had

(Continued on Page 89

This is the Forest Primeval

$7.50
Complete
Western Price $7.25

Stewart Windshield Wiper

Electrically Operated

An automatic wiper that leaves hands free for the wheel when driving on slippery streets.

The Stewart cleans the windshield with clock like regularity and does not slow down when you speed up the car, because it does not depend upon the engine for its motive power.

Always on the job when you need it.

$15
Western Price $15.50

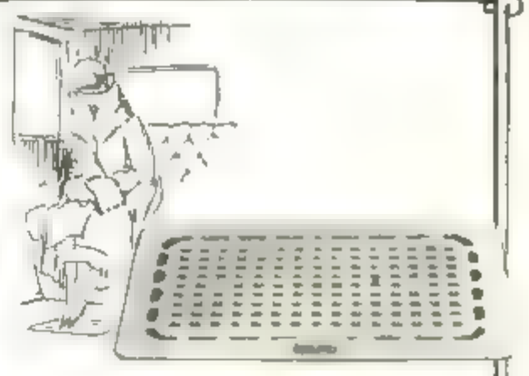
Colored numeral dial tells *when* to lubricate. Metal chart tells *where*

When not in use the metal chart snaps up under the speedometer entirely out of sight yet always at hand

Lubrication Chart Now Attached to Speedometer

No more burned-out parts to replace due to lack of lubrication because the driver didn't know they needed attention

At regular intervals a colored numeral turns up in the mileage odometer and automatically warns the driver that some part or parts should be lubricated. He pulls down the metal chart which tells him just what parts these are



Stewart Heater

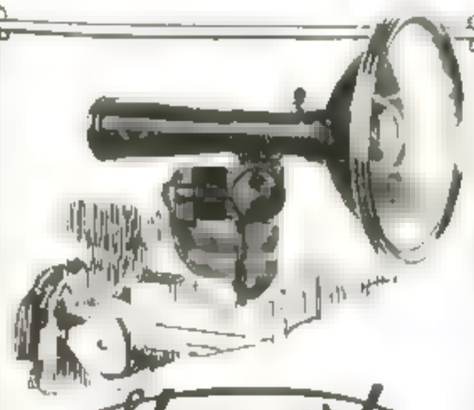
Quick heat is the big feature of the Stewart Heater. Before you know it, the car interior is warm and cosy.

Get the most good out of your closed car and avoid cold carrying drafts by having your car Stewart equipped today.

Even a curtained open car becomes comfortable with a Stewart Heater.

LOOK FOR THE NAME
Stewart
when buying accessories. All Stewart accessories are of the same high quality in materials and workmanship as the Stewart Vacuum Tank and Stewart Speedometer, used for years as standard equipment by over 88% of car manufacturers.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



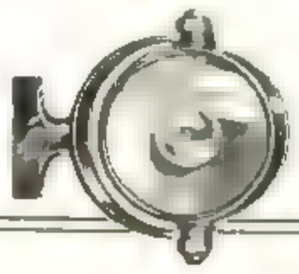
Stewart Searchlight

A handy little searchlight that can be turned in any direction to light the road, to read road signs and house numbers, or to be used as a trouble light

Price, $4.00

The beautiful black enameled, drum shaped light shown below, throws a brilliant light ray and gives a sport-model appearance to any car

Price, $7.75



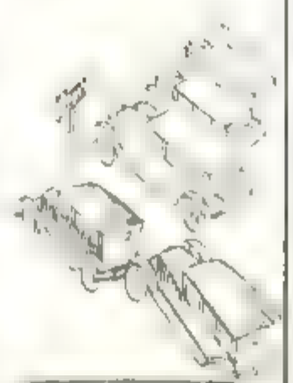
Stewart Bumpers

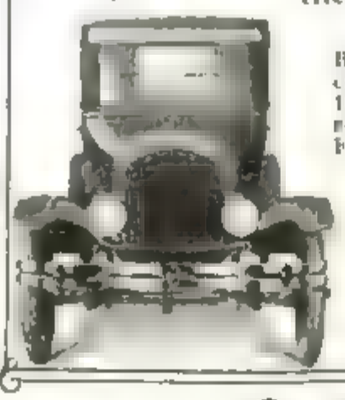
Strong, resilient double bars across the entire front and rear of your Ford car give 100% protection.

Bars, brackets and spring arms all made of steel. No cast iron to snap under a blow.

The Stewart name is a guarantee of quality.

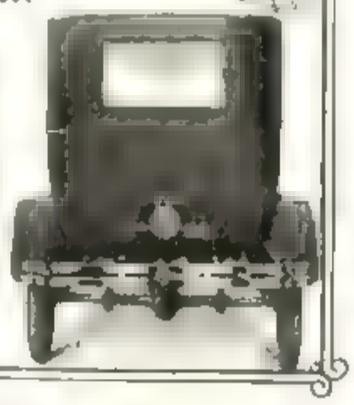
Ask your dealer to show you the genuine Stewart Bumper.





Both front and rear of the car are open to damage. Get 100% protection front and rear

Front Model 201	
(Nickel finish) ..	$16.25
(Black finish	13.75
Western Price $2.50 Additional.	
Rear Model 201	
Nickel finish	$15.25
Black finish	12.75
Western Price $2.50 Additional.	



Stewart Mirrors

This beautiful high grade mirror can be tipped up, down or to either side to give a clear view of the rear.

No need to risk turning around to see if other cars are approaching from the rear. By glancing up at the Stewart Mirror you know when to turn or stop without danger of collision.

For closed or open cars, Complete $2.00

Stewart

CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES

USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

A million a day!

15,000 acres of fertile tobacco land

are required to grow the leaf that goes into White Owl, so great has become the daily demand of American smokers for this truly remarkable cigar —the greatest value, by long odds, you can buy.

2 *for* 15¢

Package of 10 *for* 75¢

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

White Owl

A General Cigar Co National Brand

(Continued from Page 86)

been there some time, and the soft lights and warm heavy air were causing a delicious feeling of drowsiness to steal over him.

With a start he realized that the Great Man himself was standing before him. He had expected to run the usual gantlet of secretaries before obtaining his interview, but he covered his surprise and struggled hurriedly to his feet.

"How do you do, sir?" he started his regular formula. "I'm sorry to bother you, but my magazine, The He-Man Monthly, is very anxious for me to obtain from you a story of your life, if you can spare me a few moments."

"Gladly," replied the other, leading the way to his sanctum. "No trouble at all. Sit down. Have a cigar. Take all the time you need. What do you want first?"

Such a reception was almost too much for the reporter. "Oh, just the usual thing," he managed to answer in a dazed way. "Your early struggles on the farm is the regular way to start."

"Well," said the host, "as a matter of fact I didn't start on a farm, and I didn't have many struggles. Father did have a big place on Long Island, but we were only there in the summer. We always came up to the town house for the winter season, except when we went abroad."

"But surely," urged the interviewer—"surely your family lost all their money, and you had to sell those houses, and you were thrown penniless on your own resources in an unfriendly city with your own way to make."

The older man shook his head. "Not quite that," he replied. "Father did lose some money once on a horse race, but the winner was later disqualified, so he won after all. No, the old man was pretty lucky, though he died comparatively young."

"At least he cut you off in his will, though, didn't he?" pleaded the reporter. "They all do, and the son then has to work his way through college, where he attains high honors in both his studies and athletics"

"Not me," the Industrial Giant answered. "Father left a very large trust fund to pay my college expenses, but even so I was fired in the middle of my sophomore year. By this time my mother had married again, and my stepfather settled a yearly income of $200,000 on me, so I should have worried."

The writer was on the verge of breaking down. "This is terrible," he groaned. "I'll never dare go back to the office with this story. Oh, sir," he grasped at the last straw, "please say that you built this business yourself, that you started it in a little shed, and worked at it day and night. And now you're always at your desk at eight in the morning and seldom get away before six at night; isn't that so? And the whole organization is like one big family, thanks to you, though you're really too modest to admit it ——"

"Hold on there, young man," interrupted the other. "You've got it all wrong. I got into this business as an executive through family connections and influence. I don't know anything about it, so I've hired men who tell me they do; my idea is to get as much out of it as I can, and do as little work as possible. I am really only in the office to sign checks to myself, and attend directors' meetings to get the fee, but I believe our employes are here every day from eight to six. I am certain they would be dismissed if they weren't. I "

"Pardon me," said a female voice at the reporter's elbow, and he looked up to find a secretarial young lady standing before him. Strange enough, he seemed to be suddenly back in the waiting room. "You'll have to call again," said the secretary. "The boss is in conference."

Rubbing his eyes, the reporter walked towards the elevator.

"Thank heaven," he sighed in relief, "it was only a dream!" A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.

Good Medicine

THE druggist leaned on his counter rail
As I strolled in with a letter to mail,
And a small, pale boy of a puny build
Came in to have a prescription filled.
And the druggist frowned a wise, wise frown
As he clinked mysterious vials down
And mixed queer things in a graded cup
And funneled the small boy's bottle up.
And he labeled the bottle and corked and capped it
And took white paper and neatly wrapped it
And made it fast with a rubber band;
Then under the counter he thrust one hand
Into a drawer that was open handy
And brought out a fistful of nice hard candy
Comfits and peppermints, white and red—
And he shoved the lot at the boy and said
With a growl and a scowl both fierce and fell,
"If you don't eat those you won't get well!"
And the small boy grinned, for the small boy knew
What the druggist meant, and I grinned, too,
As I bought my stamp and mailed my letter;
And I'm sure that the little boy got better!
—Arthur Guiterman.

Father—"If They'd Had Radio Sets When I Was a Boy I Might Not Have Had These Saddlerock Ears!"

So Simple and So Easy with Instant-ons

Inflating your tires *can* be a mean, irritating job. With the old-fashioned dust cap you must turn—and turn—and turn. You must remove the valve cap, too, and place it carefully where it won't be lost.

Instant-on is dust cap and valve cap combined. It comes off or goes on in a jiffy. A little twist—a straight pull or push—another turn. That's all there is to it. No pliers needed either to loosen or tighten. You never saw anything so simple—or so convenient.

Many car manufacturers provide Instant-ons as standard equipment. If your car isn't already equipped, you can get a set from any good dealer. Five in a box—$1.00 ($1.25 in Canada).

By mail, postpaid, if your dealer cannot supply you.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO., Cleveland, O.
Manufactured in Canada by
The Dill Manufacturing Co., of Canada Ltd., Toronto

Many of the leading car manufacturers specify these caps as standard on their tire equipment. Look for Instant-ons on the valve stems of your tires.

Dill Standard Tire Valve Insides. One of the many standard Dill parts.

DILL
Tire Valves and Valve Parts

There's fun in making tobacco that brings such letters

The one below is from a seventeen-year veteran of the pipe

The man who has found the right job, the right wife, and the right smoking tobacco has little reason to envy his fellows.

Of those three factors in human happiness we have put tobacco last, because it is, of course, the least. Nevertheless, some Edgeworth smokers write us as though the most important thing in life were the right tobacco.

We imagine that is because the right tobacco does make even the rightest job and the rightest wife seem a little bit righter.

And so, when a good friend sends us a letter saying that he has smoked Edgeworth for seventeen years, we venture to picture him enjoying seventeen years of solid contentment, with ourselves as contributors.

That's why we enjoy making Edgeworth; and here's the letter from a seventeen-year Edgeworth smoker.

Larus & Bro. Co., Norfolk, Va.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen

Permit me to toss my hat into the Edgeworth ring.

I have always admired the modest tone in which you touch on the merits of your tobacco, instead of advertising it as the best pipe smoke on earth, as, in fact, I believe it to be.

Seventeen years ago my father saw a friend filling his pipe from a tin of Edgeworth Slice and asked for several slices to bring home to me. It is worthy of note that the package was attractive enough in itself to excite my father's interest in the first place; but when I add that, so far as I am aware, he never used tobacco in any form during his entire life, it is still more remarkable.

Up to that time I was a member of the "Treed 'em All Club." Can I put any more steam behind this testimonial than to say that for seventeen years I haven't spent a dollar for any pipe tobacco other than Edgeworth? The Ready-Rubbed school of smokers enjoys my respect but for me—give me Edgeworth Slice. Brother, it's a *man's* smoke and it *stays with you!*

Long may you make it and long may I smoke it.

One of your boosters,
K. F. Chapman,
1407 Onohundro Ave.

Edgeworth may not be the right tobacco for *you*—but we'll gladly send you complimentary samples from which you can decide for yourself. If you like it, you won't be alone.

So if you haven't tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address and we will immediately forward to you generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, it will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly if you should like it.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

AND WEST IS WEST

(Continued from Page 13)

Doctor Gade, head of the International Norsemen's Association, told me that Norwegians frequently came to him for suggestions as to how emigration to America could be stopped, and that he always told them that if they would give the Norwegian people better conditions than existed in America it would stop instantly; otherwise it wouldn't stop at all.

But in Norwegian communes in which there is insufficient work for the inhabitants there is a well-concealed and not very widespread movement to give or to loan enough money to those who are out of work to enable them to go to South America or the United States. The communes figure that the expense of sending these people away is less than supporting them at home for an indefinite period; and when they loan instead of give the money, they almost invariably get it back.

Usually the persons who are out of work are the least capable, the least resourceful and the least aggressive of all the workers in the communes; for if they were not, they would go elsewhere of their own accord, or would be supplied with work by the communes themselves. Information as to this practice of sending out-of-work citizens to foreign countries—especially as to sending them to America—is difficult to get, for it is generally known that the practice would not arouse any keen enthusiasm in America. That it exists there is no doubt.

Norwegian Carpenters

Norwegian immigration conforms in nearly every way, so far as is known, to the usual definitions of desirable immigration. No immigration is desirable, however, that isn't needed. Most of the Norwegian immigration probably is needed so long as there is a need for immigrants in America, which will have a population of 200,000,000 souls within the lifetime of many people now living—and almost anyone capable of genuine cerebration would have no hesitation in saying that any country with a population of 200,000,000 people, or with a population of much less, should be able to supply her own needs of man power without importing 500,000 foreigners every year.

At present the Norwegian immigrant is the one who decides the type of immigrant that America shall receive from Norway. The rumor had swept through the towns of Southern Norway during 1923 that carpenters were greatly needed in America and that they were earning large sums of money. Consequently an overwhelming number of Norwegians who claimed to be carpenters but who may not have been very good carpenters—were demanding visas from the American consul.

Instead of such a haphazard proceeding, which might conceivably result in America getting 5000 Norwegian carpenters when she needed 2000 Norwegian lumbermen and 2000 Norwegian farmers and 1000 Norwegian carpenters, there is no reason in the world why the wisdom of the Congress of the United States shouldn't be sufficiently great to set up some responsible and reliable agency to determine the sort of immigrants that America needs, and to see that she gets what she wants, instead of getting the first people that the nations of Europe want to give her.

The Norwegian Government and the Norwegian people, like every other European government and people, are interested in the effect that emigration to America is going to have on the country from which the emigrants go, and they are interested in nothing else. No European cares a snap of his fingers for the result of emigration on America.

Under the 3 per cent law, 12,202 Norwegians are permitted to enter America each year. The quota was entirely used up during the year ending June 30, 1923; and if the new quota law is figured on a naturalization basis or on the 1890 census, the Norwegian quota will probably be increased.

In spite of the fact that Norwegian immigrants are among the most desirable that are now coming to America, Norway has plenty of bootleggers, plenty of lawbreakers, plenty of hard drinkers and plenty of incompetent workmen scattered among her God-fearing and hard-working population. America can easily get along with a minimum of these people; but her only means of protection against them is a law that will permit her to select only the immigrants that she ought to have.

When one steams from Norway down to Scotland, where Norwegians and Danes, more than 1000 years ago, planted colonies which so greatly influenced the physique and general characteristics of the Scotch people, he finds a desire on the part of the Scotch to emigrate to America that has not been equaled for many years. The quota for Great Britain under the 3 per cent law is some 77,000; and the Scotch craving for American residences was so great during 1923 that Scotland, if permitted to do so, could have more than filled the entire British quota by herself.

The emigrant lines in the American consulates in Scotland are as long as were the lines in many of the Eastern and Southern European countries before the 3 per cent law went into effect. Between 200 and 275 emigrants pass through the American consulate in Glasgow each day; and American consular officers in Scotland declare that if there were no limit on the numbers that are allowed to go to America, the emigration from Scotland would be twice as large as it is.

No country in Europe, with the possible exception of Sweden, is sending such a large percentage of desirable immigrants to America as is Scotland.

European Dollar Chasers

The Canadians, who are particularly eager for immigration from Northern and Western Europe and persistently opposed to immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe, make constant attempts to attract the Scotch to Canada. Needing a particular type of labor during the summer of 1923, the Canadian Government made a special twelve-pound rate—a little under sixty dollars—to Scotch laborers who would come to do the work. The Canadian Government got all the people that they wanted under this scheme, for a sixty-dollar passage was better than they could do elsewhere.

But most of the laborers, before leaving Scotland, got American visas on their passports and tucked them carefully away in the bottoms of their trunks. Then, as soon as they finished the labor for which the Canadian Government wanted them, they made a hurried dash for the American border. Canada is a nice country, and all that sort of thing; but the Scotch temperament—now that Scotland is full of rumors to the effect that a skilled laborer earns eight dollars a day in America—is attracted toward America.

The European press is passionately addicted to speaking contemptuously of the prevalence of dollar chasing in the United States; but the most bone-headed observer must be impressed by the fact that when a European gets a chance to go anywhere, he usually makes a quick and undignified break for that portion of the world where

(Continued on Page 93)

A Group of Scotch Emigrants en Route to America

If you have an old fashioned heating plant you can save coal this year and every year by installing the right size and kind of IDEAL Boiler.

All you need to remember are these good words:

IDEAL BOILERS
COAL · OIL · GAS
and AMERICAN RADIATORS
save fuel

From $180 up

Many people imagine that a hot water or steam heating plant is expensive. This company makes hot-water and steam heating plants including radiators from $180 up.

"IDEAL BOILERS" is the family name for
ARCOLA · ARCO · TYPE A

Tell us the number of rooms in your home and we will send you a booklet describing the IDEAL Boiler designed for it. Address Dept 41, 104 W 42d Street, New York, or 816 So Michigan Avenue, Chicago

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

The microscope shows

why walls and woodwork painted with Barreled Sunlight can be washed like tile

IN each of the circles at the right is a photograph of freshly painted white paint. Your naked eye would see little difference between them. Notice the contrast the microscope reveals!

This difference explains why ordinary flat finish white paint collects dust and dirt so readily and is so hard to clean—and why Barreled Sunlight is being used in thousands of homes today.

The surface of Barreled Sunlight is so smooth that even the finest particles of dirt cannot sink in—so smooth that you can wash it as easily as white tile. Even after years of service Barreled Sunlight can be kept white and spotless.

Barreled Sunlight means easier house-cleaning. It means woodwork that *keeps* its lustrous whiteness, in spite of dust and smudgy fingers. It means bathrooms and kitchens as washable as though tiled throughout.

No wonder the use of this paint has spread so rapidly throughout the country. It is ideal not only in homes but in hotels and apartment houses and in business and industrial interiors of every type.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, is easier to apply, and requires fewer coats. One coat is generally sufficient over a previously painted light surface. Where more than one coat is necessary use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Barreled Sunlight comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size and in barrels and half-barrels. Can be tinted any color. It is sold at leading paint stores throughout the country. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us.

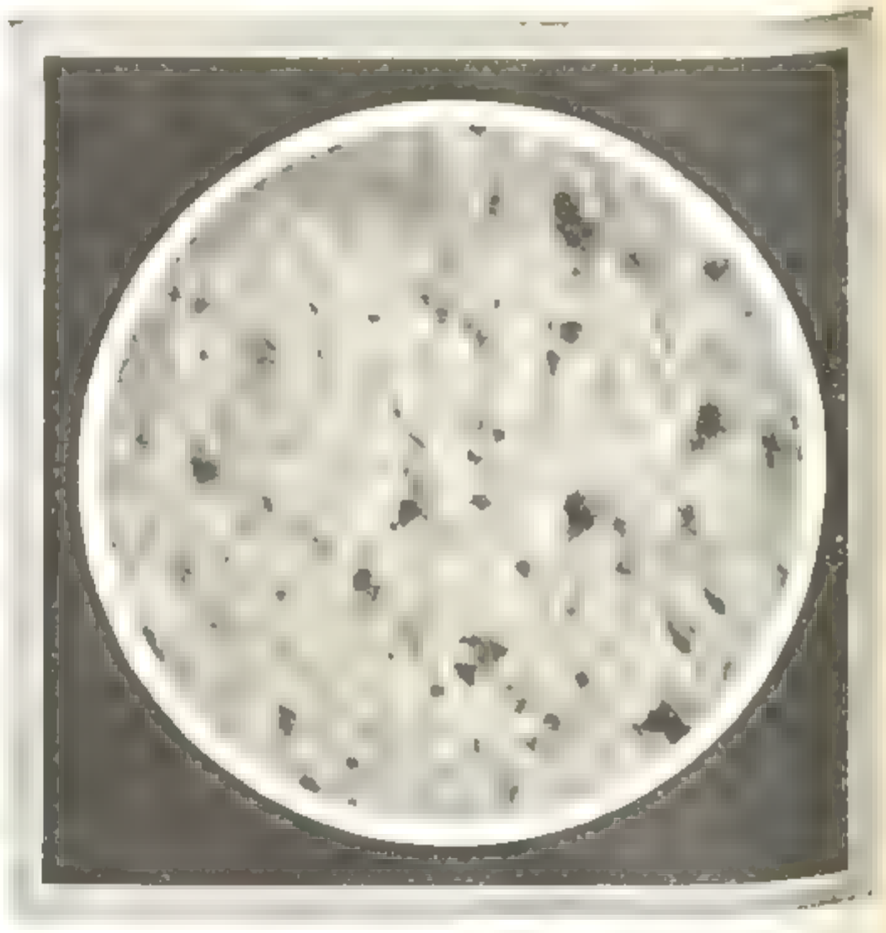
U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

Factory and Main Offices

8 DUDLEY ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

New York—350 Madison Ave
Chicago—659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell St.
St. John, N. B., Canada
Toronto, Ont.—54 Colborne St.
Winnipeg, Man.—121 Charlotte St

Distributors in all principal cities of the U. S. A
Dealers everywhere



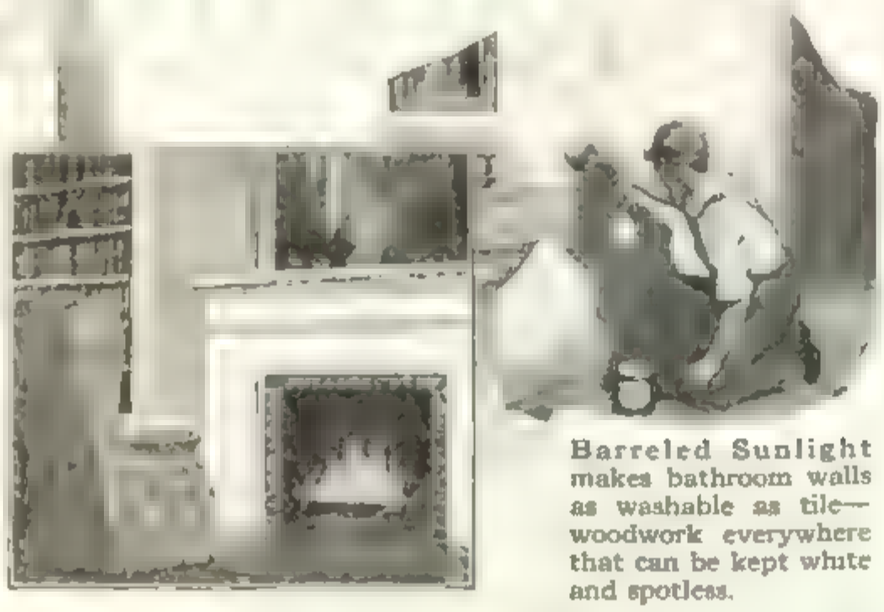
ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT

This photograph was taken through a powerful microscope. It shows clearly why ordinary flat finish white paint collects dirt so readily. Its surface is not really smooth but actually rough and porous.

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

This photograph, taken under exactly the same conditions, shows Barreled Sunlight magnified to the same high degree. Notice the astonishing contrast. The smooth, even finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

For walls and woodwork in the kitchen Barreled Sunlight makes the ideal washable finish.



Barreled Sunlight makes bathroom walls as washable as tile—woodwork everywhere that can be kept white and spotless.

6 things to know about Barreled Sunlight

1. Washes like tile
2. Easy to apply
3. Costs less than enamel
4. Requires fewer coats
5. Can be tinted any color
6. Guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign

Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

(Continued from Page 90)

the dollar may most conveniently be chased. This goes for authors, actors, lecturers and noblemen, as well as for skilled and unskilled laborers.

If one listens to British officials, one learns that the sudden jump in emigration from Scotland and England to America is entirely due to the enormous amount of unemployment that now exists in Great Britain, upwards of 1,500,000 men being out of work.

There are large numbers of jobless persons among the Scotch emigrants to America; but there are even larger numbers of emigrants who leave good positions to emigrate. American consulates in Scotland have encountered something entirely new in British passports during the past year, and that is passports stamped, "To be surrendered to British consul on arrival, holder intends to become an American citizen."

Investigation almost invariably shows that the holder of such a passport and the same thing is true of most Scotchmen who are traveling to America now is in a state that he describes as "fed up with conditions." When one steps into the Glasgow consulate and asks different men in the long line waiting for visas why they are leaving Scotland, one almost invariably receives the same answer. They are fed up, fed up, fed up.

A typical example was a mechanical engineer, thirty-eight years old. Did he know any other men who wanted to go to America? Aye, he knew any amount of 'em. He was fed up. They were all fed up. They took you out and made you fight, and then they brought you back and gave you nothing at all.

This man had a good job as foreman of forty-five men. He was paid the equivalent of twenty-six dollars a week, out of which he had to pay ten dollars for a room and a kitchen. He was just plain fed up.

The feeding-up on the part of many other Scotchmen was apparently due to high taxes.

Out of every twenty shillings that they earn, they must pay five and a half shillings in taxes—a percentage that is almost guaranteed to give one that fed-up feeling.

Letters From America

Still, a great many of those who go are idle, and some have been idle for a year and more, living almost entirely on the very small dole that the government allows to those who are out of work. The stories that come back to Scotland from these men have proved highly inflammatory to those they left behind. Men who have been drawing barely enough money to keep body and soul together—from eight to ten shillings a week, say, or about two dollars and a half—sell their scanty possessions, borrow a little more, and go to America with just enough money to pay their head taxes and live for about two weeks. Instantly they get positions, and within two months' time they send back to Scotland for their wives and children.

Early in the summer of 1923 there were a number of plasterers and bricklayers who emigrated to America from Glasgow. They hadn't had work for ten months, and they felt low enough, as the saying goes, to walk under an upright piano with a silk hat on. A contractor met the boat on which they sailed and hired forty of them at high wages. When the news came back to Glasgow—and it came back by the next boat there was such a rush on the American Consulate that it presented the appearance of a bank in the act of busting.

The letters that pour back to Scotland from those who have been in America for only a few weeks or a few months are more exciting to the Scotch mind than are the advertisements of winter resorts to snow-bound Northerners. They are passed from hand to hand; and their general tenor is such that any Scotchman, after reading any three letters from Scotchmen in America, feels that he would be guilty of throwing away money if he failed to make the journey himself.

Every person in the emigrant lines at the American Consulates in Scotch cities will gladly produce letters from his friends and relatives if given half a chance. One of these letters from America read:

As far as work is concernod, there are plenty of it here at present. I started work in a shipyard the second day I was here. Of course, there isn't as much work on the shipbuilding line as what there are on the House line. If you can do anything on the House work they make as high as four shillings sixpence an hour, but you certainly have to work. It is much easier in the shipyard; of course, less wages. As regarding clothes they wear here much about the same as at home. For the now summer you will require very light underwear; as for me I don't use any at all, for the heat is terrible.

Said another letter, from a Scotchman who had lived in California for only a short time, but who had evidently absorbed a fair amount of the atmosphere of "God's own country":

It is better for Sandy and yourself to come here first and get settled, then to make plans for Mother, Father, Alison, Meg, Jennie and family to come here. . . . The California climate, I have no hesitation in saying will give father and mother a new lease of life. You ought to be able to get at least $125 a month. The rents on the Pacific Coast are high, at least $50-$60 a month for furnished apartments, up to $100. It is common custom among working classes here to buy a lot of ground and build your house or else buy a house and lot outright. A house to suit your requirement will cost anywhere from $2500 to $6000. It is not necessary to put down the money all at once, but about one-third of the total amount, and pay the balance on time payments or installments at 7 per cent interest. A wise investment can be made in this way, and your house and lot will appreciate in value if you have chosen the right locality. A very large number of the people own their own homes in California, and it is the wisest thing to do. The real-estate agents of Los Angeles and vicinity are both famed and notorious all the world over. . . . Everyone of you will enjoy the climate here after that of Scotland . . . though you can tire even of continual good weather. Don't forget that hard work and a determination to succeed are just as necessary here as anywhere else. Hard work and a cheery disposition will bring their own reward.

An Ever-Widening Circle

A letter from a girl in Detroit to her brother tells him that there is plenty of work. She wrote:

The people here don't walk much. Those who have cars ride in them or sit in the veranda in rocking chairs or hammocks and swings. They certainly make themselves comfortable. It is not only the wealthy people who attain those things here, the working class have them.

A Scot in Hoboken writes to his brother:

Just received your letter. Sorry to hear things are so bad in Scotland; in fact I am very glad I am away from it. I guess I would strongly advise father, Robbie and you to make tracts for this side.

A fond husband who has been in America only a few weeks writes:

Dear Nellie: Just a few lines in answer to your kind and welcome letter. Glad to see by it that you are in the best of health as this leaves me in the Pink. Well, Nellie, I am enclosing twelve dollars with this letter and I have cleaned my Mother % what I owe her % your passage, so I will be able to start saving something for your arriving. Andy and Willie Cameron are working beside me, but have ten shillings a week less than me. They had to use my name to get a job, but don't say anything. Nellie, I will send you something extra next week and you can go down to Murtrie's the Jeweller in the Sneddon and get my two medals. So no more from your loving husband,

NED.

Consular officers in Scotland declare that there are two divisions to be made among the Scotch emigrants to America, though they say that a large percentage of the emigrants that are now going are desirable additions to any country. The first division is between the agricultural worker from the North of Scotland and the mechanics and laborers from the southern cities. The latter, say the consular officers, are far below the former in physique and general excellence.

The second division is between those who pay their own fares to America and those whose fares are paid to America by friends or relatives. During the period of depression in Scotland there has been an earnest effort to keep the better men employed—naturally.

Consequently those who have work and can raise enough money to pay their passage to America are usually more desirable in many ways than those who are out of work and have to be assisted.

Immigration is a type of endless chain. One man goes and writes back to his relatives and friends; and they go, and write back to their relatives and friends; and so on. The circle is a constantly widening one; and nobody can tell when it will spread, in Scotland, to the slums of Glasgow and Edinburgh and begin to draw their inhabitants to America by the tens of

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Radio
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R2 with 18-inch curvex horn $50.00
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Magnavox

The blustery, rainy days filled with joyous entertainment

FEEL a bit fagged,—wish "winter would hurry up and end"? If so, you haven't yet joined the great fraternity of *Magnavox owners*, for every Magnavox owner commands the best of radio entertainment at all hours in his own home.

For example—add the Magnavox Combination Set A1-R (as illustrated) to your receiving set and you can reproduce, with perfect clarity and charm of tone, those distant stations you have always wanted to hear.

Combining a Magnavox Reproducer and Power Amplifier in one compact unit, the A1-R greatly enhances the usefulness of any good receiving set.

Magnavox Products are for sale at good radio stores everywhere. Write for new 32-page Magnavox Radio Catalog

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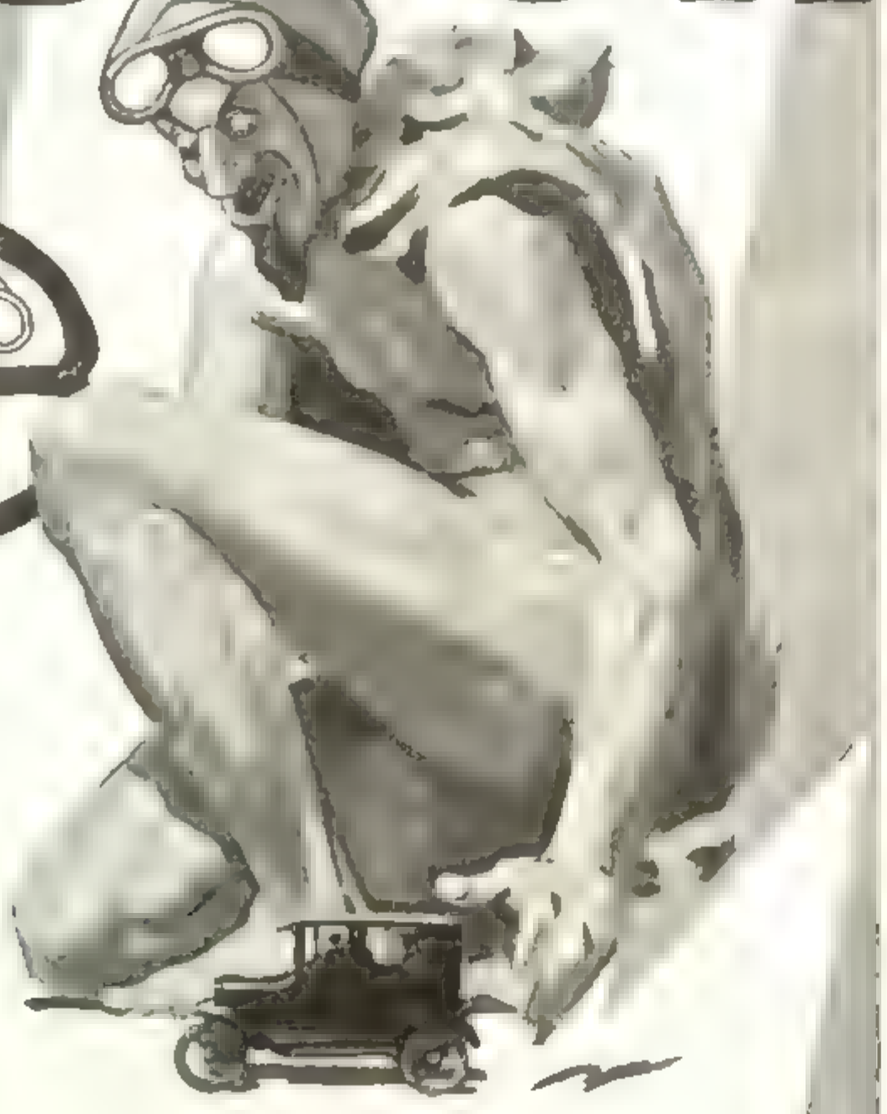


Ignition System

TYPE 600 $12.75

Type 600 is built by the makers of the world-famous Bosch Magneto!

It's a big, dependable waterproof ignition system for Fords—with automatic spark advance and many new features.

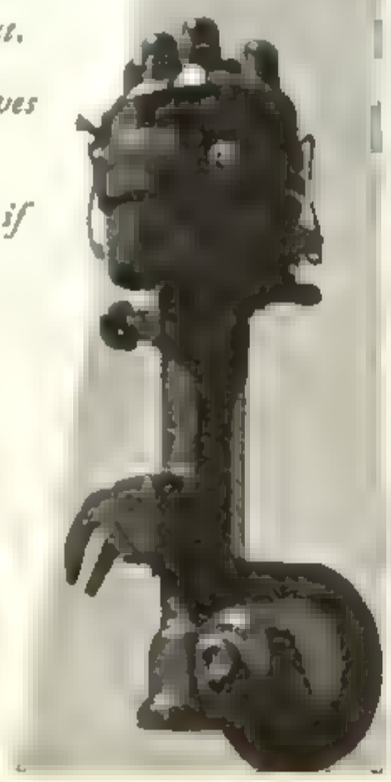
It produces intense, perfectly-timed sparks that make Fords start easily, run smoothly, develop more pep and power.

It keeps plugs clean, eliminates timer troubles, stops "bucking" and saves gas and repairs.

You can use Type 600 Ignition on any Ford—with battery or without.

Sold by 2000 Bosch Representatives and by live dealers everywhere.

Try it—you get your money back if you're not entirely satisfied.



for FORDS

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION
Main Office and Works SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Branches: New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

thousands. In all probability the new immigration law that must be enacted to replace the 3 per cent law, which expires in June, 1924, will allow greater numbers of immigrants to enter America from Northwestern Europe than can now enter, and will cut down the numbers entitled to enter from Southeastern Europe. Such a change would be regarded with almost universal favor as long as conditions remain as they are.

But if Great Britain were to have a quota of 150,000 or 160,000 instead of the 77,000 which she now has, and if the slum dwellers of Glasgow and London and other British cities began to pour in by the thousands, the outlook wouldn't be so rosy.

It is among the Glasgow slum dwellers that one finds the bulk of the communists that have made Glasgow notorious throughout Great Britain; and it was among them that the celebrated red Sunday Schools flourished, teaching communist songs, principles, patter and balderdash to the rising generation. They are an excessively hard lot very like the playful workers in the Belfast shipbuilding plants that used to toss white-hot rivets down on the decks of crowded excursion steamers as they steamed down Belfast lough. Their standard of intelligence is low, and their love of country is about as well developed as the rudimentary toe of a modern horse.

Canada's First Pick

Two Glasgow consular officers went with me out to a desolate, graystone Glasgow suburb to hear a socialist speaker exhort the hard-boiled gentry of that locality to throw down the government, remove all wealth from those that possess it and make the country fit to live in. The speaker was a clergyman of sorts, who dropped his *h*'s as profusely and regularly as though he were a seeding machine engaged in sowing the world's largest *h* crop. His audience was a typical Scotch-Irish-British slum audience—numb, apathetic, sullen, colorless men; undersized, undernourished, buck-toothed; hating themselves and everyone else. The speaker rebuked the British Empire bitterly for the interest it had displayed in pictures of the newly arrived child of Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles.

"W'y," he asked ferociously—"w'y should you want to see wot the child looked like? Anybody could tell by looking at 'is father and mother that 'e wouldn't look like much!"

All those in power, he assured his audience, were exploiting the laboring man for their own vile ends. All persons with money had stolen it from the workingman, to whom it rightfully belonged. He urged and implored his hearers to awake from their lethargy, overthrow by violence those who governed them so wretchedly and set up their own representatives in their stead to insure prosperity and happiness forever after.

His hearers, mentally dwarfed from generations of bad food, bad living conditions and too much beer, had heard buncombe of this sort so many times that they believed it. And there is plenty of this sort of talk to hear in Glasgow, where it is notorious that any good talker can get more money by speaking for the communists than he can by working at his trade.

It is worth noting that these Scotch slum dwellers, who are not yet emigrating to America, but who might start doing so at any moment, are in one respect superior to the slum dwellers of Southern and Eastern Europe, who are coming to America by thousands every year, and who came to America by millions before the war. They speak English, and consequently can be more easily approached and regulated. In other respects they form the lowest stratum of British life, and no country can afford to make itself the dumping ground for the worst and lowest class from any other country.

In Antwerp I talked with a representative of the United States Public Health Service who, by a special arrangement, examines European emigrants going to both the United States and to Canada. The difference between them, he said, made him ill. Canada chooses the immigrants that she wants; the United States takes anybody that comes. Consequently Canada gets good, husky, upstanding people; while the United States gets the runts and the culls.

"Those who go to America," said the doctor, "are all right from a strict quarantine viewpoint, because a public-health officer has only the right to stop emigrants that have yellow fever, leprosy or similar diseases. He hasn't even the legal right to stop an emigrant with trachoma.

"But from the immigration standpoint, most of the emigrants to America are very bad because of their countless years of rotten living conditions. Not a man in Congress would buy the scrubbiest bull or shoat if he wanted to breed farm stock; and yet, by their failure to select only the immigrants that America needs, they are letting in the scrubbiest man material from Central Europe to assist in perpetuating the American people."

The first persons to recognize the general excellence of Scotch emigrants to America are the American consular officials in Scotland, and yet they are the first persons to insist that America ought to select only the sort of immigrants that she needs, and only the best among those who offer themselves for selection.

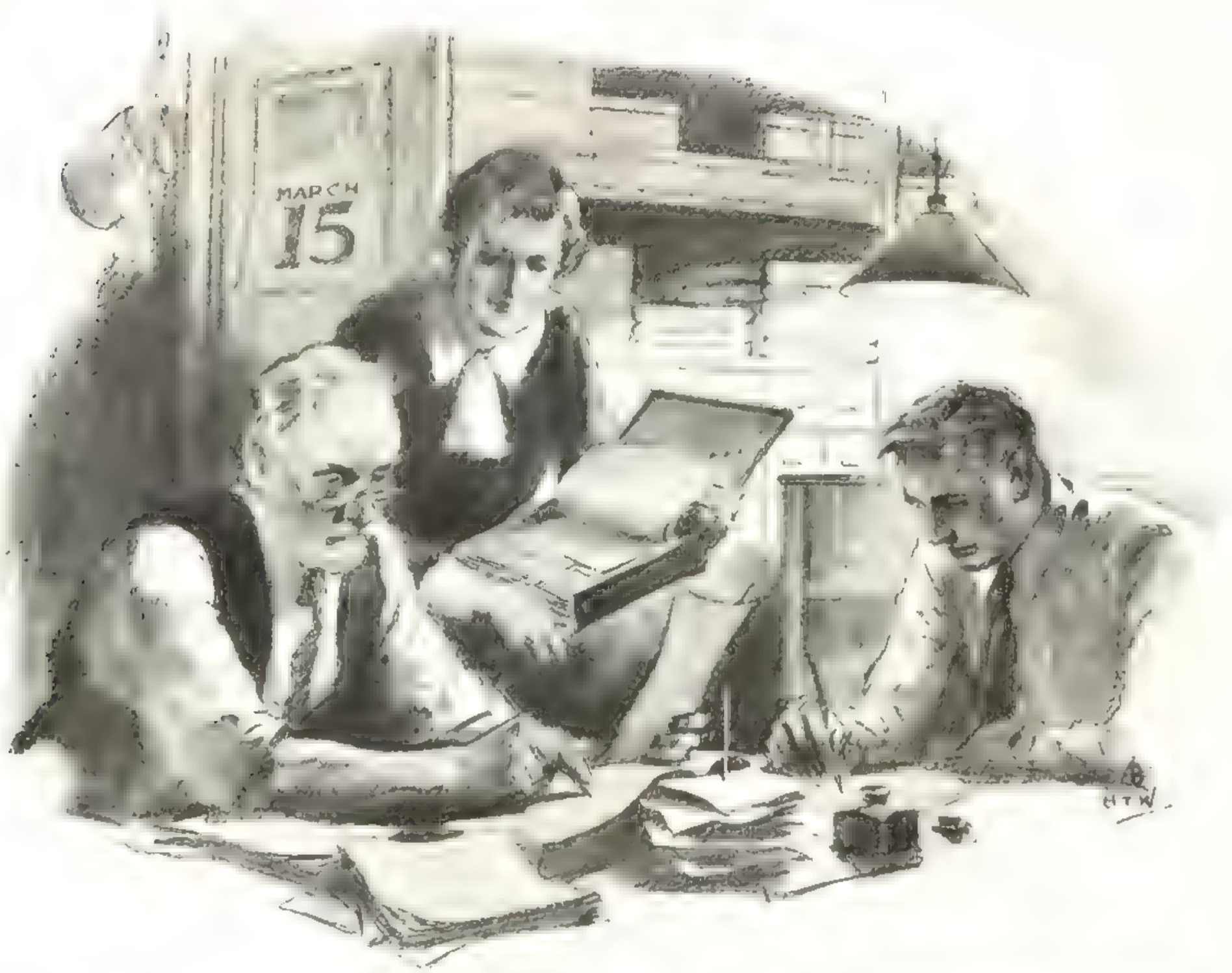
What Our Consuls Say

"America," they say, "is the refuge home for Europeans who can't make enough money in Europe. Since everyone that goes is going for the purpose of taking something from America, America should impose the terms.

"She should take what she needs. If she needs 500 carpenters, let her take 500 carpenters, and let her be sure that she gets 500 good carpenters. It will mean that the consulates must have larger staffs, and that there will be more work to do; but we're willing to do the work."

It is only by means of such selection that America can guard herself against the slum dwellers of Europe; against the human scrubs and runts and culls that will otherwise have a part in future generations of Americans; against the incompetent, unreliable, unintelligent masses, wholly ignorant of American ideals, of the American spirit.

If the Senate and the House Immigration Committees will bring in the consular officers from the chief immigration points in Europe they will quickly get some valuable and unprejudiced information as to the sort of permanent and workable immigration law that America ought to have. These consular officers aren't theorists. Immigrants have been pouring past them by the hundreds every day for three years. They know what ought to be done and what can be done and how to do it. If the Senate and the House Immigration Committees were to call in these specialists, they would find them in favor of having the United States find out exactly what sort of immigrants she needs, and then taking what she needs through the agency of the consuls, within certain definite limits to be set by Congress.



Is Income Tax Time a Nightmare?

Do you spend days (or weeks) frantically searching for the simple figure facts that you need for your Income Tax Return? And when the Return is finally finished, do you worry about its accuracy and the unsatisfactory condition of your business?

Thousands of progressive business men have forever banished the Income Tax nightmare by installing the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan. "Now," says Reed and Lewis, retail merchants of Starkville, Miss., "making up an Income Tax Report is merely a matter of copying the balances from the proper accounts. The figure information is always there and always correct."

But what is even more important—this plan also gives, in a simple way, the figures that build business and increase profits. E. P. Gearin & Co., commission merchants of Providence, R. I., say: "With the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan our lady bookkeeper is enabled to copy the Income Tax Report from her permanently balanced records in a few minutes,—and we are able to get a complete and accurate Profit and Loss Statement each month—in a short time—which has proved invaluable as a guide in the conduct of our business."

You can enjoy the same simple method of getting *your* Income Tax figures—and at the same time have available, instantly, every day the figures you need to build a profitable business. The Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan, by providing both, soon pays for itself.

Call your local Burroughs office. Look under Burroughs in your phone book or ask your banker for the address. The Burroughs man will show you how other business men in your line of business have profitably used this time and money saving system. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon and we'll send you the information direct.

Burroughs

Adding Machines | Bookkeeping Machines | Better Figures make Bigger Profits | Calculating Machines | Billing Machines

Burroughs
Adding
Machine Co.
6002 Second Blvd.
Detroit, Michigan

Please tell me how other men in my line of business have profited by installing the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan.

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

STATION U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 9

chance of interference or censorship by any intervening country.

As for the objection that the air is not private, practically all large firms use codes anyway. Besides, it would be expensive business for anybody to go to the trouble of intercepting all the messages sent between the various countries of Europe and the United States. The high-speed sending apparatus is of such a character that it is difficult for intervening points to listen in successfully.

The radio telephone has not made such strides from a commercial viewpoint. The engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, to be sure, have talked through the air and have been heard in London, but the British telephone service is in the hands of the government, and not enough money has been appropriated to build a station powerful enough to send the voice back from Great Britain to the United States or to inaugurate a long-distance telephone service.

But it is coming. The American business man will be able some day to pick up his telephone in Iowa or Texas or Oregon and ask for a number in London or Paris and be connected for conversation just as simply as today he talks from one end of this continent to the other.

Invention, again stimulated by the radio, has been responsible for long-distance telephony in the United States. The amplification of sound and the vacuum tube, important as they are to your receiving set at home, have played a far greater part in making possible conversation over land wires. The currents of conversation are carried through a multiplicity of land wires, strengthened automatically at repeater stations and amplified as the voice traverses the continent. All this has happened in the last few years as a direct result of the inventive energy stirred up when America entered the war.

And there are more wonders to come. The Leviathan, the pride of the American Merchant Marine, is equipped with receiving apparatus that will enable a person located anywhere in the United States to talk directly from an interior city to the liner at sea. A special radio station, designed for the purpose, will receive conversation from the ship in midocean. The cost of installing a telephone service from ship to shore and interior points is at present prohibitive. In time, however, when there is a demand for that form of communication, unquestionably American ships will be equipped with proper apparatus. There are some complications with reference to the use of the telephone between an American shore station and foreign vessels, and there is also the consideration of revenue now coming from the radio telegrams, which might be reduced if the telephone service were installed.

Hear the Flea Scratch!

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which embraces the Bell System throughout the United States, has, by the terms of its agreement with the Radio Corporation of America, a direct control over such business as will have to be carried on by the use of land telephone wires in transmitting conversation. This brings up another phase of the interrelationship between the various companies engaged in the manufacture of telephones and electrical devices used in the telephone and telegraph, as well as in radio broadcasting.

Spurred on by the war, all the engineers of the various companies engaged in the manufacture of electrical apparatus did all they could to develop devices in which the radio and the vacuum tube played an essential part. It will be recalled that to fight the submarine the allied world sought a detecting device that would warn a vessel of the approach of the undersea craft. It was in the search for such a detecting instrument that one of the most important discoveries was made. The amplification of sound has been accomplished to such an extent that scientists insist they have conducted successful experiments enabling them to hear a flea scratch. Other noises hitherto unknown to the ear have been developed through the use of amplifiers. In the next war the submarine will not be so effective as before, because the detection of sound has been accomplished both through the air and under water and through the ground. It is possible now by means of new inventions to tell exactly where a vessel is located. In this same connection, the radio companies have become an important aid to navigation at sea.

It is only a few years since we first read of the rescue at sea of distressed vessels which broadcast their "C Q D" signals, since changed to "S O S." Nowadays things are going on in the air and sea which are accepted as a matter of fact, though they are even more wonderful than the first deeds of rescue.

For instance, a marine hospital in New York answers questions relating to giving medical aid to officers at sea. Vessels which do not carry competent medical aid are frequently told over the radio what to do in emergencies. A special period has been set aside and a special wave length given to the marine hospital, so that ships may ask questions and get medical advice.

Radio Helps for Navigators

The radio compass has been developed to such a point that it may ultimately do away with much of the cost of maintaining lighthouses on the seacoast. There are two methods of using the radio compass. In fact, there is an interesting contest between one school of thought, the Department of Commerce, which controls the lighthouse service, and the Navy Department. When a ship at sea loses its bearings and wants to make sure of its position it can appeal to a shore station to flash back the information. The sending of the radio wave from the ship at sea to two shore stations makes two sides of a triangle, over which mathematical calculations can be made, and the position of a ship given. Sometimes the shore stations are able to give a quick reply and often the ships will shift their position before a reply can come. The Department of Commerce has another type of radio compass, which is carried on the ship itself. It learns its own position by listening for certain radio signals sent out automatically from shore twenty-four hours a day. The entire seacoast will be lined with these automatic sending devices, each of which flashes intermittently a certain radio call listed in a book. Opposite each call are the latitude and longitude of the sending station. By receiving signals from two lighthouse stations, a navigator knows instantly, by means of the radio compass, the exact direction from which they come, and is able to plot his position on the chart.

The possible uses of the radio ray on land are by no means exhausted. Here is a significant statement from the London Daily Mail:

> On September 8 The Daily Mail published the news that the Germans had found a secret means of stopping aëroplanes in flight. In no fewer than 12 cases French machines on the way from France to Rumania, carrying passengers and mails, were compelled by mysterious engine failures to come down on German territory.
>
> In every instance the machine was seized and the pilot in charge was prevented from ascertaining what was the precise cause of his engine's stopping.
>
> The news was received with general incredulity, though General Estienne, the creator of the French tank service, a few weeks later declared that the stoppage of a motor from a distance by a wireless wave acting upon the magneto was quite realizable in practice and would be of enormous military importance.
>
> The Daily Mail is now able to state that the British authorities have been for some time in possession of a contrivance, similar to the German one, for putting out of action the magnetos of aëroplane engines by wireless. Experiments have been conducted with this contrivance, and it has now been ascertained that by providing for the insulation of the magnetos its effect can be counteracted.
>
> In the near future, when British aëroplanes have been fitted with the insulation, their engines will be proof against the German ray.

Various stunts have been accomplished by the radio which defy the imagination. Whether they will have a commercial value remains to be seen. No one knows; not even the radio companies themselves. President Coolidge recently sent forth a radio telegraphic wave by touching a key on board the Mayflower as it cruised along the Potomac. The wave passed to the shore and was carried through a telegraph line to a station in New Jersey, which broadcast the same wave at such strength as to cause a whistle to blow on the steamship President Harrison, lying at its dock in San Francisco Bay. For ten seconds the whistle blew, signaling the departure of the first of seven American vessels on a cruise around the world. The radio impulse leaped three thousand miles, covering the distance in less than one-fiftieth of a second. A special electrical mechanism connected with the ship's whistle was in tune with the radio wave sent out by the President by the touching of a key on his yacht. The whole process was automatic with the exception of a light stroke of the President's finger on the controlling button. The radio impulse was sent on what is known as a wave length of thirteen thousand six hundred meters. When it is considered that all amateur broadcasting is done on wave lengths of five hundred meters or under, some idea of the power used in sending that impulse can be gained. The radio wave when received on board the President Harrison in San Francisco and suitably amplified actuated a lever which pulled the ship's steam whistle.

Radio accomplished an even more remarkable stunt, so far as long-distance communication is concerned, on the night of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. More than six thousand miles from the ringside in New York, people of Argentina listened to a description of the fight, blow by blow, almost as quickly as the two pugilists delivered their punches. The announcer stationed at the ringside in New York had a telephone in his lap. Each movement of the fighters was described over the land-line telephone, which was connected with a powerful sending station several miles from the scene of the fight. An operator listening over the telephone to the story of the fight put it into the dot-and-dash language and it was flashed instantly through the air and received in Buenos Aires on a wave length of seventeen thousand five hundred meters. There it was broadcast by an announcer who spoke the Spanish language, and radio fans, not only in Argentina but in Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay heard the intimate details of the fight. It is estimated that fifteen seconds were consumed from the moment the referee reached his count of ten, while Firpo lay on the canvas, until the news was transmitted into the countries in South America just mentioned.

Broadcasting the voice, of course, is the most spectacular side of the radio, but it is a serious question yet whether it can be made to pay for all concerned. At present the maintenance of broadcasting stations is financially worth while because it stimulates the sale of sets. At least five million persons are said to be listening in nowadays over the radio. America has led the world again in this particular phase of the radio industry. In Great Britain and France there are thousands of receiving sets, but the broadcasting stations have not been developed to so high a degree of efficiency as in the United States.

Merchandising Matters

International broadcasting depends, to some extent, upon agreements between the various manufacturing companies, because it would not pay a concern in Great Britain to establish a broadcasting station for the entertainment of people in the United States who would buy their sets from American companies. The British, on the other hand, may find it profitable commercially to establish broadcasting stations so as to reach other parts of Europe, in which case, of course, the United States would listen in without charge. Already the people in Europe are listening in to concerts broadcast from American stations.

Thus far the sale of radio sets has not provided a solution in the United States for the ultimate maintenance of broadcasting stations; there is no way by which the manufacturer can exact from the purchaser a fee to meet the expense of broadcasting. In Great Britain a license is required from every receiving station, and the government can collect a tax, and might even undertake broadcasting out of the funds received. Such a scheme would be difficult of administration in the United States, and to date nobody in the radio business has found an answer to the question of who will pay for the broadcasting when once radio sets are distributed to the saturation point.

There are, of course, those who believe that the saturation point will not be reached for many years to come and that there is no use worrying about the expense of broadcasting so long as radio sets are being sold. Certain tendencies, however, are worth noting. At first, newspapers jumped at the opportunity of establishing broadcasting stations. They found them expensive to operate and except for indirect advertising no concrete gains in income could be detected. Whereas two years ago there were more than one thousand broadcasting stations in the United States under license, there are today less than five hundred active stations. David Sarnoff vice president and general manager of the Radio Corporation of America, has been making speeches predicting that some day there will be a half dozen big broadcasting stations in the United States which will be connected by land lines with every auditorium or studio where talent is located. Out of the funds received from an appeal over the radio for volunteer subscriptions, a huge sum could be raised and disbursed by a quasi-government agency for the benefit of the radio public.

When radio was first introduced many distinguished singers and actors gave their services free, but soon the publishers of music began to protest that their copyrights were being infringed, as did the makers of phonograph records who had obtained at high cost the exclusive services of certain singers. In as much as the radio companies were not ready to compete with the high incomes obtained by some of the best artists in America, the latter for the most part were restrained from using the radio.

Getting on a Sounder Basis

The building of more broadcasting stations will undoubtedly be affected by the uncertainty over the funds necessary to maintain those stations. Certain stations at strategic points on the Pacific Coast and the Atlantic Coast undoubtedly will be maintained so as to give the radio receiver the distance he seeks. Entertainment from ships at sea may even be included, and there is a possibility that the erection of a broadcasting station in some European country by arrangement between an American and a foreign company will prove advantageous so as to stimulate the sale of sets in the United States and Canada.

The radio industry itself is rapidly becoming stabilized with reference to the manufacture of sets. Most of the improvements being made nowadays are in the direction of economy of upkeep and simplicity of operation, as well as selectivity for the receiver who wishes to tune out the local station and get distance. Attention is being given to the designing of the apparatus so that it will not look like a piece of machinery, but like ornamental furniture in the home.

The distribution of radio sets through dealers—the problem of selling—has presented difficulties not unlike those of other new products. Distributing arrangements have usually been made through electrical dealers, but, as has been the case with other patented articles, the good and the bad have been handled by all sorts of retailers. The leaders in the radio industry recognize the dangers of clumsy merchandising and are urging responsible dealers everywhere to serve the public in such a way as to enable them to distinguish between high-grade and inferior products.

There have been many wild guesses made as to the effect of radio on other businesses. The prediction made at the outset was that it would hurt the sale of phonograph records. But the best information available is that it hasn't. The phonograph can be turned on or off, and affords as much selectivity in artists as the individual wants. Just as the phonograph did not interfere with the sale of pianos, so will the radio fail to affect permanently the sale of phonographs.

The newspapers of the country, which at first looked with alarm on the development of radio as a competitive proposition, are no longer apprehensive. The transmission of certain sporting results or the news of some big disaster is, of course, more quickly accomplished by the radio than by Extras. But if the truth were known, the American newspaper never has made money on Extras. The average man sometimes forgets that the number of copies sold, especially on an Extra, doesn't add much to the revenue of a newspaper, because the white paper on which the large number of copies

(Continued on Page 101)

"The critical moment"

The "FILM *of* PROTECTION" *means*—

more power when you need it most

IN the swirl of city traffic or on the open road—there comes that critical moment when you *must* have more power—in a hurry. Do you get it or not? The answer often depends upon the oil you use.

The power that drives your car is the tremendous force of the explosion in the combustion chamber thrusting down on the piston-head. But between the piston and piston rings and the cylinder walls there is a minute space; a space that must be sealed by a film of oil so that power cannot blow *past* the piston, waste itself and contaminate the oil in the crankcase.

And the oil must hold that piston-seal in spite of the mighty thrust of the explosion—in spite of the constant menace of friction—in spite of the lash of searing, scorching heat Ordinary oil quits under this punishment. The piston-seal is broken. Power is wasted.

Why the "Film of Protection" holds its power-seal

Skilled Tide Water engineers spent years studying the chemical and physical properties of lubricating oil and oil films.

To get an oil that would lubricate under ideal laboratory conditions was easy. Their quest was an oil that would lubricate perfectly under the most severe operating conditions; one that would offer the greatest resistance to deadly heat and friction. Experiment followed experiment, test followed test, until finally they obtained, in Veedol, an oil which forms a "film *of* protection," thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.

More power, greater protection

With its *extra* resistance to heat and friction, with its *extra* strength and tenacity, the Veedol "film *of* protection" forms a perfect piston-seal. It puts every ounce of power to work. It means more power when you need it most.

Have your crankcase filled with Veedol today. Put the "film *of* protection" on the job conserving your power and safeguarding your motor. The Veedol Motor Protection Guide, at your dealer's, will tell you which Veedol oil to use in your car.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York; Chicago, 3433 So. Racine Ave.; San Francisco, 440 Brannan St.

The "FILM *of* PROTECTION"

thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.

Here is the Veedol "film of protection." Note how smooth, even and unbroken it is. The fact that Veedol resists deadly heat and friction has been proved *chemically* by scientists. It has been proved *practically* by hundreds of thousands of motorists. Veedol gives them more power, greater gasoline and oil mileage, less carbon and the greatest economy in operation.

The picture below shows how a film of ordinary oil breaks, curls up and burns. Metal to metal contact follows; destructive friction sets up. You pay the toll—lost power, carbon knocks, scored cylinders and pistons, burned-out bearings. 75% of all engine repair bills are caused by the failure of the ordinary oil-film to resist heat and friction.

Motorists in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

COPYRIGHT 1924

Fire

The Mark of Quality

Firestone Service Dealers are Your Authorities on

BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

IT is already an accepted fact that the Firestone Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord is one of the big things accomplished in tire building. The public and the automotive industry have registered overwhelming approval.

Naturally, motorists who are up-to-date are calling upon the Firestone Service Dealer for authoritative information about this latest example of Firestone pioneering. He is more than a distributor of tires; he is a guide to the motoring public—sound, experienced, business-like.

He is familiar with the facts about the Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord; how it has so materially bettered riding comfort, safety and car conservation, without sacrificing mileage or increasing fuel consumption. Ask him to explain why the special Firestone gum-dipping process is essential to successful balloon tire construction. He will tell you how the thin sidewall is made stronger and more flexible by impregnating every fibre of the cords with special rubber compound.

With Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords the difficulties and hazards of rough roads disappear. For these great air-cushions easily absorb obstacles and roll smoothly over depressions.

The broad, pliable treads cling to the slipperiest road surfaces, giving far better braking control. Skidding or slipping is almost impossible. Traction is made far more effective.

See the nearest Firestone Service Dealer for complete information regarding the application of these wonderful tires to your car.

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER— H.S. Firestone.

FACTORIES: AKRON, OHIO HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Stone

FREE—Our new book on how to get longer wear from silk stockings. All women will find it interesting and valuable. Its name is Silk Stockings Without Extravagance. It is very fully illustrated. Send us your name and address and the name of the store where you buy your hosiery, and we'll mail you a copy free

ANKLES look their best in Rollins Hosiery—lustrous in color and shaped to give the trim, smart lines style requires. And in Rollins you get long wear. Only choicest yarns are used. With our Harms-Not dye, all the living strength of silk, cotton or wool is preserved. Complete your new spring wardrobe with Rollins, made in styles and shades to give the finishing touch to the season's fashions in dress. And ask your local merchant for Rollins for all the family.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS
DES MOINES, IOWA
Factories: Des Moines and Boone, Iowa

ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 96)

are printed really costs more than the sale price. Though it is true that newspapers base their rates for advertising on the amount of copies they sell, they are unable to adjust their rate overnight so as to get more revenue out of an Extra than a normal issue. Probably the radio will, to some extent, do away with the shouting of an Extra, but in that respect most of the newspaper publishers themselves will be grateful.

As for the distribution of information, it is already apparent from the letters received by the principal broadcasting stations that persons with receiving sets are far more interested in entertainment than in information. The misuse of the radio for the spread of propaganda is already being discussed by the big radio concerns. The forthcoming presidential campaign will probably see the formulation of a standard of ethics on the part of radio broadcasting stations so that impartiality between the parties may be assured. The real question involved in broadcasting of information, especially news, is whether the individual would rather receive a spoken description of the routine news of the day, or whether he or she would prefer to glance quickly over a large variety of items and select what is interesting. The opportunity, moreover, of newspapers and periodicals to present photographs is not yet paralleled by the radio.

Radio for Advertising Purposes

There are, of course, a good many theories about the possible use of radio for advertising purposes, and in some few instances subtle forms of advertising have been devised; but here again it is unlikely that any of the present channels of advertising will be in any way affected, for there will always be millions of people who will not care to be troubled by radio devices in their homes, and there will always be millions of people who would rather listen to jazz than a radio description of a manufactured product. Solicitation for advertising over the radio is being carried on by some of the more important companies. There has been some response. But unless enough revenue can be obtained to support a broadcasting station the project will not advance very far. At the moment, the broadcasting experts have found it necessary to cut down the speeches and lectures and increase the music. Just where they would get an opportunity to insert advertising is difficult to forecast, especially since the general public would not be compelled to listen but could at any moment "hang up the receiver."

All these experiments are an indication of the way the radio industry is feeling its way along. The latest development is a plan presented by some of the power companies to the Department of Commerce in Washington, whereby programs will be carried over telephone and electric-light wires into the home wherever there is a telephone or an electric-light connection. A carrier has been invented by which the voice can be conveyed along a wire into the home, but a special receiving instrument will be necessary. This instrument would be installed just like a telephone on a rental basis and would be taken out in case anyone failed to pay toll. Legally the proposition has been pronounced sound enough, but fears are expressed that the instrument itself will be capable of imitation by the youthful radio experts of the country. Thousands of boys have made their own radio sets and they may not be slow to imitate any device which is put out for the reception of music over telephone or electric-light wires. Nor is there any certainty that the sale by competing firms of apparatus which could be attached to an electric-light bulb or an electric-telephone wire could be prevented.

One of the difficulties about the air is that nobody has a monopoly in it, and that the facts of radio are so well known that anyone with a scientific turn can make his own radio set. The theory back of the plan for the distribution of radio entertainment by telephone wire is that the public will soon get tired of interference in the air and the variegated programs forced upon them, and will welcome the reception of concerts by high-grade artists. If the telephone and power companies were able to make their new plan pay, they, of course, would obtain enough revenue to outbid anybody else and get the very best talent in the world. Only one concert would, of course, be broadcast at a time, and there would be no opportunity for the receiver to go fishing in search of other stations and other concerts.

But the proponents of the new plan think that the entire radio public is not altogether obsessed with the need for jazz music, and that good concert and entertainment will be in demand; in other words, that quality will count in the end over the radio just as it has in the theater and the movie.

To understand the radio problem which confronts the American public, it is pertinent to observe the relationship which exists between the various manufacturing concerns involved. Congress recently asked the Federal Trade Commission for a report on the facts with regard to the radio industry, and the result was a report of hundreds of typewritten pages. Boiled down, it reveals that the Radio Corporation of America was formed at the suggestion of the Navy Department itself so that the friction between the various companies controlling patents developed during the war might cease and the industry be commercially promoted for the best interests of the country. Whether the combination, which was formed at the suggestion of one government department, has overstepped its bounds and has formed a trust in restraint of trade is something that will be fought out in the courts, but one thing is certain: If it had not been for the combination of the various radio interests at the suggestion of the Navy Department, America would not today be so far along in the radio field.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company was the first company formed in America for the transmission of messages by wireless. It was a British-controlled corporation and was organized in 1899. This company had exclusive rights in the United States to exploit patents controlled by the British Marconi Company. High-powered stations were erected along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and this British company had a near monopoly in ship-to-shore communication until 1919, when it was taken over by the Radio Corporation of America.

Two other companies in the United States—namely, the Federal Telegraph, and the United Fruit Company, which operates a fleet of vessels in connection with its tropical-fruit business in Central and South America—obtained a few radio patents from the Marconi Company and operated a ship-to-shore business. The Federal Telegraph Company specialized in communication on the Pacific.

Prior to the war only two companies manufactured what is termed the vacuum tube, and those two concerns got into legal difficulties with each other. Prior to the war much research was done by the General Electric, the Westinghouse and the Western Electric.

The British Bought Out

Many of the patents of the General Electric Company were found to be adapted to radio. One of its developments was the Alexanderson alternator, a machine for generating high-frequency current, especially useful in long-distance communication. At present this invention has really made possible the transatlantic communication of radio messages, and the high-speed sending. The first of these machines was installed by the Marconi Company in 1917, and the British-owned concern began negotiations for exclusive rights of the machine, when the entrance of the United States into the war stopped negotiations. The Navy Department saw the radio business drifting into foreign hands and felt that an American company should be organized to handle the Alexanderson patents and other devices, so as to compete with British interests.

In May, 1919, when consideration of the subject was resumed, Secretary Daniels, of the Navy Department, stated that he was in favor of government ownership of radio, and that he doubted his power to execute a contract with any private concern, except with the consent of Congress. Subsequently, however, the General Electric Company began negotiations to purchase the British Marconi holdings in the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, and finally the General Electric Company succeeded, on October 17, 1919, in forming the Radio Corporation of America. Some of the principal stockholders were the General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, the United Fruit Company, and former stockholders of the American Marconi Company.

Then began an era of cross agreements between the various companies which controlled all the patents covering radio devices. Approximately two thousand patents were involved. Agreements were made with the General Electric Company, Marconi Wireless Telegram Company of London, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—Bell System—and its subsidiary, the Western Electric Company, the United Fruit Company, the International Radio Telegraph Company and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

Under these agreements the Radio Corporation of America secured the exclusive right to sell and use radio devices covered by the patents of all the companies mentioned. The agreements with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company run until 1930, while the remainder remain in force until 1945.

Reduced to its essence, all the agreements provide that the Radio Corporation of America shall be the selling company for practically all the radio devices sold to the public under the patents developed. The General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company sell to the Radio Corporation of America only, while the Radio Corporation of America agrees that 60 per cent of its requirements will be purchased annually from the General Electric Company and 40 per cent from the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

In the sale of receiving sets the Radio Corporation of America has competition from seventeen concerns licensed under other patents, although the right of some of these concerns to sell vacuum tubes has been questioned.

Working Agreements

The Western Electric Company, which makes all the telegraph apparatus for the Bell System, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which controls the land wires, are vital factors in the problem. It has been discovered, for instance, in recent months, that, in order to broadcast sporting events or entertainments, or such things as a presidential address or a political speech, a movable broadcasting station cannot be easily improvised. The use of a land telephone wire to carry the voice from the hall or auditorium to the central broadcasting station is desirable. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is unwilling to permit its wires to be used without compensation. That is one hitch. Also under the terms of the intercompany agreements the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was given the privilege of broadcasting for toll or hire. This means that the Bell System, while conceding the right of the Radio Corporation of America to act as selling agent for radio sets or to broadcast its own programs, the making of agreements with individual concerns to broadcast music or to send information to the public must rest with the Bell System if any leasing of broadcasting service is attempted.

Similarly, unless the Bell System agrees there will be no communication between the seas and interior points in the United States by long-distance telephone, since it is obvious that the Radio Corporation of America cannot go into the telephone business and establish contact in every home in the United States without the coöperation of the Bell System or other telephone companies.

Communication between ships at sea and the shore is exclusively within the control of the Radio Corporation of America. Hence the Bell System cannot reach ships at sea without a corresponding agreement on the part of the Radio Corporation of America and its affiliated companies abroad. The Tropical Radio and Telegraph Company, a subsidiary of the United Fruit Company, is engaged in ship-to-shore communication on the Caribbean Sea, but is affiliated with the Radio Corporation of America.

The Radio Corporation of America contends that in order to function properly it must of necessity secure a monopoly in the transmitting and receiving of radio messages between the United States and foreign countries. This company controls virtually all the high-powered stations with the exception of those owned by the Government, and in addition has entered into traffic agreements with the various foreign governments and radio companies, the majority

of which agreements provide all messages intended for the United States shall be transmitted through the facilities of the Radio Corporation of America. Agreements of this kind have been made with the wireless companies in Great Britain and the British possessions, and in France and Italy, and with the governments of Norway, Germany, Poland, Sweden and the Netherlands, and a similar agreement between the Marconi Company and the Japanese Government was assumed by the Radio Corporation of America. There are other agreements with European companies for cooperation in South America and Central America, and similar steps are being taken in Argentina, Colombia, Venezuela, Chile and the United States.

The Federal Telegraph Company of California, which has been engaged in a ship-to-shore communication on the Pacific Coast, entered into, in 1921, an agreement with the Chinese Government for the establishment of a transpacific service. The former company had difficulties in getting its project under way, and finally the agreement was absorbed by a new company known as the Federal Telegraph Company of Delaware, which is organized by the older Federal Company and by the Radio Corporation of America. The Navy Department in Washington has been a party to the various negotiations, declining to lend its hand to the establishment of any monopoly in the service from the Far East, and the question of obtaining an agreement between the various companies holding concessions in China is still unsolved

The Federal Trade Commission has pointed out that the refusal of the Radio Corporation of America to sell or lease apparatus to competitors for international-communication purposes is open to criticism, and some doubt is raised about the power of the Radio Corporation of America to sell apparatus with license notices the object of which is to restrict the purchasers' use altogether to amateur and experimental purposes.

The amateur with his receiving set, who has been appealing to the Government to allow certain wave lengths so that there will be no interference with his experiments, has succeeded to some extent in persuading the Government to lend a hand and mediate between the various interests in the air. The radio public is not being forced to buy any particular kind of receiving set but can make a choice of many.

In the development of the radio communication for commercial purposes there is a legal battle ahead, but the chances are that until the multiplicity of agreements made by the Radio Corporation of America with the governments and companies of other countries is proved conclusively to be detrimental to the interests of the public the litigation will not amount to much. The American Government has had troubles enough trying to persuade the cable companies to give up their monopolistic agreements with foreign-owned concerns. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the Radio Corporation, made most of these agreements. He recently went to Europe as the unofficial representative of America on the commission appointed to investigate the reparations problem.

The whole subject of international communication is a question of regulation by diplomatic agreement. Conferences galore have been held in the last five years in an effort to apply uniform rules, but the United States has been the principal obstacle to agreement, chiefly because in most of the countries of Europe the telegraph and telephone service is under government operation, and therefore control can be exercised and agreements enforced. In the United States the question of government ownership has long been debated, and even today under an Act of Congress, the Navy Department is prevented from accepting messages for commercial purposes except for those parts of the world where the private American companies are unable to render satisfactory service. Thus in the Pacific one can send messages by the Navy Radio, but just as soon as the Radio Corporation of America establishes its posts the naval service will have to retire. The naval service in the Pacific handles a large amount of press matter, principally for Honolulu and Manila The Radio Corporation of America is just beginning to get established on the Pacific, as it has been waiting for the Japanese Government to finish building its big station. It was this station, operated in connection with the Radio Corporation of America, which recently gave the world the first news of the Japanese earthquake. One can sit in the office of the Radio Corporation of America in San Francisco and talk by radio across the Pacific to Japan without the slightest difficulty. Communication in the Pacific has long been a barrier to the development of that part of the world. But with the coming of the radio, business with the Orient is bound to expand, and the peoples of the Far East and the United States are sure to be brought closer together through the exchange of information.

When it is considered that until recently most of the news about the United States reached Japan and China by way of Europe and was in some instances colored there by foreign press agencies, an idea of the importance of the radio to America can be appreciated.

Whatever else radio may do for the entertainment of the American people, the industry has reached out to the far corners of the globe and established direct air circuits from the United States, so that news can be transmitted directly without interfering censorship and so that business messages can be sent to and from the marts of the world. Communication by cable under the seven seas is said to have built up British trade and commerce. So may radio be the means of giving the American merchant and manufacturer an opportunity to do business quickly with the rest of the universe through the air. For America has indeed become the radio center of the world.

It's those *slanting teeth* that make the difference

A SLIPPERY pipe, a rusty hexagonal fitting or an old square nut with its corners battered off are all the same to a Walworth Stillson.

Notice the slant of its teeth. In the top jaw they pull back. The lower teeth push forward like the undershot jaw of a bulldog. Anything you lock that grip on has *got* to turn! That's why a Walworth Stillson wrench is such a handy all-round tool for all kinds of household jobs, and for anybody who has a car to tinker with.

At your hardware and auto supply dealer's you can identify all *genuine* Walworth Stillson wrenches—from 6 to 48 inches—by Dan Stillson's mark.

STILLSON

If this Diamond Mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it.

WALWORTH

Stillson *"The Handy Helper in Every Home"* *Wrench*

A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Boston, Mass.
Plants at Boston and Kewanee, Ill.
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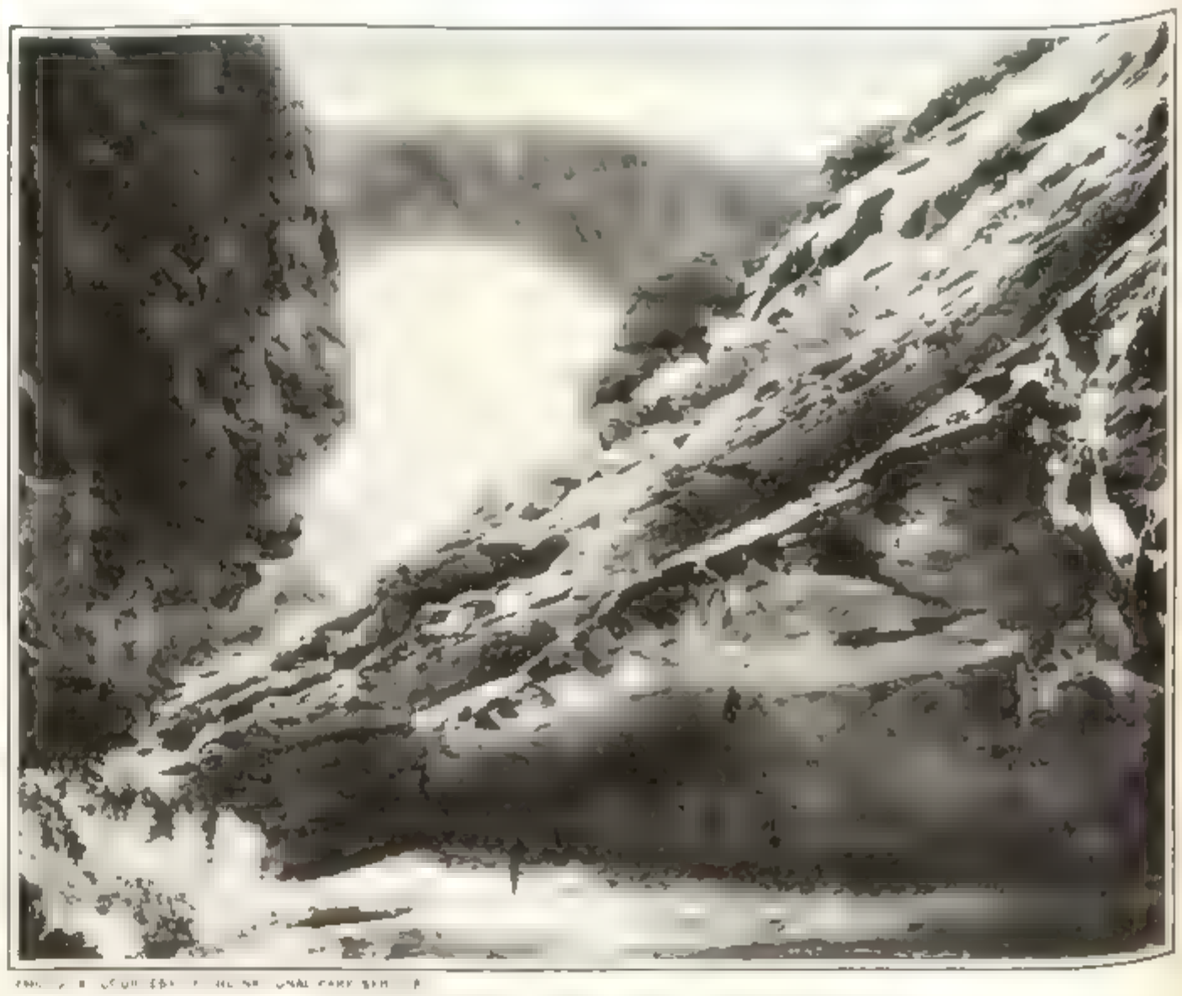

Rainbow Bridge National Monument, Utah

NORRIS VARIETY BOX

THE VARIETY BOX in design and coloring is a worthy setting for Norris Candies. Varying shades of rich purple, mauve, old gold and turquoise convey an artistic effort that is unique and charming.

Candy you are proud to present

THE NORRIS VARIETY BOX

THE art of giving is the art of pleasing. The ideal gift will, in one instance, express sentiment and regard; in another, it will acknowledge and meet a social obligation to one's hostess; in still another, it will convey congratulations upon a birthday, anniversary, or other occasion.

No gift could be more certain of appreciation than the beautiful Norris Variety Box, filled with over twenty different kinds of Norris Candies, each a masterpiece of the candy-maker's art. It is an assortment full of delightful surprises—unique confections de luxe—in which fruit and nut centers predominate.

The satisfying goodness of the Norris Variety Box is conclusively proven by the large patronage that thousands of good dealers throughout America enjoy on this beautifully boxed and high-quality assortment. Other good dealers are invited to correspond with the makers.

If your dealer hasn't NORRIS Candies yet, send us $1.50 for a full pound Variety Box prepaid to any part of the U.S., and shipped the day order is received. Kindly give dealer's name

NORRIS, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

These candies are included in the Variety Box (1, 2, 3, and 5 lbs.)

Chocolate-Covered Fruits
Cherries Raisins
Pineapples
Coup de Fraise
(block tin cup)

Chocolate-Covered Centers
Double Almonds
Lemon Rolls Sirrona
Almond Butter Brittle
Almond Truffles

Marshmallows
Cream Brazil Nut
Brazil Nut Truffle
Double Mints
Apricot Creams
Honey Pecan Nougat

Maple Walnut
Cream Pecans

Caramels
Vanilla Nut
Chocolate
Pistachio Nougat

NORRIS, Inc., ATLANTA, GA.
Enclosed find $1.50 for a 1-lb. Variety Box

Name

Address

City State

Dealer's Name
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54.40 OR PHYFE

Continued from Page 19

lantern and a Foo dog. Call them Chippendale, and they'll never know the difference."

"But, Mr. Overly, I promised him I'd study up on the Phyfe stuff and then do his apartment."

"Listen to that!" shrieked the gorgeous one. "Hopeless—absolutely! Go on! Get your money! Get your hat! Get your hat! Don't let me see you around here! I can't stand it! Quick, Miss Mathews, bring me my headache powders!"

And Mr. Overly flung himself into a chair, face in his hands, trembling with hysteria.

Neither Matilda's metropolitan experience nor her former quiet suburban existence had provided her with an example of the Clyde Overly type. Although all her male friends were of the sex of the bull, they possessed the calm placidity of the cow. Most of them were dumb, patient brutes with nerves far below the surface, not given to hysterical unreason. Therefore, the intense flaring of Mr. Overly was beyond her understanding. Bereft of any idea of argument, Matilda left the room.

When the haze of finding herself without a job had cleared somewhat, Miss Munty discovered unconsciously that one firm resolve had become crystallized for her. Out of her sudden comprehension of the fact that she didn't know anything thoroughly, arose the purpose to learn one thing well. Perhaps her reactions took no such definite form, but they did suggest to her that on this matter of Phyfe and his times and work she concentrate to master something. At least she could make her own one phase in the vast panorama of the decorative arts.

Inspired to a rarefied emotional height by her recent failure, Matilda proceeded to the public library to negotiate her studies. She wasted only one-half hour discovering that Phyfe, Duncan, was not listed under the F titles.

Now although Matilda's finances were slim, her actual needs were modest. She commanded two hundred dollars, which, with earnest nursing, might take her some distance; and at the end of that there was always work. So she applied herself enthusiastically to the decorative period she had chosen, with little of worry bothering her.

For a month she steeped herself, twelve and fourteen hours each day, in books relative to the greatest American cabinetmaker, in museums and in antique shops, to catch first hand the delicacy of his glowing masterpieces in wood. Little by little she acquired the intuitive sense which could distinguish the genuine from the copy, the fit from the inappropriate. It was a sense based upon the sum total of her learning and not due to any one criterion of pedestal turning or form. Fragile at first, it was a sense which grew bold and assured as she progressed. And it was a satisfying day for Matilda when, in a shop, she contradicted the salesman who was exclaiming to her over the beauty of a Phyfe sewing stand, and the owner of the shop backed her assertion that it was an English piece, and within ten minutes of conversation offered her a job; and refusing it was only a slightly secondary satisfaction.

During this pleasant month of self-tutelage a recurring note of incompleteness bothered her calm. It was the frequent recollection of her father's letter appealing for her brother. She had postponed definitely answering that request, since she would need the money for herself, and yet she dreaded to refuse him outright. But whenever the letter came into her mind it trained along a succession of memories. Matilda, surprised, came to understand that as she acquired knowledge, even in only one particular channel, she acquired a grasp of many things totally irrelevant to beds and settees.

She had realized faintly for a long time that the rooms in her old home had been dim rooms, a dark house whose memories she had tried to forget rather than to cherish. Her father? For years he had vexed her, but never until now had he seemed a person to pity. But now the truth about him flashed to her. It was amazingly simple. He had a man's figure and a man's vocabulary, but a child's judgment. That was the reason his plans were forever falling short. And he was always hiding his actual inability behind a rather stately diction that had completely befuzzled her. This solution to her father's character came to Matilda with such force that her protective instinct flared high. No slap across the face could have aroused her more thoroughly to the defense. At once Matilda was up and in action, the nearest action she knew, to post him the money he had, now so pathetically, asked for.

Returning to the museum where she was engaged upon certain documents concerning the pre-Empire influences on Phyfe, her soul knew the sad pleasures and sweets of self-pity, familiar to martyrs and suchlike gentry. The rack could not have forced her to admit her thrill of self-admiration, because she failed to recognize the reason for the thrill. She only knew that she felt warm inside, and that a female, practically made over, was scanning pages of illustrations and cuts of rare table posts.

Completely enveloped in the light of her charity, the documents before her seemed far away and fused with a rosy cast. Things did not register clearly, for her mind seemed disconnected from the intellect of Matilda Munty, who was examining a pencil sketch on the back of an old bill of sale. A free-hand drawing of a chair featuring a lyre back, dog feet and a carved cornucopia on the top rail. The sketch interested Miss Munty, because she had been informed that it was a combination of motives not yet discovered in any known example of Phyfe's work. The thing gripped her beyond a reasonable point. There was a dreamy quality of friendliness about it. Somewhere she had known that chair. In some house she had observed it minutely and was familiar with each shadow of carving and gleam of the brass four-toed dog feet.

And then, in a rush, came the connection.

A spring morning with squares of vivid sunlight on the carpet; her family all kneeling at morning prayers; her father's voice droning along through the words: "And so, our Heavenly Father, we humbly repeat the words of the Master on earth, who said, 'Our Father, Who art in heaven——'"; and Nebbie, the gray cat of the wandering eye stalking into the room; and the sudden claws in the carpet of Nebbie as he glimpsed the gently hither-and-yon swinging of the ivory charm on her father's watch chain. How the pleasant possibilities in Nebbie's entrance had diverted her eyes from the daily study of the lyre-backed chair before which she knelt. The chair of the drawing before her! The undiscovered example of the great Phyfe's artistry in her own home!

Matilda jumped to her feet, looking around wildly. She had to tell someone. But the vast museum room was empty, so she slumped back into her chair to review the fortune of her find. Value? Large, of course. She trembled at this near opportunity to start her own business from their sale. As she remembered it, there were six chairs—two under the steel engraving of King Solomon's cupbearer, one at each side of the mantel and two at the black-walnut table which held the stereopticon—that instrument which was distasteful, since it was reserved for clean hands and a pure heart on Sundays.

The calm which certain people display in a crisis possessed Matilda as she returned the manuscript to the attendant and went in search of the curator of the department. With this gentleman she was thoroughly direct.

"Mr. Higgins, would the museum be interested in acquiring a set of six Phyfe chairs? They are absolutely unique in being the model of the lyre-back, dog-foot, cornucopia top-rail type. You know the combination. Undiscovered so far. I am quite sure I can procure them. Original, of course, with a reliable history of ownership."

Mr. Higgins, the curator, was a remarkable character. His mind held a vast assortment of genuine information concerning his department. No living expert knew more of his subject than he did, but yet he had the wonderful quality of not insisting on imparting all he did know. He removed his glasses and stopped smiling. Conversation on possible museum acquisitions was no trifling matter to be lightly touched.

"Really? Well, if they are what you say, the museum will be glad to purchase them. Would it be convenient for me to inspect them?"

"Perhaps you would let me send them directly to you here for inspection. They are out of town."

"Thank you; that would be splendid. You have no objection to signing a waiver of responsibility for the museum?"

"Not the slightest. And could you tell me another thing? If the museum decided to take them, about what would they be willing to pay?"

Mr. Higgins hesitated not. He had the assurance of real knowledge when he spoke of his own department.

"Genuine? The type you mention? Six? Good condition? Twelve hundred dollars."

"Thank you," said Matilda, turning quickly to conceal the telltale upward twitch of the corners of her mouth. "They will be delivered to you sometime within a week. Good-by."

That night Miss Munty took the midnight for Boston.

Of art Matilda Munty may have learned merely a smattering, but of human nature she had acquired some knowledge, and consequently she timed her arrival at home to an hour when her father and brother were at business. She realized that they would dote on the pros and cons of selling old furniture. They could prolong the relish of such a debate for days, so she had resolved to have the chairs crated and shipped first and the matter mentioned to them later.

In the dim sitting room the six Phyfe chairs shone for her, each with a distinct and separate brilliancy. She knew these chairs. She knew the traits and traditions that aureoled them. And then finally—and it bore considerable weight with her appreciation—she knew that many experts and hundreds of collectors coveted their mahogany rarity.

(Continued on Page 109)

"Tell Me the Truth. Nothing Will Jump Out and Bite You if You Don't Know"

A small-size Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, especially for children's teeth, is now on sale by all dealers for 35c. It has all the features of the adult's Pro-phy-lac-tic you use, except that it is smaller. Teach your children to use it every day. The beauty of good-looking teeth will be theirs in childhood and later years.

Your child's toothache is *your* fault

CHILDREN'S teeth should *not* decay. They should *not* come out long before the second teeth are cut. First teeth should come out naturally and without pain. When your child's teeth ache, decay, have to be pulled, or fall out too early, it is because *you* have failed to teach the use of the right brush in the right way.

First teeth are important. They affect the size, shape, and position of the second teeth. Yet children's teeth are subject to the same ills as your own teeth. Tartar endangers them. They must be kept clean by brushing.

Special child's brush

The small-size Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is just like your own, except that it is smaller. It fits the mouth of the child from babyhood until maturity. It is made especially to keep children's teeth from decaying, but it is not merely a child's brush. Its convenient size appeals to adults who realize the importance of Pro-phy-lac-tic correct construction, but prefer a small brush. The new small-size brush has all the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic features.

The saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts reach and clean every one of the teeth. The bristle tufts are widely spaced, and reach into all the crevices. The large end tuft cleans the backs of teeth, especially the backs of back teeth. Remember this! The most important teeth a child has are the molars or back teeth. They are never replaced. When a child loses a molar, that child goes through life handicapped by the absence of a tooth that is badly needed. The molars do the chewing that means good digestion. The loss of a molar makes the jaws shrink and lose symmetry.

This looks comical to people who don't know what a tragedy it is. Toothache is a tragedy. A tooth lost too early permits permanent teeth to grow in crooked and crowded, and that may cause early loss of permanent teeth.

Teach the Pro-phy-lac-tic habit

Teach your child the Pro-phy-lac-tic habit early in life. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is specially constructed. It sweeps tartar-forming germs away before tartar forms. It prevents tooth decay. It saves the expense and worry of middle-of-the-night toothache. It makes happy, healthy children.

Look for the small-size Pro-phy-lac-tic. You will know it by the name on the handle, and the sanitary yellow box it comes in. It cleans your child's teeth the right way. Keep your child's teeth clean; for remember, A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

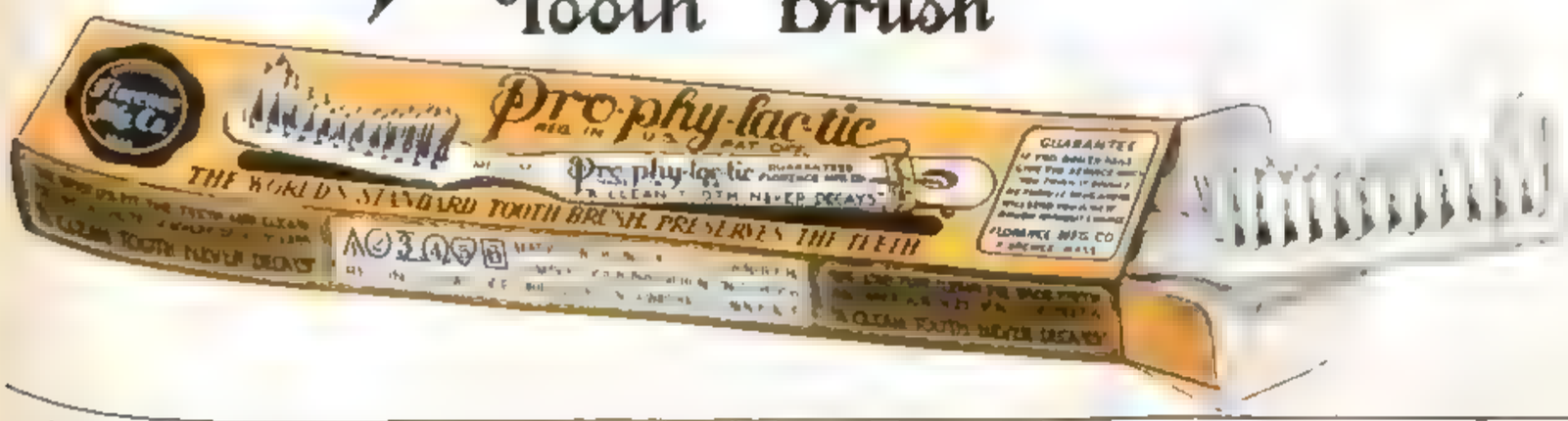
Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—prices in the United States: adult's, 50c; small, 35c; and baby's, 25c—are made in three textures of bristles—hard, medium, soft. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet about tooth troubles and how to prevent them. Florence Mfg. Company, Dept. A-3, Florence, Mass.

The large end tuft cleans the backs of back teeth, while the separated bristles clean the tops of teeth and the crevices between them. Notice that the large end tuft cleans molars clear to the gum line

Brush downward over the upper teeth and gums. This massages the gums and sweeps away food debris and germs. For the lower teeth and gums, brush upward

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit. It reaches all teeth and the crevices between them. The large end tuft, like a separate brush, cleans the backs of teeth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



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50,000 Miles

WILLYS-KNIGHT

5 Passenger $1175 *Touring*

F.O.B. TOLEDO

# of Satisfaction

—And Still Going Strong!

A long, long trail of motoring happiness lies ahead of the Willys-Knight owner—even after a long, long trail of happiness lies behind.

Many and many a Willys-Knight owner reports 50,000 miles without so much as having had a tool touched to the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine.

Fifty thousand miles—*scotfree* from valve-grinding, carbon-cleaning and the other common woes of ordinary poppet-valve engines.

Fifty thousand miles—and still going strong. Going just as you want a car to go. Full of life. Teeming with power. Quiet as a whisper. Smooth as silk. Faithful. Economical. This engine stays young. It keeps the *age* out of mileage!

Travel improves the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine as travel improves the mind. For ten years, now, Willys-Knights have been multiplying at a great rate on the streets and the roads of America. In all this time no Willys-Knight engine has ever been known to wear out!

You will be happier with a Willys-Knight—and a lot better off.

Other Willys-Knight Models: 2-pass. Roadster $1175, 7-pass. Touring $1325, 5-pass. Coupe-Sedan (Standard) $1450, De Luxe $1550, 5-pass. Sedan (Standard) $1795, De Luxe $1805, 7-pass. Sedan $1995; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO • WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

In Grand Rapids as in Damascus

THERE'S a thumb-worn hammer in Grand Rapids which has been used by one workman in the creation of fine furniture for over thirty years.

Its venerable owner, a highly skilled furniture trimmer, has loved his work so well that he has clung to this one job all his life. He is typical of the guild spirit of this remarkable city—a spirit that has linked the name of Grand Rapids with that of Damascus, ancient home of the master sword-makers, with Venice and Cluny and those other old-world towns that have won fame through the superior skill of their artisans.

This spirit has been fostered by the founders of the Grand Rapids furniture industry and their successors who are today guiding her fifty great furniture plants.

It is your assurance that when you buy Grand Rapids Furniture you are buying the handiwork of craftsmen who have dedicated their lives to a labor of love. Your dealer will be glad to show you his Grand Rapids Furniture.

Grand Rapids Furniture

ASSOCIATED FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 104)

Margaret, perennial cook, laundress, chambermaid, waitress of her father's establishment, enveloped Matilda with the muted affection of her service. From room to room she followed her with a glass of milk and a doughnut. Margaret punctuated each pause in the inspection with an invitation to eat. Life had impressed Margaret that celebrations and something from the stove were closely connected.

Matilda, followed by the extended doughnut and milk, returned to the living room.

"Margaret, you put your mind on it and help me now. Do you recall ever having heard mother mention where these chairs came from?"

"Twenty times, Tildy; but if you won't eat this doughnut, how'd a piece of apple pie go? It's good and cold, and sort of soggy on the bottom crust the way you like it."

"No, thanks, Margaret; but tell me about them."

Margaret closed her eyes in thought.

"If I don't disremember, it was night before last. Your brother wasn't home for supper and your father wasn't very hungry, and last night was Wednesday, so we had rice pudding; so there was well over half a pie left. And as I was looking at it this morning something sort of said to me—of course, I didn't know you were coming, but something said to me funnylike, 'Now, if you hang onto that pie the Lord in his wisdom will find a way,' and I hadn't hardly shut the pantry door on it, when——"

Matilda placed her hand over the mouth of the infatuated one and looked her sternly in the eye.

"You listen to me, Margaret. I'll eat that pie for lunch, but right now I want to hear about these chairs."

"Yes, I know. Well, I'd hardly shut the pantry door when in you came, and I knew the Lord had heard me. Great are his ways, Tildy. . . . Those chairs? They came to your mother from her Aunt Emily Banker, of Philadelphia—the pretty one who came down sick on Friday and died in the hope of everlasting life on Tuesday the first Tuesday in March—yes, it was in March." And Margaret nodded her head slowly and compressed her lips before the necessity of minute truthfulness.

Matilda leaned forward and kissed the faithful one loudly on each cheek.

"That's splendid. Do you know any more?"

"Lots. She had three husbands, which was in itself profaning God's temple in man; but your mother would never call her by any but her maiden name. And then when Miss Banker passed over to glory she willed these chairs to your mother along with the big pieces stored up in the dark spare room. Your mother liked them fine, but Mr. Munty refused to have them down here."

Before Margaret had finished, Matilda had fled the room and was galloping up the stairs. During the brief ascent her childish terror of the darkened chamber came back to her—how she had always allied it with tales of Bluebeard and rows of slaughtered women along the wall, and how the drip-drip of rain from the eaves had seemed to her fancy the drip-drip of innocent blood. No more perfect guardian could have been devised to prevent the young Matilda from exploring than the dread huge shapes in that dim room.

Little wonder she had no clear memory of its contents. Even now she was a trifle discreet in opening the door and pushing through to raise the shades.

Open Sesame disclosed to Ali Baba a trove of gaudy baubles compared to the mellow treasures of Matilda's find. Gold and emeralds—heavy and senseless things against the luminous delicacy of carved settee stretchers and placid table tops, which glistened forth as she pulled away the dust covers.

Margaret appeared in the doorway.

"Would you like it if I made you some hot biscuit for lunch, with cinnamon and sugar and ——"

"Margaret, you go straight downstairs and telephone Atwood to send up his biggest moving van at once. Tell him he must have it here within an hour."

"Well, all right," said Margaret, proceeding on her way and leaving a muttered trail of suggested menus behind her.

By three o'clock that afternoon Miss Munty had completed her arrangements. The moving man was to crate and ship at once the six important Phyfe chairs to the museum in New York. The balance of the furniture—the contents of the dread room was to be crated and held in his warehouse for shipment when she sent word.

Matilda looked up from the desk in the living room.

"Margaret, here's a note for father. If he carries on about my taking this stuff you know what to tell him—how I needed the money I'd loaned him, and how I'd found a good chance to sell the old things and will send him a check to get a few other chairs if he really needs them. You've bossed him all these years, so I guess you can do it again. I feel sure you're right about my leaving before he comes home."

"There's no doubt about that, Matilda. He'll find enough to talk about in this to keep him pleasantly unhappy for a month. I'll fix him up though. You'd better be going. Here's a package of lunch for the train. And if anyone speaks to you on the cars you call the conductor. My sister always did that. Land knows why she never got married, because men was always speaking to her on the trains. Every time I saw her she'd just been insulted by some man. H'm well, good-by."

Ten days later Miss Matilda Munty, of New York, put on her best frock and journeyed out from her boarding-house room to eat a two-dollar table d'hôte. She was inclined toward riotous living. That afternoon she had deposited in her bank a check from the museum for twelve hundred dollars, a record price for six Phyfe chairs. And she held the world, she considered; in a sling, for within a month the rotogravure sections of many Sunday pictorials would display:

"The rarest examples of Duncan Phyfe's craftsmanship, recently acquired by the New York Museum through the efforts of Miss Matilda Munty, prominent New York decorator and leading authority on the work of Phyfe."

And such publicity, Matilda felt assured, would bring to the office she would lease on the morrow clients on foot and in motors, individuals and committees, to pay for her advice. Matilda found speculation over such swarming droves of customers most soothing. It gave her confidence in the fitting up of her office and in the purchase of supplies for her own business. It allayed the alarm which attacked her when she actually saw for the first time the sign on the large plate-glass window overlooking one of the smart side streets east of the Avenue:

MATILDA DELAFIELD MUNTY
DECORATOR IN THE KNICKERBOCKER AND EARLY VICTORIAN ERAS
SPECIALIST IN THE MASTERPIECES OF D. PHYFE

Whenever Matilda observed that sign she drew a long breath and tried to look unconscious, yet hopeful—hopeful that somebody might ask her about it, so that she could modestly and unconvincingly deny that she was really a great expert.

About the main and only room of her office were the truly remarkable pieces of furniture which had come from the dark chamber of her old home. Cleaned and oiled and gleaming, they might challenge triumphantly the taste of any connoisseur. There was a mellow perfection about them that belittled the price to any tag reader who had advanced beyond the composition-carving, cane-inset point of furniture appreciation.

Surrounded by such subdued loveliness, Matilda sat at her desk, expectant of great results. Days passed and she still sat, though now hopeful of lesser conquests. She gradually grew to wish that clients had the enterprise of merchants, for her mail was heavy with unprofitable matter. In lieu of concentration on real deals, she concentrated ferociously on folders praising new styles of curtain rods and Cat's Paw Casters Free Fine Floors from Flaws. From earnest weighing of the Cat's Paw as against Safety Silencers, she was interrupted by her first prospect—an unhappy, grayish-looking female of uncertain years—at least uncertain beyond two score and ten. The world can always be sure of a few fundamentals. Her figure and a snaggletooth projecting over her lower lip at once listed her with those anxious few whose lives are dedicated to good works. By a hesitating succession of starts in the wrong direction, she reached Miss Munty. She had evidently been speaking for some seconds before Matilda realized that the game was on.

"I beg your pardon," said Matilda. "I didn't hear what you said."

Inside she was all a-quiver. This was one of those rich old maidens whose financial standing is so completely disguised by their style of corset.

"I should like to inquire about curtains. When I was a little girl, in my father's drawing-room there were four pairs of brocatel hangings, and over them was a metal valance. Of late years my sister and I have frequently disagreed as to the time when metal valances came into fashion. Can you tell me?"

"Yes; I have no grounds to believe that they were used in this country prior to 1840, although ——"

The telephone bell called Matilda from her recital.

"Will you excuse me for a moment? Hello! This is Miss Munty speaking. . . . Yes, I believe I am quite familiar with the type of decoration you mention. . . . Of course, there were a number of phases to the work Duncan Phyfe did. What was the loveliest thing he ever created? That's a broad order, and I can only tell you what I think. You will remember that in 1825 the Erie Canal was completed and opened. A part of the ceremony of its opening was a mingling of the waters of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic. It was resolved by a vote of the city of New York to send to General Lafayette two bottles of the water inclosed in a box made specially by Phyfe from a cedar-wood log brought from Lake Erie. That box has always seemed to me the peak of his art. There is a noble simplicity about it that transcends the other pieces. I like to imagine that into its making he put every cultured sense he had; that it was a point of municipal, almost national pride for him to have it irreproachable. . . . What did you say? Thanks? You're very welcome."

Matilda looked rather disappointedly at the telephone as she heard its click of disconnecting. She rearranged her thoughts, and turning vivaciously to her client, said, "I'm so sorry. A rather important customer wanted some advice concerning—— Good gracious, has that old woman gone? I never knew such a business. She comes in and pumps me about metal valances, and then other people don't even take the trouble to call when they want information. I don't know. It seems to me a museum is the place for an expert. I certainly can't pay rent and hand out my stuff free gratis, for nothing. I feel like howling. If I wasn't a business woman I would too."

To stave off any natural feminine inclination, Matilda produced her dust cloth and set upon her collection. Except for the fact that rubbing is an actual tonic for wood, her pieces would have been devastated long since by her ardor and leisure.

Iron disappointment rode tramp-tramp across Matilda's soul and a keener sense of helplessness frayed the edges of the resolve which had filled her heart. She turned defiant at the click of the door, to face the entrant. It was her original customer, the man who had interviewed her at Overly's concerning his apartment. Her surprise drove out all her savageness as she spoke:

"Good gracious! Where did you come from?"

"I came in a taxi. You've learned a lot, haven't you?"

"How do you know?"

"I was just talking to you on the telephone."

"Really? About the Lafayette casket?"

"Yes. Where did you learn that?"

"Oh, I've studied enough recently to learn something."

The man put down his hat and drew out a cigar and looked at it yearningly.

"Do you know this period now? The pictures in the Sunday papers said you did. Do you?"

"You can smoke. I hate to boast, but very few know it better."

"Good! I got tired of calling on decorators and hearing nothing but bluff, so I've been calling them on the telephone. You gave me a real answer. None of the others seemed sure of anything. Can we talk business? These pieces of furniture yours?"

"Yes—to both."

The gentleman examined them.

"Did you pick them up yourself?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have a darned good eye. Do you remember my apartment, the one we talked about at Overly's?"

"Of course; perfectly."

"Well, will you make it a perfect type of the best Knickerbocker period? I guess you know enough to."

"I will."

Matilda wanted to giggle. Her remarks sounded so like the wedding ceremony.

a holiday's Apollo day

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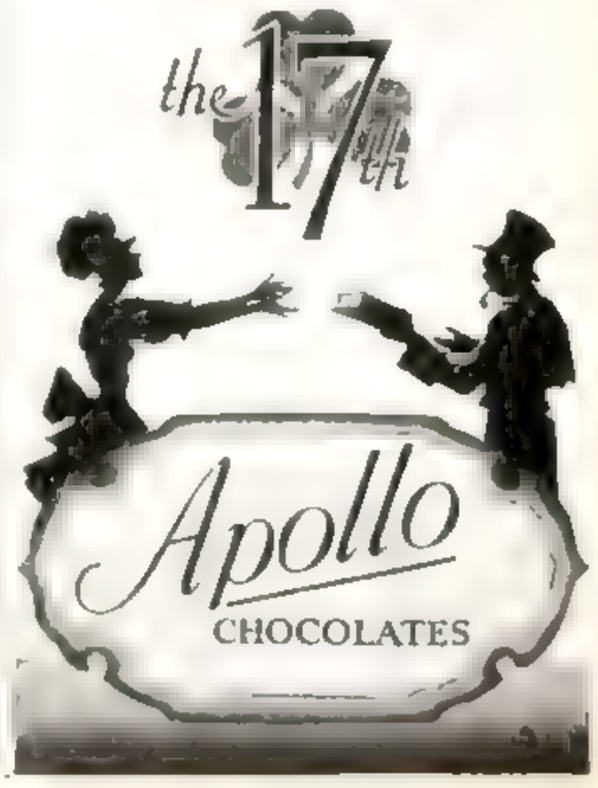

The gentleman sat down in an armchair and worked it back and forth to test the joints. He pulled out the drawer of a mahogany sofa table and sniffed at the pine sides, and all the time he whistled Annie Laurie. To Matilda that tune seemed a melodious guaranty of the man's character and ability to pay his bills. Only a successful man could afford to whistle Annie Laurie. He lifted the edge of the rug and dropped his cigar ash under it.

"I'm busy. I'm going to leave that apartment to you. How much will it cost to do it right?"

Matilda tried to think fast, but she had nothing on which to base her reckoning. The price that Overly had blamed her for losing in his tirade at her stupidity flashed back to her. Before she had time to reconsider, it had blurted itself out:

"Twelve thousand dollars."

The man transferred his cigar to the left side of his mouth and remarked, but with no indignation, "Pretty steep."

Matilda hastened to her own defense.

"It's not steep. You asked me to have it done right. That means old things—the best museum pieces. Special rugs if I can't find good originals. You don't know what you're talking about when you say it's steep. You expect perfection. I'll expect to give it to you."

The man seemed not to have heard what she said

"Let me see. I'd be inclined to trust you. You told me when you didn't know a Colonial lowboy from a Scotch highball. Now you say you do know. I guess you do. Make me a contract."

"What?" gasped Miss Munty. "Right now?"

"Sure! Let's get started."

Truth suddenly appeared to Matilda as a habit, and a profitable habit.

"But I don't know how to make a contract. What do I have to do?"

The gentleman smiled in a way that told Matilda he wanted her to know how patient he was.

"Well, in the first place you have to have some paper and ink and a pen, and then you have to have a man like me who knows how to do it. Now stand aside and let me write."

Thirty minutes later Matilda was again alone. In one hand she held a contract authorizing her to do the apartment of Mr. Reginald Galbraithe for the sum of twelve thousand dollars, in the other hand Mr. Galbraithe's check for five thousand dollars, the balance to be paid on completion of the work.

Before her the world lay at her feet, a sweet holiday place of smooth paths and daisy fields. She mused ecstatically over the goodness of things and the profitableness of business.

"Let me see. I'll put most of the good pieces here into his apartment. They should be included for about eight thousand dollars. That's quite reasonable. And they cost me—oh, golly, they only cost me the packing charges and the two hundred dollars I sent father to get some other chairs if he wanted them. That seems hardly right. But Mr. Galbraithe seemed satisfied. I ask you, is this a good business?"

There was not a care in the world, not even the mirage of a worry for Miss Munty as she danced across the rug. But, always and forever, in the midst of life is death. A letter dropped through the mail chute onto the floor. It was from her father:

Dear Matilda: Though I do not presume to be versed in such values, I imagine the two hundred dollars which you forwarded recently was an adequate sum for the pieces of furniture you disposed of for me.

You will be delighted to hear the good news. Your brother and I have long felt the need of a wider vision, a greater breadth of experience, as it were. So we have solved our quandary by the purchase of a motor car. It is not a new car, but I am assured a car in excellent condition. The arrival of the two hundred dollars made it possible for us to obtain it at once. We have ample time to arrange the remaining payments of nine hundred dollars when certain of my enterprises mature.

But just at the moment we find a little point of difficulty from which you can help us. It seems that the car requires two new shoes. Can you, therefore—just temporarily, of course—advance us sufficient to procure them? The exact figure we require is $54.40.

What a delightfully open winter we are enjoying. The roads are beautifully clear and the air so brisk. Do not fail to find time each evening for your Testament. It is such a very real comfort

Your loving father,
DELAFIELD MUNTY.

Matilda once again leaned back and sighed, and with her left hand reached for her check book and with her right hand administered a gentle scratch to her ankle.

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MAMMON AND THE MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

thing that kept gnawing more or less at his vitals; a suspicion which persisted and rankled that Wadsworth did not take him seriously; and Mr. Sloat, both as superintendent of the building and as a man altogether after his own heart, was inclined to take himself very seriously indeed.

A business man was Sloat, an executive. He cultivated a brusque and snappy manner and—when he did not forget to thrust it well out over his collar—a dominant chin, clothed himself with efficiency as in shining armor—it is to be remembered, however, that shining armor is not worn under the skin—said "one hundred per cent" instead of "quite" or "thoroughly," "fifty per cent" for "half," used "proposition" indiscriminately for "plan," "idea" or "offer," and spoke with pride of "putting over" a thing when he really meant "doing" it.

If Mr. Sloat had been called upon to write his own epitaph he would have summoned a stenographer and said to her without an instant's hesitation:

"Epitaph. All capitals: HERE LIES A LIVEWIRE."

You realize that such a personality is not to be regarded lightly. So did Sloat.

A livewire, then, being Mr. Sloat's ideal of human perfection, he was accustomed, as such, to emerge briskly from his room and hurry about the main office and its adjacent stalls from desk to desk, criticizing, suggesting, exhorting, admonishing, in the belief that thus he inspired his subordinates with that invaluable quality said to be called, by men of large affairs in their curt, expressive, trenchant manner of speaking, pep—speeding them up, keeping them on the job.

It was on such an occasion that Wentworth Wadsworth, without any suspicion that he was launching one of those homing torpedoes that are the last improvement of science upon the primitive boomerang of our fathers, said that iconoclastic thing that damned him forever in the eyes of Sloat and delivered such a blow to the Wadsworth stock that, if it had been active on the market, Broad Street would have been plaintive with the cries of brokers wailing for margin.

At the desk next to his own, in a stall partly segregated from the main office by a partition, sat Miss Weems, stenographer, typing a letter; behind her, suddenly, hovered Mr. Sloat.

"Who dictated that stuff?"

"Mr. Prelly. That is, he didn't dictate it exactly."

"Then why do you tell me he did? And why didn't he?"

"Mr. Prelly gave me notes of the substance of what he wanted to say, Mr. Sloat, and told me to put it in form."

"I don't like it. I don't like Prelly's leaving the form to you. Ought to have dictated in full. And I don't like what you've written there. Brevity—brevity, in a business letter, is everything. You ought to know that by this time."

"Yes, sir."

"And another thing: In writing to a business man use business language. I don't care for that phrase 'equal shares.' No snap to it. Cross that out and write 'a fifty-fifty proposition.' That has more appeal. Rewrite that page and put some zip into it. Remember, Miss Weems, this office expects—and demands—a high standard of efficiency."

He passed on. Miss Weems, by no means alarmed, thought it well, nevertheless, to conciliate Mr. Sloat on general principles. Seeing her opportunity—for Sloat had paused just outside the partition—she improved the occasion. In glowing terms she spoke of him to Wentworth Wadsworth, who was unaware of Sloat's continued presence.

"Mr. Wadsworth, hasn't Mr. Sloat a lightninglike mind?"

"Very like lightning, Miss Weems. Can't hit twice in a place—apparently."

Miss Weems, to whom the axman's ancient metaphor for incompetence seemed only a further compliment to Mr. Sloat, implying skill in the avoidance of vain repetitions, was amazed and shocked at the change in his profile as it reached him.

To Sloat, no further evidence was needed of Wadsworth's utter neglect to take him seriously.

"Impudent, ungrateful hound pup! I'll fire him right now!" was his first thought. Yet more malignant was his second: "No, I won't. I'll keep him and ride him—ride him till he crawls! I'll ride him to death!"

Now consider, briefly, Wadsworth's situation, and what put him there. Any current form of enthusiastic assent, such as "Betcherlife!" or "You said a mouthful!" or an emphatic "That's what!" or even "Well, rather!" in a tone of sincere admiration, would, at that moment, just as Mr. Sloat was beginning to glow inwardly at Miss Weems' praise, have done away with the suspicion that Wadsworth regarded him with levity, made him think well and kindly of Wadsworth, won his heart. Better pay, which, indeed, Wadsworth was fairly earning, would soon have been his, the way of advancement would have lain smooth and open before him along pleasant and profitable lines.

But Wadsworth had thought nothing of himself, nothing at all of Sloat except what he said about his mind, had spoken with a kindly feeling toward a maiden in supposed distress and a heedless instinct for the simple truth, and see what happened to him.

"But oh, my son, beware of Mammon!" one of whose meanest favorite tricks is to put a good man in a bad job that he hates to keep and cannot leave.

First, to keep him. Sloat sent for Wadsworth at closing time, and when the victim stood before him, looked him over, up and down, assuming by degrees the expression of a man who first suspects, then realizes the presence of carrion. His voice was plaintive, not unkind.

"Mr. Wadsworth, are those clothes all you've got? I have a reason for asking."

"You are welcome, sir, to the information. If you mean outer garments, they are"

"Mr. Wadsworth, I need hardly tell you that this office demands a high standard of personal appearance. Our employes must be 100 per cent presentable."

As a stranger in a strange land smiles at odd sights and sounds, Wadsworth smiled. To him "100 per cent presentable" was a rare and priceless utterance, to be treasured in memory and recounted with glee; this frank inquiry and criticism of one's personal attire, a sociological adventure most quaint and entertaining. He replied with gentle gayety:

"The office then doesn't agree, sir, with good old Petruchio?"

Mr. Sloat was bewildered.

"Good old what? Doesn't agree with who? You? I don't get you!"

"Oh, you remember, of course, sir, in the Taming ——

"'*What is the jay more precious than the lark,*
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither ——'"

"That rigmarole, Wadsworth, whatever it means to you, don't interest me. The proposition I'm putting up to you is this: We can't afford an ill-dressed, shabby employe. You can't afford to lose your job. I don't like to fire you, because I know what that comes to for a man of your utter lack of means or experience—starvation!"

Sloat stopped a moment to let this sink in. It sank. The memory of endless drifting through long cold streets whose windows mocked him with plenty, whose doors would not open to the empty hand, was too fresh not to hurt. It sank deep. Also, Wadsworth liked his job. Already a pride in the weight and power and vastness of the Behemoth, a loyal liking for old Gideon, its soul and master, had taken hold of the young man. His tone, however, was even and matter of fact as he agreed:

"Quite so. Thank you."

"Then I'll ask you to go, first thing in the morning, to Lacy's and order yourself a decent outfit. Nothing fancy, but respectable. Have it sent here at once, C. O. D. I'll instruct Mr. Siddons to look over the bill and give our check for it. You may come to this room and put it on while I'm out at lunch. The amount will be charged to your salary, but need not be deducted until we are paying you more than you are worth to us at present. Is that clear?"

"That's mighty kind of you, Mr. Sloat—most considerate. But ——"

"No more than ordering a coat of varnish on a shabby desk. It's for the benefit of the office to keep its apparatus in decent repair, and you may regard yourself as the office regards you—as part of its apparatus and nothing more. You'll do well to keep that in mind, Wadsworth. That's all."

"That's all right then—for the benefit of the office. Anything, sir, for the good of the old Behemoth."

Mr. Sloat contented himself with the reflection that that new suit at the Behemoth's expense would be as good as a set of shackles. Wadsworth was not the type of man to leave his job with his debt to the company unpaid; it was to be Mr. Sloat's personal care that his salary should not be large enough, for a long time to come, to pay anything beyond the inevitable expense of living.

Next to ride him.

Mr. Sloat sent for Mr. Bamber

"Young Wadsworth, hereafter, is to make himself generally useful about the office. He's to be at everybody's orders for any and all purposes—errands, comparing copy, any old job that's wanted. Let that be generally understood from now on."

"But, Mr. Sloat, I'm using Wadsworth on leases and he's doing extremely well. His manner with tenants and applicants is perfect, his understanding of terms and special covenants unusually quick and clear. I ——"

"Use him for leases all you like. That's included in making himself generally useful. But, I repeat, he's to be at everybody's orders for other things also."

"But, Mr. Sloat ——"

"Mr. Welkin's private instructions to me, Bamber."

Mr. Sloat produced the letter which, to him, was the only excuse for Wadsworth's existence. Bamber examined it with some curiosity, for he, not Sloat, was usually the recipient of Mr. Welkin's instructions.

"See what he says, Bamber. 'If he makes good, work him to death. If he don't, fire him.'"

Bamber laughed.

"You're not taking that literally?"

"About 85 per cent literally. It don't quite mean work for the undertaker; it does mean work for this Wadsworth freak to the limit and then some."

Bamber shook his head.

"Looks to me more like the Old Man's style of humor. Seems to mean, 'If he's any good, give him a chance to show how good he is,' or something like that."

"Not on your life, Bamber! Read that letter. 'Unmitigated cheek, nerve, gall.' See? Seems to have been too fresh, and Mr. Welkin wants us to take it out of him. Well, he is too fresh and we are going to take it out of him."

Bamber reflected, unconvinced. Rather small potatoes for Gideon T. Welkin, it seemed to him; not like him. Still, it was possible. Wadsworth might have offended him. If so—it wouldn't do to make a mistake. Bamber realized that he was, after all, far less interested in the welfare of Wentworth Wadsworth than in that of Otis Sampson Bamber; that nobody was paying him to be altruistic.

"I see. All right, Mr. Sloat."

"And, Bamber, put him at the small desk by the main entrance."

"I'll attend to it."

Wadsworth, before long, was able to write home, with his usual regard for veracity, another bit of news:

Thanks to a thoughtful suggestion from Mr. Sloat, one of our executives, a new arrangement has been made especially for my benefit, by means of which the scope of my activities and my opportunity for a variety of useful experience has been greatly enlarged, so as to keep me thoroughly in touch with the work of a large office in all its branches.

And Mrs. Wadsworth replied that she was thankful to learn that he had not been obliged, as she believed so many young men were at first, to rely upon his own unaided efforts and judgment, but had the advantage of the advice and coöperation of such experienced men as that kind Mr. Sloat.

Indeed, there was no kind of work the superintendent's office had to offer that was not offered, gladly and freely, for the better practice and business education of that son of hers:

"Wadsworth, there's an error of three dollars and eighty-two cents somewhere in this week's account. I've been over it till I'm woozy and I can't find the fool thing. Just run over the columns, will you, and try and spot it for me?"

"Oh, say, Mr. Wadsworth, that patent pencil sharpener they've sawed off on us'd make a good hash machine—just chews up the end and breaks the lead. Sharpen these pencils for me, please."

"Say, Wadsworth, when you get through with that, run over to the corner and get me a package of Arabian Nights Smokes, will you?"

"Wadsworth, I wish you'd hop along up to 5017 and see what's the matter with Topley & Evans' electricity, and if it's real, go down and tell the boss electrician. Topley says his lights and fans are on the blink, and the electrician swears there's nothing the matter. Try to get 'em together and have things straightened out."

Then perhaps Sloat, with a fat friend, on his way to lunch:

"Er—Wordsworth—or whatever it is—you'll find a pair of shoes in the closet in my room. Take 'em down to Tony on the next block. Tell him Mr. Sloat says if he can't put over a 99 per cent better job on 'em than he did last time, I'll swing my custom over to that other wop across the way. You watch and see that he makes good, and bring 'em back."

To which Wentworth Wadsworth, still to Mr. Sloat's exasperation, would reply, for instance, in his benign, leisurely way:

"Do you know, Mr. Sloat, he's an odd chap, that Tony; wonderfully up on all sorts of things—opera, paintings, sculpture, Etruscan remains, Venetian legends, Neapolitan folklore. One of the best, Tony."

To his many masters, Wadsworth and his job presented a problem, propounded by his colleague Jimmy, least of the office boys, as follows:

"Listen! Where does a guy like him get off to get that way?"

Sloat, of course, was down on him; that was easily seen; but why? Strangest of all, why did he stand for it? Briggs, the file clerk, spoke to him about it:

"Wadsworth, I'm a small man, but if Sloat ever talked to me the way he did to you this morning I'd punch his nose clear through the back of his block."

Wadsworth, looking down from above upon Briggs' earnest, uplifted, round and frowning face, slowly shook his head.

"Briggs, did you ever own a cow?"

"Cow? A cow? No!"

"Ah, it was my privilege once to know a man who did. It was not an agreeable cow—refractory—recalcitrant—ill-mannered to a most exasperating degree, with a genius for bringing out the man's worst impulses. He confessed to me that there were times when he longed to kill it. But he didn't. You see, he needed the milk."

The theory was generally accepted that Wadsworth's predicament was his own fault. A man who would do all that work for that pay was easy; a man of his size who would take what he took from Sloat was yellow, and that was all there was to it. To Sloat he seemed a poor, spiritless, obedient animal.

But Wadsworth, at the little desk by the door, brooded over the office like a benignant giant left awhile in charge of a nursery of interesting children, amused, courteous, gentle, watchful, anticipating wants, smoothing difficulties, ready with help.

The calm of that exalted seclusion in which Gideon T. Welkin presided over the welfare of the Behemoth was broken by a troubled conference. Down on the ground floor were stabled two corporate creatures, highly paying guests of the Behemoth, lesser, but great of their kind. The one was known as the International Drug Company, the other as the Universal Supplies Company. These two were at loggerheads. Each claimed the Behemoth as an ally by legal right, each sought its aid against the other and threatened to hale it into court if it dared be hostile or neutral.

With Gideon T. Welkin sat Mr. Barclay, chief of counsel for the Behemoth, and Mr. Sloat. Each, in his own way, showed symptoms of distress. Mr. Welkin preserved a silence more than usually oppressive, a countenance exceptionally devoid of expression; the effect was ominous, boding storm. Mr. Barclay, holding one eyebrow in a lofty arch, frowned heavily with the other, keeping his mouth, when not in active use, buttoned up in a thin tight line between parenthetical wrinkles at the ends. It was

(Continued on Page 117)

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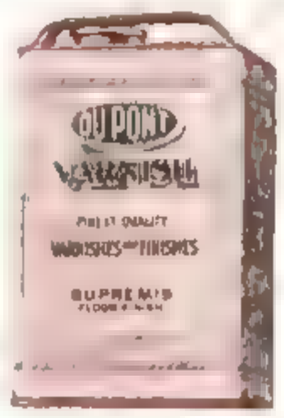

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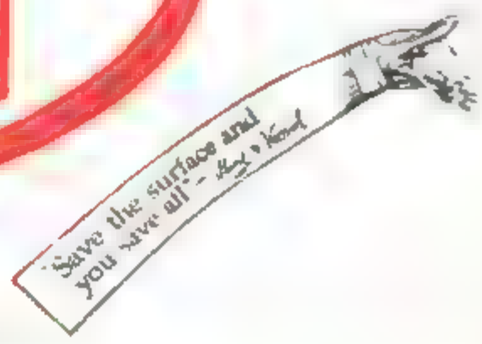

LOOK FOR THE DU PONT OVAL IN THE DEALER'S WINDOW

"4 o'clock in the Afternoon"

Paris, France

IN all parts of the world where people have learned best how to live, there are special little pauses for moments of ease.

Englishmen everywhere observe tea time. The custom is followed in Canada. Typifying the universal appeal of French life is the Cafe de la Paix, where Parisians, joined by tourists, take respites to sit at tables and "see the world go by." Much of the charm of the Corso, the great street of Rome, is the relaxation that punctuates the afternoon. Afternoon pauses for small cups of Turkish coffee at Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, are colorful occasions well remembered by those who have participated. The Swiss, with their cozy chalets, stop for their cup of chocolate. In Rio de Janeiro there are appointed times at cheerful places for coffee or ices.

And so it is the world over, where the best examples in the art of living are set. Everywhere one of the most refreshing of moments is the mid-afternoon pause for a beverage.

Here in America we have less leisure. We live in a business rush. Our playtime is limited. Often we can spare but a minute. Yet, we too respond to an afternoon pause. Thirst is a signal for it. And developed to meet our needs with quick, good service are soda fountains—cool, inviting places that are an example being followed by Europe; refreshment stands, convenient when we are out in crowds and within easy reach of offices and factories; then restaurants, hotels and clubs, and also grocery stores that provide for such moments in homes. Yes—hundreds of places in every city and town inviting you to pause and enjoy Coca-Cola—an inimitable blend of pure products from nature, ice-cold, delicious to taste and wholesomely refreshing.

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Drink Coca-Cola 5¢

Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

(Continued from Page 112)

the look of a man who sees both sides of a bad matter and is not yet prepared to say which is the worse. Mr. Sloat, under his hard, shining crust of efficiency, could be seen seething with suppressed energy and snap, wore his chin at its most dominant angle. It might have denoted eager and aggressive confidence; it was, in fact, purely defensive, for this matter was in his own department and he could not see why he and not Bamber had been summoned to consider it.

The lawyer unbuttoned his mouth.

"I am informed, Mr. Sloat, that you, in person, represented the Behemoth Company in arranging with Mr. Mackenzie, of International Drugs, the terms of their lease. I understand that Mr. Bamber was not consulted; I know that I was not consulted."

Mr. Sloat had congratulated himself upon that lease; it was the result and existing record of one of his quick, snappy decisions.

"Yea, Barclay, I put that over."

"Over what?" Mr. Barclay, pausing for a reply, and noting with some pleasure a droop in the dominance of Mr. Sloat's chin, answered himself. "Over the edge of a bad hole, Mr. Sloat, I fear."

As a hen, when the shadow of the hawk threatens her lone chicken, Sloat swelled and glared.

"'S matter with it?"

Mr. Barclay rose, lean, ascetic, dignified, and addressed himself to Mr. Welkin, laying on his desk an open document, placing the point of a long forefinger upon a paragraph, reading it aloud:

"'The lessor covenants and agrees, for the duration of this lease, not to give any other lease for the purpose of selling drugs or medicines in the Behemoth Building.' That, Mr. Welkin, is the fly in the butter."

Mr. Welkin's silence and immobility seemed to deepen; there was, perhaps, a trifle more intensity in his gaze, fixed upon Sloat, whose sharp, executive bark broke the accusing silence.

"What of it?"

"Simply this: Universal Supplies has opened a drug department in this building. On the strength of the covenant I have just read, International Drugs has already obtained a temporary injunction forbidding Universal Supplies to sell and the Behemoth to permit the sale of drugs or medicines. It seeks to have that injunction made permanent and asks for damages."

"Lemme see that lease, Barclay. Now look here: all we promise here is not to let 'for the purpose,' isn't it? Well, we haven't let for that purpose. Universal Supplies' lease is our regular form—just the same as Northwest Fur Company's. They wouldn't claim we let to Northwest Fur Company for the purpose of selling drugs, would they?"

"Unhappily, Mr. Sloat, Universal Supplies has actually been selling those things under our lease."

"What if it has? Read that lease, Barclay. Read it yourself, Mr. Welkin. There's nothing in that covenant that binds us to prevent our tenants from selling."

Mr. Welkin's eyes turned toward the lawyer, who permitted himself the shadow of a smile.

"I won't venture to decide, Mr. Welkin, between two such authorities on the interpretation of leases as our Mr. Sloat and the supreme court of this state. I will only go so far as to assert that—they don't agree."

"What? What's that? I don't get you, Barclay."

"This unfortunate covenant, Mr. Sloat, is copied almost word for word from one which has already been passed upon by our supreme court,* in a case practically identical. The court decided that it bound the lessor to prevent the sale of the article designated, and its decision was affirmed by the Appellate Division. How did you happen to agree to that covenant?"

Mr. Sloat, with an apprehensive glance at the still countenance of Mr. Welkin, which gave him somehow the impression of an overhanging cliff that might crush him unless he hastened to get out from under, endeavored to do so.

"Mackenzie came in late in the afternoon and shoved the lease at me all ready to sign. Bamber wasn't round, and I couldn't get you on the phone, Mr. Barclay. Mackenzie was in a hurry; said he had an alternative proposition—United Trades Building had offered him a lease and if he didn't close with us he would with them. Didn't particularly care which. All he wanted was to get things settled so International Drugs could start moving in one place or the other first thing A.M. I could take it or leave it."

"And you fell?"

"Well, I wasn't going to let the Behemoth lose a tenant like that to the United Trades Building."

"Rather astute—on Mackenzie's part."

"How was I to know there was a catch in that lease?"

"How, indeed, without advice of counsel?"

Mr. Welkin, who had been fumbling in a drawer of his desk, drew forth an object which Sloat and Barclay, engrossed as they were with the business in hand, beheld with interest, recognizing it as a thing celebrated far and wide wherever the Behemoth's men talked together in the evenings, believed in by all, but seen by very few. It was that stubby little brier pipe to which, according to the legends of the company, Gideon T. Welkin had recourse only in moments of stress and storm far beyond the average. There were those who said that it comforted and steeled the Old Man against impending adversity; others that it cleared his head; others, again, that it, and it alone, enabled him to control a deadly temper whose consequences, if ever it broke loose, could hardly be conjectured.

This relic of a legendary past he filled from an ancient buckskin pouch with black and stringy tobacco of powerful aroma, lighted and puffed awhile in silence. To the relief of Sloat and Barclay, the voice that came from the cloud was quiet and matter of fact.

"Sloat, you're easy. Mackenzie ought to go hang himself—holdin' up a baby with a gun and sellin' it a gilt snappin' turtle that way."

The voice deepened, gathered force.

"The silly injunction, nor the picayune damages, nor the loss of one or both those one-horse corporations as tenants out of this triflin' shack won't more'n tickle the old Behemoth's hide like one or two fleas on a grizzly. What hurts is havin' the Behemoth's leg pulled by a little concern like International Drugs. And that," said the voice, rumbling now out of the smoke cloud like approaching thunder, "I'm well damned if I stand for. Well, it's crawl or fight. I don't have to tell you the answer. Sloat, you got us in. Barclay, you're hired to find the way out. Get together and pull like a bull team on a skidway! Don't let 'em get away with it! Fight to win! Lick 'em—I don't care how! I don't care if it costs the value of the whole building! I've nursed the Behemoth corporation from a pup, and it never got licked yet and ain't goin' to! If you haven't got brains and guts enough in your two offices to win, go out and hire 'em."

The deep bellow in which this exhortation ended was followed by the dry, cultivated tones of the lawyer:

"There is a fighting chance, Mr. Welkin, based on a rule of evidence. When an instrument contains a phrase capable of more than one interpretation, any conversation between the parties at the time of its execution tending to show what they then meant by that phrase may be proved by witnesses. If we can produce such evidence, the court may regard it as distinguishing this case from the one already decided, where that rule was not invoked, and accept a different interpretation."

Mr. Welkin took a long pull at his historic pipe, knocked the ashes out of it, wrapped it in the buckskin pouch, tucked it away in the drawer and turned to Mr. Barclay.

"Boil that down and serve it plain. Do you mean, if Sloat and Mackenzie agreed that paragraph meant what Sloat says, we win?"

"It means we have a good fighting chance if we prove that."

"By witnesses?"

"Certainly."

"Go get 'em."

Sloat, wriggling with something of the eagerness of a schoolboy who thinks he knows the answer teacher wants, spoke up.

"I've got one. Young fellow in my office—Wadsworth."

The lawyer raised both eyebrows at Mr. Sloat.

"Present at the interview?"

Mr. Sloat, again the efficient executive, the man for the emergency, the livewire, sat up, thrust out his chin, threw a chest.

"As a business man, Mr. Barclay, I make a point of providing a witness to any important negotiation."

"An excellent plan, Mr. Sloat. Well, then"—the lawyer, frowning with one eyebrow, meditated, slowly continued—"if Mr. Sloat, for instance, said, 'What's this, Mackenzie, about selling drugs?' and Mackenzie said, 'We don't want you to let to a drug concern,' and Mr. Sloat said, for example, 'Does this mean that if we give our regular lease, and the tenant afterwards sets up a drug business, we've got to stop him?' and Mackenzie answered, 'Oh, no, we've got to take that risk, of course,' and if your young Mr. Wadsworth is prepared to swear to it when the time comes ——"

"He'll swear to it, all right."

"Ah, then, gentlemen, our chance is a fair one."

Mr. Welkin, however, did not seem altogether convinced.

"Wadsworth? Big, starved husky I sent down to you for a job, Sloat, about two months ago?"

"That's the man, Mr. Welkin." Sloat laughed. "Wentworth Wadsworth."

"Um—roughed and jiujitsued his way in here through my office folks. Picks up the office boy with one hand and sets him down careful, like a high explosive. Pretty near cripples two clerks. Stamps on one fellow's instep and bows like an old buck in a minuet. Shakes hands with another and 'most breaks his wrist. No hurry, no effort, all smilin'. Comes in here and sasses me up and down without makin' me mad. Manner. Blooded stock, if I know it when I see it."

Mr. Barclay rubbed his hands together.

"Such material, properly handled, is most effective on the witness stand, Mr. Welkin."

"Dunno. Think he'll remember all that evidence, Sloat?"

"He'll blamed well have to!"

Mr. Welkin grunted unamiably.

"If he does, I'll come pretty near believin' it myself."

"He will," said Sloat, "or ——"

The lawyer interposed.

"A witness—especially such a person as Mr. Welkin has described—is not to be taken for granted, Mr. Sloat; not to be approached without caution. Memory, you know, is a shy bird; apt to take wing on slight provocation; susceptible, nevertheless, to the lure; wonderfully responsive at times to gentle and kindly guidance. That, at least, is my experience, gentlemen. The greatest care must be taken not to antagonize this young Wadsworth; on the contrary, to assure his good will and loyalty; feelings which, in a witness of generous disposition, I have found, as a rule, far more reliable than unaided memory."

About closing time the same afternoon the electric buzzer at the little desk beside the main entrance of the superintendent's office announced to Wadsworth the news, never overwelcome, that he was wanted by Mr. Sloat.

It was not so much the inevitable nastiness of Sloat's way with him he dreaded as the growing temptation it involved. Some day he would yield to it. There would be a loud smack and he would find that he had slapped Mr. Sloat clear across the room. He felt it coming. Then the police would get him. Afterwards there would be, again, that hard outer crust of town, with less prospect of a living than ever. Fate.

The nastiness, however, had strangely, suddenly, departed from Mr. Sloat's manner.

"Have a chair, Wadsworth. Let's see, how long have you been with us?"

"Rather over two months."

"What are we paying you?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"You've had a pretty stiff tryout, Wadsworth."

"It's been very interesting."

"You've showed the stuff Mr. Welkin was looking for when he wrote this: 'If he makes good, work him to death.'"

"I'm not dead yet, Mr. Sloat."

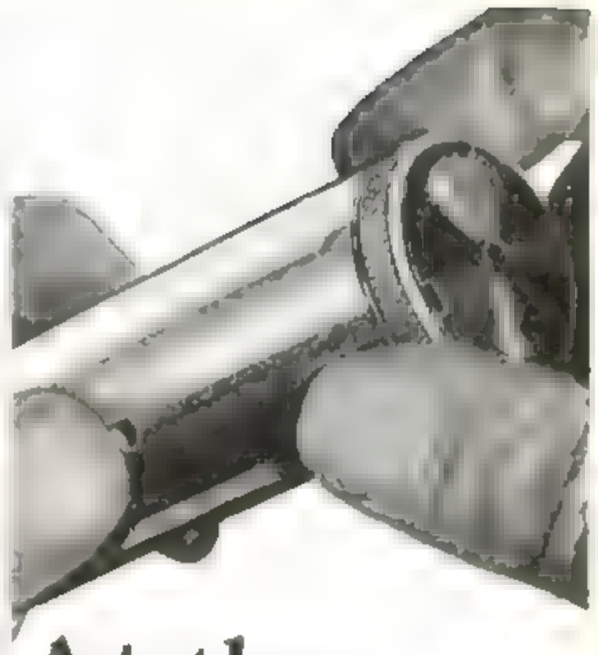
"Far from it, my boy. The fact is, Mr. Welkin took a fancy to you. That's his way—Mr. Welkin's own peculiar method—of trying a man out, bringing out what's in him, getting his percentage."

Wadsworth laughed.

"Something between vivisection and survival of the fittest, Mr. Sloat?"

"Well, you've survived. Mr. Welkin spoke of you today. He'd sized you up

*The case to which the lawyer, Barclay, refers is Waldorf-Astoria Segar Company versus Acker, Merrall & Condit Co. *et al.*, decided in the New York Supreme Court and affirmed by the Appellate Division, First Department.



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Y holds—Clubs, 8, 2; Diamonds, A, K, 9, 6, 4; Hearts, 6, 3; Spades, Q, 9, 5.

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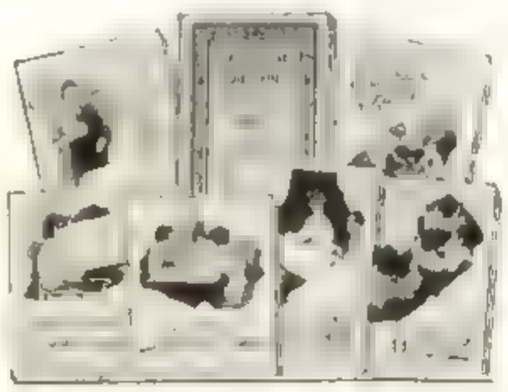

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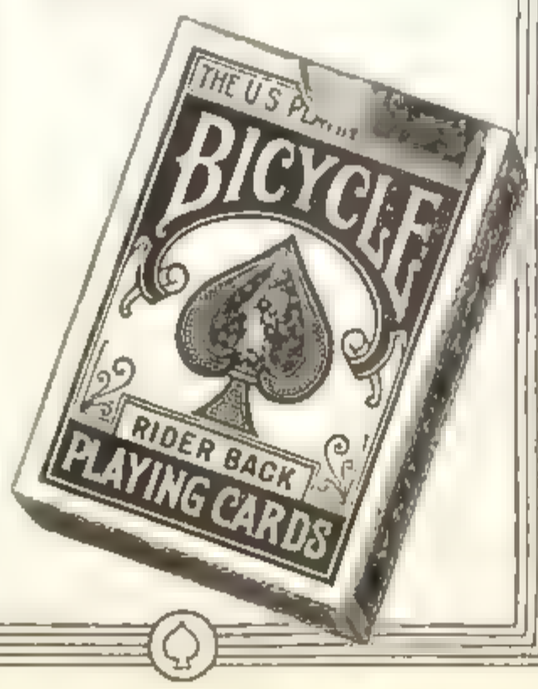

offhand; seemed what he thought was good material—'blooded stock,' he said—wanted to test it. I was able to tell him today that you'd stood the test."

"That's why you seemed to have it in for me then, Mr. Sloat. I never guessed."

"Well, Wadsworth, the curse is off. Mr. Welkin is greatly pleased with my account of you. You're one of us now—one of the Behemoth's own men."

"Good old Behemoth!"

"That's the spirit! And you're in line for promotion. Mr. Bamber tells me your work in this office—cutting out the little errands and odd jobs, and considering your usefulness in connection with leases and dealings with tenants and with heads of departments in the building—is worth fifty dollars a week. That's your position and salary from now on. You draw fifty on Saturday for this current week. Mr. Welkin, I believe, has you in mind for advancement as opportunities occur; and let me tell you, the opportunities in the Behemoth Company are practically without limit to the man who makes good to Mr. Welkin's satisfaction. Mr. Wadsworth, I congratulate you."

Sloat held out his hand, and a moment later, when Wadsworth had gone, sat nursing it and muttering, "Damn the strong brute! But Barclay was right."

This, next morning, he admitted to Barclay himself.

"All gratitude and loyalty already. Now he'll think his brains out when we ask him, trying to remember evidence for the good old Behemoth—and in time he'll succeed in thinking he does remember."

"Quite so, Mr. Sloat. A well-disposed memory is a highly receptive faculty."

It was a happy Wentworth Wadsworth who one day answered a summons to Mr. Sloat's room. Mr. Sloat exuded good fellowship.

"Hullo, Wadsworth! You've met Mr. Barclay. Sit down. Try one of my best, Wadsworth. Light up. Now then, Wadsworth, some of our tenants are trying to pull the old Behemoth's leg."

"Rather an undertaking, that, Mr. Sloat."

"You remember, of course, soon after you came to the office, bringing Mackenzie of International Drugs in here?"

Mr. Barclay softly, promptly, interrupted.

That Wadsworth, thus called upon, should recall, with the clear memory of youth, that whole interview between Sloat and Mackenzie in accurate detail might or might not be desirable. Mr. Barclay, not having been present, didn't know. Better to blot it out, leave it obscure, substitute for it the memory of a safe version.

"Mr. Wadsworth, the International Drug Company is trying to play a shabby trick on us. Mr. Welkin is very much annoyed about it. It's his pride in the Behemoth that hurts. He hates to see the company victimized."

Mr. Barclay paused for the desired effect, got it. Wadsworth's tone was indignant.

"We're all with Mr. Welkin in that. But what in the world can International Drugs do to the Behemoth?"

Sloat smote his desk. It was the familiar gesture of the heavy business man in a supreme moment, the gesture at which inkwells are said to dance and important documents drop out of pigeonholes; it hurt Sloat's hand.

"Nothing! That sneak Mackenzie——"

The lawyer checked him blandly:

"Quite so, Mr. Sloat. You see, Mr. Wadsworth, International Drugs wants a monopoly in this building, and Mr. Mackenzie, at least, seems rather unscrupulous as to the means. When he applied to Mr. Sloat for a lease, he presented the document, ready for signature, and insisted on an immediate answer."

"Said take it or leave it!" cried the indignant Sloat.

"Exactly! That lease——"

"Oh, I remember. I was in here——"

The lawyer interrupted lest memory should go too far.

"Good! Yes, Mr. Wadsworth, you were here. We hoped you would remember, as it is upon your own memory of the transaction we rely for defense against Mr. Mackenzie's very scurvy trick. For that lease contained a covenant with a catch—a joker."

Wadsworth, all alert for service, turned to Sloat, at whom Barclay permitted himself eloquently to wink.

"That provision in the lease you spoke about at the time, Mr. Sloat?"

"Yes—the crook!"

It occurred to Mr. Barclay that Sloat might be telling the truth. It might be so—he hoped it was so—but how much of the truth, or how little? He reflected that one never could tell, proceeded judiciously to coach his witness, refresh his memory. To that end he drew from Mr. Sloat, bit by bit, that version of the transaction most favorable to the Behemoth's case, while Wadsworth listened, trying to remember, blaming himself for having forgotten.

This done, the lawyer, smiling, rubbing his lean hands, turned to Wadsworth.

"Most fortunately for the company—for Mr. Welkin's state of mind, which I may venture to describe as explosive; and for Mr. Sloat, upon whom rests the responsibility for the lease—you were present, Mr. Wadsworth, and remember the transaction."

Wadsworth was silent. Did he remember that conversation? That it had taken place he had no doubt. But the incident was vague. He had not been told at the time to give it his attention, had not understood the need of doing so.

The lawyer, all confidence, pursued his theme:

"But for that happy circumstance, the interpretation now claimed by the drug company would inevitably be accepted by the court, for the language of that covenant, unexplained, has a legal significance of which Mr. Mackenzie must have been informed, in view of which it was doubtless inserted in the lease."

"I see."

"But for your recollection, the Behemoth Company would be obliged, by injunction, to prevent Universal Supplies from selling drugs in its stores here; International Drugs would have a right to cancel its lease and recover heavy damages for sales already made, from both companies, and obtain a permanent injunction prohibiting future sales under our leases."

Sloat took up the tale of woe, giving it a more personal turn.

"That isn't all, Wadsworth, by a blame' sight. Gideon T. Welkin don't stand for any blunders or failures. He'd hold this office responsible and shake it up till the stuffing dropped out. You and I'd lose our jobs; and, if I know the Old Man, he'd see that we didn't get another in a hurry, anywhere he could reach."

Mr. Barclay raised a protesting hand.

"Really, Mr. Sloat—— But at all events, Mr. Wadsworth's recollection of the conversation relieves us of all anxiety on that point."

Wadsworth, in all his life, had never had a more uncomfortable moment. He was ashamed that he could not just then remember. Meanwhile it was clear that he must not let these good people go on innocently rejoicing together in fond reliance on that faulty memory of his.

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry, but I don't seem to recall the details of that conversation. I'm afraid——"

Sloat, suddenly red and hostile, interrupted with something like a threat in his tone.

"Do you mean to say——"

Barclay was quick to rescue the situation:

"That, Mr. Wadsworth, is only natural. The matter has been brought suddenly to your attention. It would be more strange if you remembered it all at once. The human mind, gentlemen, is a receptacle into which all manner of thoughts, facts, images, are constantly being thrown. There they lie. None of them, I think, escape; many are necessarily buried, thrust aside. The function of memory is to find and extricate from the multitude those particular facts the will requires at the time. There in your mind, Mr. Wadsworth, somewhere among the accumulations of fact, is the conversation Mr. Sloat has just recounted. Your memory will find it, recognize it, reproduce it, all in due time."

"I hope so."

"Oh, yes! The trouble we have in remembering things generally arises from impatience, from hurry and too violent effort. The memory then is like a hand, groping hastily in the mass, producing worse confusion, casting things about. Take your time—don't try too hard to remember or dwell too much on the matter. Thank you, Mr. Wadsworth. Your testimony will be invaluable, and will, I am sure, be forthcoming when we need it."

Barclay, as the door closed behind Wadsworth, patted Sloat gently with two fingers on the shoulder, softly laughed.

(Continued on Page 120)

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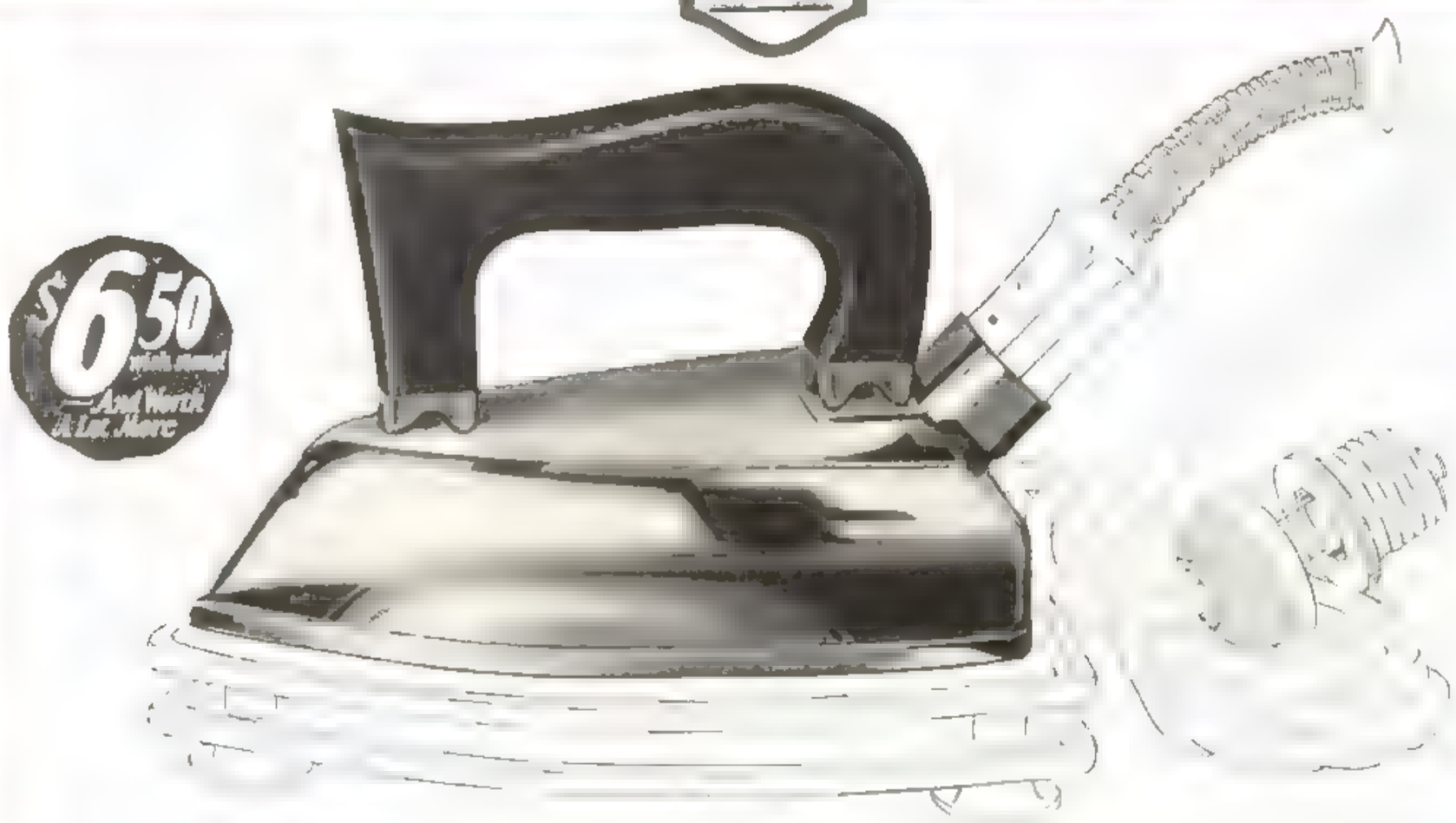

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Serve and Save

Continued from Page 118

"A perfect witness! I ask no better. He wants, more than he wants anything else, to remember that conversation as stated. He believes in it; its words are in his mind; they will repeat themselves to him whenever he thinks of the matter; will become so familiar to him in connection with what else he does remember that he will soon find them blended inextricably with the original transaction. But, Sloat, you let him alone. Don't spill the beans!"

Wadsworth may have been to blame. How far he was moved by sheer loyalty; whether self-interest had any part unrecognized by him in his undoing; how far he was the victim of sheer illusion wrought by sleepless nights and much brooding over the matter; how far he yielded to inclination, and persuaded himself that what he wished to remember he did remember—he could not have told, himself.

"It's all come back to me just as you said it would, Mr. Barclay," was what he said some weeks after their last interview, and his version agreed perfectly with that of Barclay and Sloat.

"I knew it would," said Barclay; "and now the sooner you repeat it to Mr. Welkin the better. I'll arrange a conference."

The conference took place next morning in Mr. Welkin's room. Mr. Barclay opened it with a smile and a cheery question:

"Well, Mr. Wadsworth, how's the memory this morning?"

"Still going strong, Mr. Barclay, thank you."

Barclay nodded encouragement.

"Mr. Welkin would like to hear your version of the affair."

"Mr. Mackenzie came——"

Wadsworth stopped short, with a fascinated gaze fixed upon Sloat, whose action, although somewhat peculiar, hardly seemed to justify the fascination.

Mr. Sloat was rubbing his temple with his thumb; the fingers of the hand were spread, fanwise, outward. A simple gesture, a trick of Sloat's to which, in moments of nervous tension, he was somewhat addicted. Wadsworth had seen it once before, and only once. Sloat had been sitting in his own room, before him the International Drug Company's lease, ready for signature; standing beside the desk, Mackenzie, waiting. And with that came back the whole incident, vivid, unmistakable, the real memory, the brief conversation word for word as he had heard it then.

He heard Mr. Welkin's voice:

"Well, sir?"

"Mr. Welkin, I'm more sorry than I can tell you. I thought I remembered. I was wrong. It's all come back now."

Sloat leaned forward, hands on the arms of his chair, eyes and jaw protruding.

"What? What's all that?"

"I can't give the evidence I thought I could. What I do remember wouldn't help." Sloat began to lose control.

"Look here, Wadsworth, are you trying to hold us up, or are you just a plain fool?"

Mr. Welkin raised his hand.

"Sloat!"

Sloat subsided, glaring, however, at Wadsworth, as one who was not done with him and would have him yet.

"Now, young man, I'm listening. Just what did happen?"

"Mackenzie came to the office, Mr. Welkin, and asked for Mr. Sloat. I took him in. Mr. Sloat told me to stay. Mackenzie gave Mr. Sloat a typed paper. 'There's the lease we want,' said he. 'Sorry to hurry you, Sloat, but I've got to close either with your or the United Trades Building—where we have an option—tonight. I've got to let 'em know inside of half an hour.' Mr. Sloat looked at the lease and asked, 'What's this about selling drugs, Mackenzie?' and Mackenzie said, 'Read it, man, read it. That's our proposal to you. It's what we want. You can take it or leave it.' Mr. Sloat looked at the lease awhile and said, 'Well, Mac, with a tenant like International Drugs I don't mind taking a chance,' and signed it. Those may not be the exact words, Mr. Welkin, but they give the exact substance. So——"

Sloat sprang up, control all gone, tongue let loose:

"You dare say that? How much did Mackenzie pay you to double-cross us? You impudent liar——"

Smack! It had happened at last. Sloat went rolling—lay across the door. Now that it had happened, Wadsworth felt no regret. His broad palm glowed with the sense of a good deed well done. His soul glowed in the light of freedom and a clear conscience. His manner, as he turned to Mr. Welkin, was superb with the deliberate courtesy of former generations.

"Mr. Welkin, I am sorry, sir, that my recollection has proved a disappointment. I regret that this further inevitable incident has taken place in your office. Please accept my apology, sir, and my resignation."

"Steady, boy! Siddown. The Behemoth don't take any resignation from a man with a wallop like that. Got more'n a hundred uses for him. Sloat, git up. Don't lie there like a girl in a faint. S'pose he'd hit you with his fist. You go on down back to your job—and leave it alone—leave it to Bamber!"

Sloat, who had risen as bidden, opened the door.

"Sloat, you asked for it and got it and you're satisfied. Now forget it."

Sloat went out.

"Well, Barclay, we seem to be up against it again. See any way out of the mess?"

It was Wentworth Wadsworth, burning with a sudden inspiration, who answered:

"Let me try—sir!"

"You? How?"

"May I use your telephone, sir, a minute?"

"Help yourself; but——"

"I say, Miss Watts, get me the International Drug Company, this building, please—Mr. Mackenzie's private wire. . . . Mr. Mackenzie? Mr. Wadsworth speaking. Yes, Wadsworth, of the Behemoth. . . . In regard to your lease, Mr. Mackenzie. . . . What? Oh, no, not that. The Behemoth isn't troubling itself about that at all. That's a matter for you and Universal Supplies Company to settle between yourselves. The provision in your lease that I'm talking about is the one that gives us the right to cancel the lease and collect a forfeit from a tenant conducting any illegal business on the premises. . . . What? Bootlegging, of course. Yes. Prove it? Certainly. Oh, well, better come right up and see Mr. Welkin. . . . Yes. . . . All right. . . . Good day. I say, Miss Watts, would you mind getting Mr. Lambert—Universal Supplies this building? Thanks. . . . That you, Mr. Lambert? Mr. Wadsworth, for the Behemoth Company. Now look here, Mr. Lambert, don't you think before you demand protection from us in selling drugs under our lease you'd best make sure the lease hasn't been forfeited? What? Why, read your lease, sir! Read Section 25—'Illegitimate business.' Yes. . . . Why, bootlegging, of course! Well, we know it. Why, of course! Best come up and have it out with Mr. Welkin. Yes, he's here now."

Wadsworth hung up the telephone.

"International Drugs and Universal Supplies'll both be good, Mr. Welkin. Mackenzie and Lambert'll be right up to say so."

Mr. Welkin did not answer. The moment was too great for words. The three men sat in silence. The atmosphere thrilled with expectancy.

Then came Mackenzie and Lambert with anxious faces, and stood before the still face of Mr. Welkin, waiting.

"Well, you pair of portentous bootlegging criminals, what have you got to say for yourselves?" What do you mean by trying to lug me into your little cut-throat squabble over your precious rights under your busted leases that you forfeited 'most as soon as you got 'em?"

When the two meekest executives in the city, having barely, as they believed, escaped prosecution and the forfeiture of their leases, by abject capitulation, promises of good conduct and the reluctant mercy of Gideon T. Welkin, had made up the quarrel between their respective corporations so far as it concerned the Behemoth Building, shaken hands and departed, Welkin took a good long look at Wadsworth.

"Mr. Bamber's report to me credits you with a high grade of all-round efficiency maintained under peculiar difficulties, young man."

Barclay rose and came forward.

"Mr. Welkin, that goes to confirm a conclusion at which I had already arrived on the strength of recent events. We need Mr. Wadsworth in the law department."

"You do that. Put some life into it. Might do worse, Wadsworth. Good pay—teach you law—get you admitted—keep you retained for the Behemoth. But——"

Mr. Welkin paused, seemed lost in meditation. The lawyer, with a cordial smile, turned to Wadsworth:

"A good opening. Do you accept it?"

"Hold on, young man; I want to ask you one question—just one. How in hell's thunder did you know those sly dogs were bootleggin'?"

"I didn't."

A moment the two older men gazed at Wadsworth, taking it in, then at each other, sharing it then as the lawyer's slow, appreciative smile began to dawn, arose an uproar that the legends of the Behemoth Company have carried to many lands—will pass down through generations.

The traditional gravity preserved through long years in and about that inner sanctuary was shattered. From the face of Gideon T. Welkin the hard mask had vanished, revealing jovial mirth, breaking into a vast grin of unclouded delight. Down came his heavy palm on his broad thigh, roars and concussions in tremendous alternation shook the outer office and carried far down the corridor, clerks and stenographers sat aghast; a telephone operator, preserving her presence of mind and acting on her own initiative and responsibility, called up the entire detective force of the building.

At length, between gasps, Mr. Welkin spoke:

"Can't have him, Barclay. Too good for you. Want him myself dozen places right now. Pluck, gall, manner, brain, bluff and—oh, my sons and daughters, what a wallop! The man I've been lookin' for ever since the old Behemoth was a pup—the perfect executive! Besides, Barclay, he's too honest for your department."

"But, Wentworth," objected Mrs. Wadsworth plaintively as she stood beside him, looking up, with her hand tucked under his arm, restraining with all her might a tendency to slop over and become hysterical with maternal pride and joy, shaking her head, instead, in gentle disapproval, "indeed I am grateful for your success—grateful for all it has brought us. It has been so particularly nice to be able to do something at last for those poor dear Higginses, with all their interesting children and diseases; but success has been known to run away with the most promising young men. Beware of Mammon!"

Wentworth Wadsworth raised her little hand to his lips.

"Mammon," said he, "is far too unsophisticated for modern business. It's a man's game."

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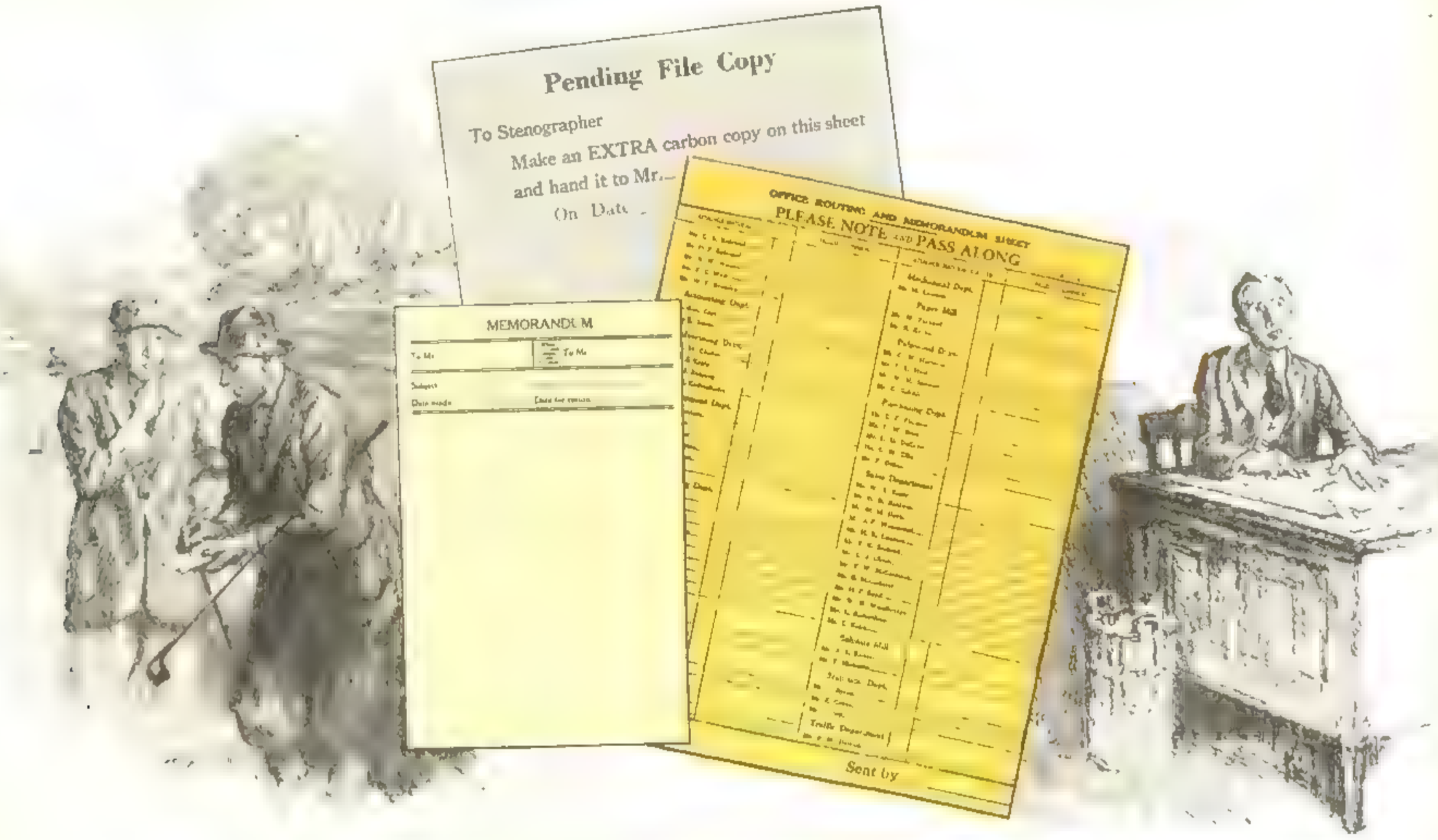

From golf score to income tax the printed form proves its value

THERE was a time when golf was played without a printed score card. Taxes were once collected at the point of a sword and not at the point of a pen.

Deeds were once written by hand from "Whereas" to "Locus Sigilli," but the printed form has walked right in and improved the situation.

In games and in government, in law and in business, blank paper has stepped aside and made way for the printed letterhead and the printed form.

Anything that is worth doing well is worth doing again. The printed form insures that the best way of doing a thing shall be the regular way—right becomes routine; proper procedure becomes standard procedure.

The reason is that printing gets things done—gets them done the same way every time—gets them done thoroughly. For the same reason that you have a letterhead—which is a form—you need a printed form for every kind of record, communication, or order that is used in your business.

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(Continued from Page 24)

believed in himself or not. If he seemed uncertain I felt sure that it was hunger. And when I tossed him into my gang of enthusiasts I knew what they would do to drooping spirits. Men would come into the organization as timid and shy as rabbits, and the association would, within an hour, send their shoulders back and their chins out. It was like a shot of some powerful stimulant. I never pretended that I hadn't ever been down and nearly out; in fact, I capitalized that. Consequently, everyone's past hardships, instead of being a dark secret, became something to laugh over or even to brag about. We were the original jolly good fellows, and everyone's troubles were at an end as soon as he found us.

In spite of my success with these raw recruits, the heads of the firm were always uneasy. They were afraid I trusted these men unduly, considering how little I knew about them. The facts that we received no complaints and that day after day they came in with their cash and checks did not relieve my superiors of their worry. So I decided to cut loose from the organization and establish one of my own where I could carry out my ideas unhampered by supervision.

My primary interest was in the men rather than the business, so I leased a large office space where we could have an assembly room, lounging room, music room, handball court and a sort of club. Business was active, and there was no difficulty in making contracts for selling industrial stocks both for new concerns and expanding business in need of additional capital. Nearly the entire sales force followed me, much to the relief of my former chiefs, who had openly complained that they didn't know whether they were running a business or a revival meeting. The men organized themselves into groups of ten or twenty and competed for sales records against each other, usually betting a dinner. We had a handball league, two baseball teams, several glee clubs, impromptu lectures by salesmen who had formerly been something else. An ex-minister would lecture on literature, and a former navy man would tell us about the Navy. We had a sort of college on the Quaker plan of letting him speak whom the spirit had moved. The offices were open until midnight. Recruits poured in until the sales force was in excess of one thousand men.

I made speeches two or three times a day, and everyone was welcome to make speeches. No matter what was going on, if someone, either an executive or a salesman, came in we cheered him and yelled his name. It was about as noisy a group as you could well imagine, but everyone worked hard. The enthusiasm was spontaneous.

Starting Strong

With a crew of such size—usually between twelve hundred and two thousand—it was impossible to furnish leads, and every man had to develop his own customers. At the start he nearly always knew a few, so that no matter what his subsequent experience might be he started off with a rush. In tackling cold prospects, however, the highest batting average I know of is one sale out of seven; and I think that one out of twelve will be nearer an average for a man who makes a living in the game. One can guess from this about what must have been the experience of those who would hang on through lean weeks until their last penny was gone. These men very seldom had a final interview; they gradually faded out; we saw them less and less frequently until finally they ceased to come at all. But in the meantime such a man would very probably have brought in at least one recruit, so that the sales force held up; in fact, it was generally growing.

The turnover in men was enormous, averaging easily 300 per cent a year when the business was fairly good and 600 per cent a year when business was poor. Very few men are sufficiently thick-skinned to stand twenty or more refusals without a sale, especially when they report back to the organization daily and find scores of other men who are pushing currency by the handful, checks, drafts and Liberty Bonds, through the wicket. They fire themselves, very quietly—and they don't ask for help. I was so busy I didn't think about them at all. If I had I might have been appalled by what I was doing. I was picking up everyone else's sick kittens and pushing my own out the back door in droves, literally thousands. It seems impossible that I never gave a thought to that phase of the subject, but I didn't. They had had their chance, and I felt that if they didn't fit, it would have been as unjust to them as to myself to try to keep them. In fact, I dismissed them with a gesture of generosity, feeling glad that I had done what I could for them whether the results were all I had hoped for or not. It didn't occur to me that I had piled upon them a painful and searing realization of failure from which they marched forth without money to carry them over.

Neither did it occur to me that I was profiting off these men in half a dozen indirect ways aside from my profits on their sales. For instance, the mere size of the sales force gave an appearance of great success that implied stability. People didn't know they were coming in and going out like a procession. Sometimes one prospect would be solicited by as many as three of these amateur salesmen, and after they had faded out of the picture a fourth would come along and make the sale. The effect was very much like that achieved by steady advertising. If you don't get him the first time you probably will the fifth. Moreover, by the time a man has been solicited four times he may have begun to think that everyone in town is buying that particular stock. In other words, I was carrying on a war of attrition and grinding up men unmercifully. To complete the simile about advertising, my position was like that of a man who would use vast quantities of advertising, achieve his results, pocket his profits, pay one publication for the one advertisement referred to by the purchaser of the goods, and refuse to pay any of the others on the ground that they hadn't got results, when all had contributed something.

The Nagging-Wife Goad

As the success of my experiment—so far as I was concerned, it was a huge success—became apparent, I sent out more and more calls for men—and I got them. There are all sorts of preachers of discontent abroad in this country, many of them as fanatical as I had been, and all striving to do good. They talk about the dignity of labor and then plead with all and sundry not to work, but to make an easy living doing something noble, as though labor itself were not noble, useful; yes, absolutely essential. All these persons, publications, institutions, and I know not what all, were my unknown and unconscious aids. And most powerful among them were nagging wives.

There was one man whom I remember only as John, a stationary engineer, fond of machinery, happy in his work, delighted with his installment-plan home, devoted to his babies, and a good husband. But his wife had heard a lecture on how to make a prime minister out of a stationary engineer by repeating some sort of magic phrase or reading a book by Professor Whooziz—and John landed in my organization. Happily for me, I don't know what became of his installment-plan home, but I have unpleasant suspicions. He sold some stock to his brother, his brother-in-law, his two particular pals in Local 41144 of the stationary engineers' union, and then launched out into uncharted seas where the weather immediately became rough. He led the crowd the second week he was with us, and I, of course, thought he was going to be a wonder. I always thought that. It took years for it to dawn on me what I was doing, and then for a long time I couldn't discover any terminal facilities.

A man who has a healthy discontent will probably find his way out. In fact, he is usually poking around, looking for a way out all the time. When I started I was trying to find only those fellows who couldn't find themselves, but when I advertised for them I got scores of others for every one of the type I was seeking. When a man goes out as I did, broadcasting the cheerful information that anyone can make ten thousand dollars a year, he reaches only a small part of the men harassed by what has been called the divine discontent, because many of them have other ambitions, but he creates havoc among the very types of men to whom his promises cannot prove other than absolutely false.

In this connection I recall Ralph Peters as a good example. Ralph had a face like a rabbit. Both his forehead and his chin receded at an astonishing angle, the face coming to a point with a long sharp nose. His complexion was pasty white and his colorless hair was brushed straight back without a part. His eyes were a weak blue. Talking was quite an effort for Ralph. He was about twenty-four years old when I met him and went through the formula of asking him if he made ten thousand dollars a year. He didn't, but he was willing to accept it. He was a telegrapher. Afterward I learned that he was a very good one and had an excellent record as such. But Ralph's great urge was laziness. He didn't mind that part of the telegrapher's work which called for sitting in a chair all day, but it had occurred to him that his lot would be vastly improved if he could get rid of the telegraph key. Then he wouldn't have anything to do but sit and smoke.

About that time I had interested two heads of industrial concerns in looking over our sales force for executives. We had all sorts of men there. I think we could easily have manned a battleship with a trained personnel. I suggested that we could furnish foremen, superintendents, salesmen, in fact all sorts of trained men for the industries we were financing by sales of stock. So I had advertised that executive positions were within reach of my staff. That was what Ralph wanted. His idea of an executive was a man who sat in a big upholstered chair, smoking a good cigar, while other people worked.

It is strange how hard men will work to avoid work. Ralph probably gave us the utmost energy he could generate, and the net result was two sales. He had two friends in a telegraph office. Six weeks later he was working beside them, having in the meantime pawned his overcoat. But he represented a profit to me. Whatever time and money he lost was his loss. Whatever profit he made I shared.

Although nothing could have been further from my purpose, at the time, my appeals for men were accurately keyed to bring in the type which Ralph represents. In justice to the others, however, I must say that Ralph somewhat over-represents them. I mean he is the type in its most exaggerated form. Nevertheless, he is one of a well-defined type. They represent a dead weight to any executive who tries to inspire them to initiative. Nature provided them, I think, to fill in the gaps not yet reached by automatic machinery. They seem to have no spring of energy within themselves. Nevertheless, you can do things with them if you keep after them. It is, however, an endless task.

Responsive Ralph

You make Ralph a speech, expose him to a highly vitalized environment such as we maintained, let him hear a lot of noisy enthusiasm, and his energy tank fills. He starts out, hitting on all four cylinders, and climbs the first hill fairly well, still in high. But at the close of the day his tank is empty, and he barely makes it to the door before going dead. He comes in dragging his toes.

Then you repeat the process. Not the slightest variation is necessary; in fact, the speech that has worked ten times is the best possible speech for the eleventh. Ralph fills his tank again. He does no thinking for himself; in fact, I strongly suspect that he can't think. Certainly he can't make up his mind what he wants to do. Probably he really desires to do nothing and is struggling blindly toward that goal. But he is leaning on you every step of the way. You tell him he is a sailor, and he is a sailor as long as you repeat the message frequently. Tell him anything and he responds. Well, we told him he was a salesman who was going to be an executive, and by filling his tank daily we kept him running until he got carbon in his cylinders. And that was the end of Ralph—hundreds of him.

But Ralph's type is the first to rush forward in response to any appeal based on supposed energy-releasing inspiration.

If a man has it in him to be a great musician I doubt if it is necessary to tell him so. He knows it by instinct, I believe. What he wants to know, if he happens to be one of the sidetracked, is how to go about the details of developing his ability. If anyone decides that he is going to reach slumbering musical talent by shouting to the multitude "You can be a musician," up comes little

(Continued on Page 125)

$300 and UP to the ORIENT

IF you are considering a trip to the Orient send the coupon below and learn how quickly and inexpensively you can go. Investigate today the luxurious "President" ships, the wonders of the Orient and cost of tours. The round trip can now be made in six weeks. Minimum fare $600.

Your dreams of the Orient can now come true. Send in the coupon now—today. Find out about these great U.S. Government ships, operated by Admiral Oriental Line on the "Short Route" from Seattle and the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., over the "Sunshine Belt" via Honolulu from San Francisco. Ports of call: Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila.

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Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to the Orient.

From Seattle ☐.
From San Francisco ☐.

Name
Address

The HOOVER

Another Home-Cleaning Triumph

The owner of a Hoover has always enjoyed advantages which are denied the owner of the ordinary electric cleaner.

For The Hoover "BEATS . . . as it Sweeps, as it Cleans," and what other cleaner do you know of that does *all* these essential things?

And now, if you own a Hoover, you can enjoy the further benefit of using

The most remarkable set of air-cleaning attachments ever devised

With these new attachments you can clean your draperies, and dust the fixtures and furnishings of your home, as easily, as quickly, and as *thoroughly* as you can beat, sweep and clean your rugs.

It's only a moment's work to connect them, and no effort! You'll like the way they snap together, and *lock*. There's no chance of their working loose or parting at the joints. And they fit so easily, and snugly.

You'll be delighted with the *swivel connection*, another new feature, that permits the cleaning tool to glide around curves and relieves your hand of any twisting strains.

You'll be amazed at the force of air which flows through these new attachments. Newly designed joints, *without obstructing shoulders*, allow free passage to Hoover powerful suction.

And another thing! Even their use has been simplified! With one combined cleaning tool—the nozzle-brush—you can brush loose and suction away the dirt from almost every conceivable resting place.

As an example of the completeness of these new attachments, this nozzle-brush is encircled with a heavy rubber bumper that it may not mar any highly polished woodwork.

Other cleaning instruments are of course provided. There are, for instance, two metal tubes which enable you to reach places ordinarily inaccessible, as well as a flat fibre tool for cleaning radiators, the plaits of upholstered furniture and the like.

You'll want to see these new attachments, and there's no better place than in your home. Any Authorized Hoover Dealer will gladly demonstrate them.

And even though their cost is almost unbelievably low, it will be divided into monthly payments if you so desire.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 123)

Ralph, nodding assent and ready to start, especially if you happen to mention the sum Caruso received for a performance. There remains, then, only one thing to do with Ralph—sell him something or use him. I used him. Having no more in common with that type of man by nature than I have with a giraffe, I couldn't imagine him—I had to meet him and struggle with him before I could believe he existed.

It is remarkable how many people think selling things is an escape from work. As a matter of fact it is grueling hard work, coupled with constant uncertainty. A blacksmith who hammers away at a wagon all day may not complete his job, but he has done part of it. A salesman never knows, until the name is on the dotted line, whether he has done anything, regardless of the effort he has expended. And remember that in at least six cases out of seven and more—probably nine out of ten—he hasn't done anything. If you think facing that sort of struggle is an escape from work you have another guess coming. Just as the salesman's job is generally considered easy, so the task of public speaking is regarded as probably, next to clipping coupons, the ultimate in escape from work. As a matter of fact, I have often been worn out from the physical exertion of public speaking—to our sales force. I have walked off a platform many times and hurried to my room to remove clothes dripping wet with perspiration, after which I would go to bed hungry because I was too tired to eat. There is a nervous strain as well, especially when one has to go over the same subject repeatedly, but I am discussing here only the physical strain. Speaking once or twice a day to a large audience is impossible for scores of speakers simply because of the physical strain. I venture the guess that it is just about as hard work as shocking wheat. But my father, like thousands of others, thought it would be nice for me to have an easy job like speaking instead of having to shock wheat.

The Weeding-Out Process

But times were good and the buying of stocks was a sort of epidemic during the period when my organization was growing. Even the poorest material could be used. Of course all the Ralphs were ground up in a short time, and so were many others of different types who didn't belong in that sort of business, but we were always developing a few salesmen, perhaps 3 or 4 per cent of the total recruits. I don't know how many popular lodge brothers, secretaries of something or other, floundering young members of large families with relatives able to invest, and husbands with prodding wives, we used up and dropped, but we did develop some salesmen.

There was, for instance, dear old Mulligan, a former bartender, set adrift by prohibition and too proud for a soda fountain. Kindly, honest, friendly, and with an enormous acquaintance among men who were well disposed toward him, Mulligan nevertheless didn't know which way to turn or what he was going to do until someone brought him in. He couldn't fail to make a good start, but he really had ability and he developed into a remarkable salesman. I put that man on his feet and saved him from being a derelict. Mulligan seemed to specialize in finding impossible people and making incredible sales. Most of his customers knew nothing whatever about stocks and probably supposed a bond had something to do with getting out of jail. One time when we were selling stock for a firm manufacturing automobile tires and at the same time offering stock in a new cotton mill, Mulligan made a successful selling talk on the tire company, but by mistake delivered stock in the cotton mill. He discovered his error just as he was handing over the stock certificates, but the customer said it didn't make any difference to him. Stock was stock, and if Mulligan was selling it he'd as soon have one as the other. But Mulligan didn't know much more about stocks than his customer.

In spite of the large number of men constantly being dropped, it became increasingly easy to recruit salesmen. As I said before, there were, and are, so many forces working unintentionally in coöperation with this sort of enterprise that our own efforts were little more than a match to the kindling. As an example of how it worked, I recall the imposing person who introduced himself to me one morning as J. William Rockwall. I thought the least he could possibly be was president of a bank. He had a profile as perfect as Adonis, his attire was in the best of dignified good taste, he gave his age as thirty-two, but being prematurely gray he looked possibly older, though his complexion was youthful. He had a way of holding his hat, gloves and stick—well, I thought perhaps he had bought the building and perhaps wanted to see me about the lease. He was a salesman in a men's clothing store, had an excellent record, and felt that he could do better in another line where the sales were larger. I thought so too. But J. William was all approach with no punch left for closing the deal. In fact, he had been right where he belonged. Men go into a clothing store to buy clothing and if they meet a clerk like J. William they get excellent service. In other words, they are more than half sold before they go in. If J. William has to close a deal all he can do is bow and smile and use polite phrases. He didn't last two weeks with us, but he did make three sales and about two hundred dollars in commissions during his first three days. Then he returned to the store whence he came, to make a few remarks about his new station in life. Next we had about half the clerks in the place, while others were made bold enough by this exodus to break loose and do something else that previously they had been hesitating to take a chance on.

In the Wake of J. William

We didn't get all of J. William's fellow clerks at once; some of them came after he had gone. A windy sort of person like J. William wouldn't go back to the place he left, especially after the speech he had made there. Several of those who later came to us out of that clothing establishment were astonished to learn that J. William had gone. They usually ventured the guess that he had already gone to some even greater position. Of course I don't know where J. William went. We must have torn thousands of men from their moorings in that fashion and sent them adrift. The figures are eloquent on that subject, however, for the average sales per man were less than two thousand dollars, and the average period of his service about three months—this in spite of the fact that the nucleus of my organization was built within the first three months and remained with the business as long as I did.

In recruiting our sales force, or forces, or parade, or whatever it was, no thought of its relation to the remainder of the community had ever come to me. J. William must have played havoc with that clothing store, but I didn't think of it at the time.

The first thought of our relation to the remainder of the community came to me long afterward, during that experience with the bricklayers. The florid conversation of the bricklayer who had turned salesman was misleading, of course. It had not been his intention to recruit salesmen when he started talking; he was merely flaunting himself and enjoying the sensation he created. Being generous by nature, it delighted him to let everyone in on the deal. If he had been a crafty person he would have tried to make sales instead of recruiting salesmen from among the very persons who were his best prospects; in fact, if he had been recruiting salesmen I think he would have been at least as truthful as the selling talk I was then passing out. This experience was the beginning of my process of awakening. Since it was a factory in which I was personally interested that these bricklayers deserted, unfinished, I began to see what I was doing.

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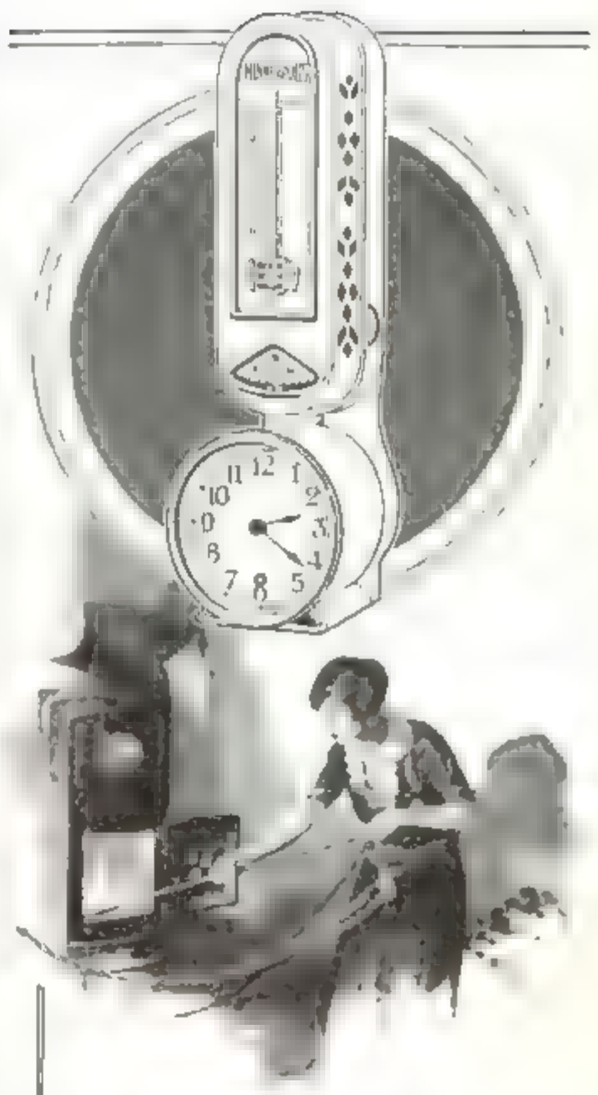
PHOTO BY COTTRELL, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

A Picturesque Stream in Lake County, Florida, Where Fishing is a Delight



Are You a Furnace Slave?

Do you often decline invitations because of confining household duties? Do you run down to fix the fire five or ten times a day? No need to suffer these worries. The Minneapolis Heat Regulator releases you from this slavery.

It automatically regulates your heating plant, no matter what type of heat you use. Keeps the house temperature just as you want it all day long. You set the indicator so that your house will cool off at going-to-bed time and warm up again at getting-up time. This means that no one need get up in icy rooms to rouse the fire.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

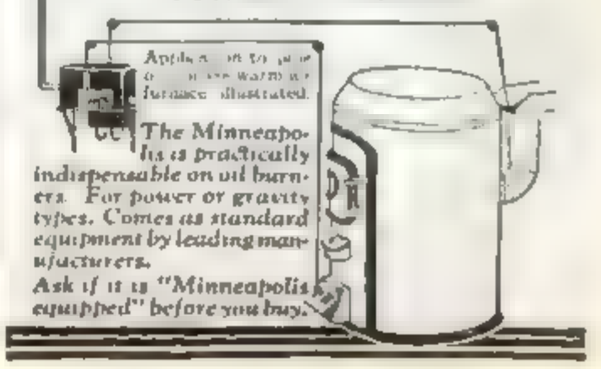
"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

Saves ⅕ to ⅓ on fuel. So when you do without the Minneapolis you pay for discomfort. Branch offices in principal cities render complete installation service. Elsewhere see a heating contractor.

The detailed story of how the Minneapolis regulates your heating plant and relieves you of the bother of constant attention and saves you money besides, is told in an illustrated booklet which we will send you free upon request.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.

2803 Fourth Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.



The Minneapolis is practically indispensable on oil burners. For power or gravity types. Comes as standard equipment by leading manufacturers.

Ask if it is "Minneapolis equipped" before you buy.

Soldiers in the endless war

HERE are three chapters in the everyday life of the modern engineer:

1 A call for help comes from the river front. The levee is breaking: at any moment the flood may tear through, carrying death to the towns below.

"We gathered crews of laborers into cars and trucks," writes the engineer. "Another hour might have been too late—but we were there in the cars in time!"

2 Typhoid threatened a city. Infected milk was coming to town.

"Get into your cars," ordered the chief engineer of the City Health Department. "Carry your chlorinating apparatus to every dairy farm."

The epidemic was nipped in the bud.

3 In a middle western city, a water main burst, and every minute meant loss in the nearby buildings and streets. The city engineer writes:

"We were on the job *immediately*. Without the automobile such an emergency would find us severely handicapped."

They are manufacturers of civilization, these engineers; fashioners of visions into concrete and steel.

And they are more than that. Our modern life, outwardly so secure, is a journey amid a thousand perils. Danger may lurk in the air we breathe, in the food we eat, in the very pipes through which water flows.

Against these perils, the engineers stand guard. We live by virtue of their vigilance. The fight goes on unceasingly against flood and fire and disease; the more complicated our civilization, the more intense the struggle becomes. But victory is with the engineers. And General Motors feels privileged in building motor cars and motor trucks which are weapons of victory for these soldiers in the *endless* war.

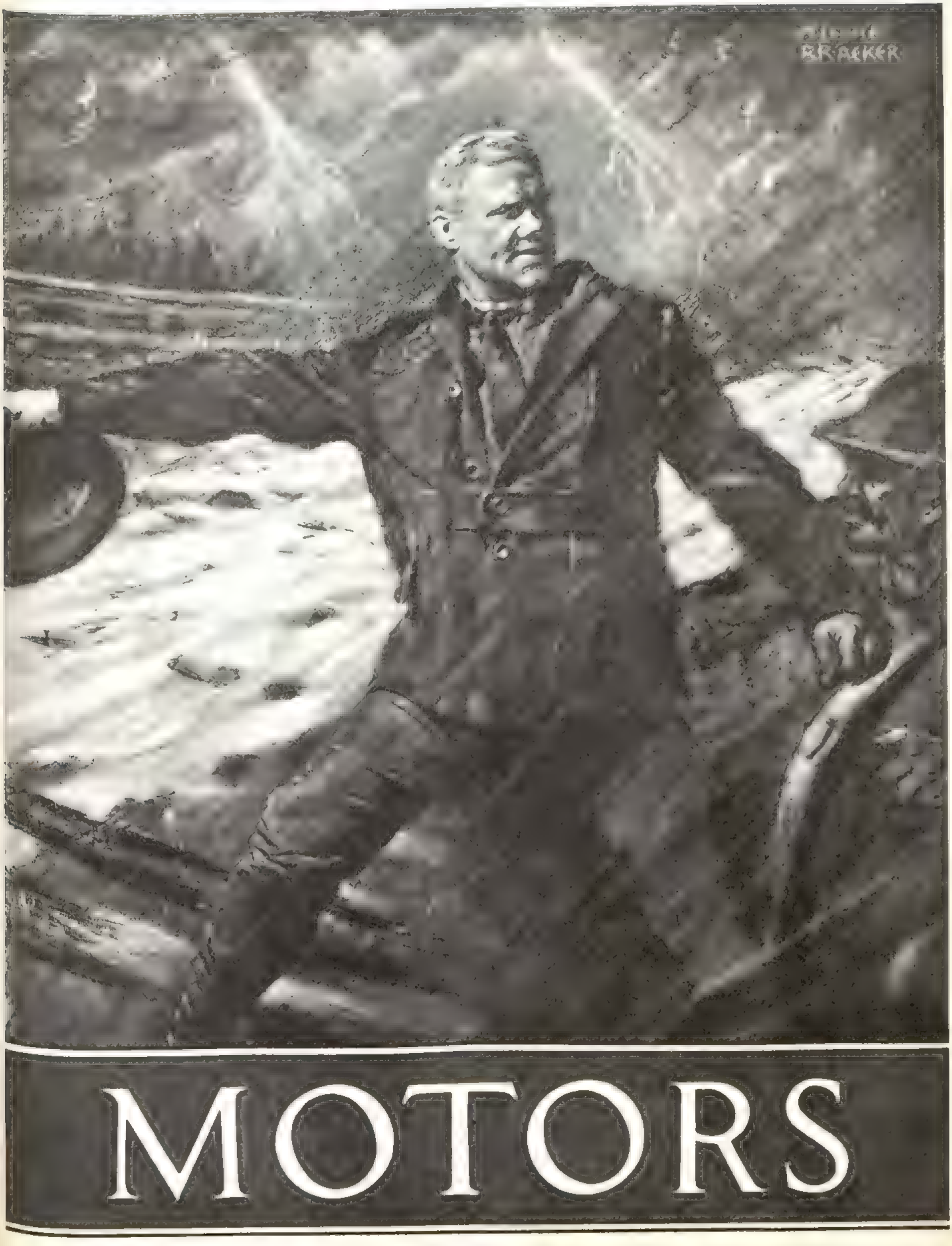
PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK
CADILLAC
CHEVROLET
OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE
GMC TRUCKS

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Fisher Bodies • Harrison Radiators • Jacox Steering Gears AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers • New Departure Ball Bearings Delco-Light and Power Plants and Frigidaire • Jaxon Rims • Brown-Lipe Chapin Differential Gears Lancaster Steel Products • Hyatt Roller Bearings • Inland Steering Wheels • Dayton Wright Special Bodies • Klaxon Horns.

General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan. Insurance service is furnished by General Exchange Corporation

GENERAL


BRACKER
MOTORS

Your Banker's Services to You—and His Banking Connections in New York

EVEN so recently as twenty years ago, home-town business was pretty much a local affair.

Today the business man, wherever he may live, figures in *National* business much more than he may suppose.

Your local bank and its activities have grown with your activities—or even somewhat in *advance*, anticipating the next forward step in the affairs of its customers.

Few people stop to realize the highly perfected coöperation that exists today between the home bank and the banking institutions of the great trading centers.

Through this coöperation, and the facilities of telegraph and telephone—the business man in any of the 48 states trades as freely in New York as in his home city.

This makes the New York connections of your local bank all the more important—to the bank, and to you, its customer.

For not the least of your local banker's services is his ability to execute your personal and commercial banking business in New York.

THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

16–22 WILLIAM STREET

FIFTH AVE. OFFICE, 475 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK

CHARTERED IN 1822
"FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACCOMMODATING THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE"

(Continued from Page 125)

My principal worry usually related to the success of the corporations we were financing. Try as you will, you cannot give absolute assurance, and yet that is what one is really promising to most of those who buy. The promise may be expressed or implied, but it is usually taken for granted. The buyer thinks it is there. These were speculative stocks and, of course, had the additional handicap of not being listed anywhere. When someone wanted to sell in an emergency, there wasn't any particular place to offer them, and no established market. This often resulted in very low prices being accepted even when the value was there. In short, they were just about the kind of stocks that investors with one thousand dollars or less ought to let alone—and those were the investors we principally interested. Nearly everyone knows something about how to make money, probably less than half know how to save, but when it comes to investing, very few know anything at all. Yet all these hurdles stand between a man and his comfortable old age.

My belated awakening, for which I am indebted to that bricklayer, was hurried along by an accidental meeting with a competitor. He was a cynical person, and his comments quickly opened my eyes to the fact that his appeals for men were consciously keyed to attract the type of Ralph Peters. He supposed that I had also taken a general survey of my business and knew what I was doing. But I had been too busy. In fact, I was on the job every morning between eight and nine o'clock and often remained until ten at night. My competitor didn't. He rarely showed his face. He was a legend to his men, just as I was, but an aloof sort of Olympian creature about whom they heard interesting fiction; they didn't see him often. When they did he was silent. That was his pose. He spent an hour or two in his office during the afternoon, remained up late every night and usually slept until nearly noon. But he knew all about my business and confessed that he had copied some of my methods. That interested me and left me incredulous, because I didn't think it possible for such a cold person to copy anything I had done.

All Worked by Formula

The next day I visited his establishment and the scales fell from my eyes. He had copied my methods, and I saw at once that it was fairly easy. The only difference was that I put myself into my efforts, and he hired other men who did just as well. After all, it is merely a formula. A crew to do the inspiring is easily recruited, and many of them will be just as sincere as I was. He had some sort of master of ceremonies, or yell leader, or whatever you might call him, whose voice had a peculiar metallic quality and astounding volume. When that man flooded a room with sound everyone was galvanized into attention. In fact, looking him over calmly I thought he was probably more effective than I.

Up to that time I had supposed there was no business institution similar to mine. The idea was original with me and grew out of my experience, but I soon found out that there were large numbers of them; some were much more ably managed than mine, while several were out-and-out frauds dealing only in worthless stocks. The latter would have a brief but prosperous career in some city, then move to another as soon as the volume of business declined.

The process of awakening, thus begun, was hurried along by an illness which removed me from the pressing details of the business. Lying on my bed in the hospital I had time to do a lot of thinking. First of all, I realized that I hadn't done any real thinking for several years. I hadn't viewed life as a whole or my business from any better position of vantage than the center of it, which, I should say, is the worst possible position for a general survey. For one thing, I hadn't asked myself honestly and frankly whether I was doing what I wanted to do or just grabbing around wildly, very much as on the day I rushed into the restaurant to get a job as dishwasher. It occurred to me as a new thought, while I was lying there staring at the ceiling, that I wasn't going to live forever, and if there really was anything I'd like to do it was time to be doing it.

I began with the business and after half a day of thought on the subject decided that I never had done with it what I started out to do and that probably the need for my original great mission existed mainly in my imagination. Next I faced the fact that I had joined hands with that crew of preachers of discontent who prescribe more money as a cure for all ills. "Executive positions," I read in big letters in my advertisement in the newspaper; and then I rolled over to enjoy a good laugh. Yes, executive positions. I had one, and this was what it did to me. Perhaps if we were better executives it wouldn't lay so many of us on our backs, but the fact remains that executive positions are pretty good business getters for hospitals. And there was I, holding them out as bait to be nibbled at principally by men trying to dodge work. The whole thing became ridiculous, and I realized that I was through with my business. About the best I could say for it was that it was entirely legal, and we had financed some worthy enterprises.

Back to the Farm

What next, then? Did I wish to practice law? Decidedly not. In fact, I never had wanted to. I was in a frame of mind to examine life with more calmness than ever before. When a man is physically weak, but with a clear mind, and no telephones are attacking him, he throws overboard a lot of junk that has previously seemed important. At that moment ten thousand a year or any other sum had none of the bugle-call effect I used to put into it.

A new realization of the importance of contentment came over me. Checking back over the thousands of men I had known, I realized that a lot of them must have found their real pleasure in some simple activity in life to which no particular glamour attaches. I realized that men could enjoy running trains or repairing automobiles or putting engines together or setting type. The fanatic who attacks them with a standard of happiness based upon "How much do you make?" is their enemy. But that standard has terrific force in this country. Few have the nerve to face it without quailing. There was my father, a good farmer, a happy man, but with an urge to lift me out of farming, as though it were not so good as some occupation which enabled one to handle more money. Thinking of my father brought to my mind like a flash of recollection from some forgotten previous existence, that the one thing I would really like to do was fix up that farm, plant an apple orchard, put a dam in the creek and get some fish from the government hatchery. The more I thought of it the longer grew the list of things I had always wanted to do on that farm. The new inspiration actually helped my recovery. I had found my real self and I was a farmer boy who wanted to see the sun come up again, and wander down the pasture lane looking for rabbits. I had been chased away from that life by fear of not earning an imposing sum of money.

When I left the hospital I retired from the business and went to the only home I had ever known, the farm. I didn't wreck the business; no use doing that. My retiring isn't going to remove that sort of enterprise from the world, and I've reached the point where I'm not so certain about everything as I once was. There may be something to be said for those enterprises, and since there are now a lot of them, mine doesn't increase the number by more than one. I turned it over to the men who had helped me build it.

GRETCHEN'S FORTY WINKS

(Continued from Page 15)

sheets of white cardboard were spread over the living-room table and he labored there with much grunting and sighing until midnight, while Gretchen lay on the sofa with a book and the doorbell tinkled occasionally behind the drawn blinds. At twelve there was always an argument as to whether he would come to bed. He would agree to come after he had cleared up everything; but as he was invariably sidetracked by half a dozen new ideas he usually found Gretchen sound asleep when he tiptoed upstairs.

Sometimes it was three o'clock before Roger squashed his last cigarette into the

(Continued on Page 130)

To the Million or More Members of the Radio Broadcasting Public Elgin Makes This Announcement—

THROUGH the cooperation of the Chicago Board of Trade Broadcasting Station WDAP at the Drake Hotel, Chicago, and the Elgin Time Observatory of the Elgin National Watch Company—a new and forward-looking time-broadcasting service has been put into effect.

It has already demonstrated its place in the practical life of a busy nation.

Three times daily, Central Standard Time, the precise time supplied over direct wire from the Elgin Time Observatory, is broadcast through Station WDAP (360 meters, 833 kilocycles) by the Chicago Board of Trade.

As a practical step in using this service, please note that the time-broadcasting begins at 3:12, 5:57 and 10:57 p.m.—extends over three minutes each period—and the final signal is given at 3:15, 6:00 and 11:00 p.m. precisely.

Starting at 3:12 p.m., for instance, a dot is heard each second for 29 seconds. The 30th second is silent. Then again a dot each second for 25 seconds. Then 5 seconds of silence. This completes one minute of broadcasting.

The second minute duplicates the first.

The third minute also—29 dots, 1 second silence; 25 dots, 5 seconds silence.

Then a long dash is heard at exactly 3:15 p.m.

This is Central Standard Time.

Listeners in the Eastern Time Zone will receive Elgin Time at 4:12, 6:57 and 11:57 p.m. precisely.

In the Mountain Time Zone, at 2:12, 4:57 and 9:57 p.m. In the Pacific Time Zone, at 1:12, 3:57 and 8:57 p.m.

Elgin "Streamline" in 25-year green or white Gold-filled engraved case, $40.

The Elgin Time Observatory is the source of the precise time standards of the Elgin work shops and timing rooms. It takes the time from the stars, and transmits it to all departments of the Elgin factories, thereby facilitating the production of dependable watches.

Now, with this time-broadcasting service, the Elgin Time Observatory assumes a new and broader significance than ever before.

Located in the heart of the great Central States, it serves thousands of short distance receivers with precise time direct thrice daily. This service is also available to owners of long distance radio sets anywhere in the country.

The day seems near at hand, when the owner of any watch of any make, anywhere in the United States, may check daily with the precise Elgin time.

It will bring home to him, too, the professional timekeeping standards embodied in the Elgin Watch.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY · ELGIN, U.S.A.

No. 5½
Hand Drill
PRICE $5
Strong, smooth-running—it bores through metal without half trying. A famous member of the "1500 Good Tools" family—tools for the mechanic, motorist, and handy man. Any good hardware dealer will show you this Goodell-Pratt Hand Drill No. 5½—or any other of the 1500 Good Tools.
Write for interesting free booklet, "The House that Jack Fixed"
GOODELL-PRATT CO.
Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.
Toolsmiths
Makers of Mr. Punch
GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Continued from Page 128

overloaded ash tray, and he would undress in the darkness, hollow as a ghost, but with a sense of triumph that he had lasted out another day.

Christmas came and went and he scarcely noticed that it was gone. He remembered it afterwards as the day he completed the window cards for Garrod's shoes. This was one of the eight large accounts for which he was pointing in January—if he got half of them he was assured a quarter of a million dollars' worth of business during the year.

But the world outside his business became a chaotic dream. He was aware that on three cool December Sundays George Tompkins had taken Gretchen horseback riding and that another time she had gone out with him in his automobile to spend the day skiing on the country-club hill. A picture of Tompkins, in an expensive frame, had appeared one morning on their bedroom wall. And one night he was shocked into a startled protest when Gretchen went to the theater with Tompkins in town.

But his work was almost done. Daily now his layouts arrived from the printers until seven of them were piled and docketed in his office safe. He knew how good they were.

Money alone couldn't buy such work; more than he realized himself, it had been a labor of love.

December tumbled like a dead leaf from the calendar. There was an agonizing week when he had to give up coffee because it made his heart pound so. If he could hold on now for four days—three days ——

On Thursday afternoon H. G. Garrod was to arrive in New York. On Wednesday evening Roger came home at seven to find Gretchen poring over the December bills with a strange expression in her eyes.

"What's the matter?"

She nodded at the bills. He ran through them, his brow wrinkling in a frown.

"Gosh!"

"I can't help it," she burst out suddenly. "They're terrible."

"Well, I didn't marry you because you were a wonderful housekeeper. I'll manage about the bills some way. Don't worry your pretty head about it."

She regarded him coldly.

"You talk as if I were a child."

"I have to," he said with sudden irritation.

"Well, at least I'm not a piece of bric-a-brac that you can just put somewhere and forget."

He knelt down by her quickly and took her arms in his hands.

"Gretchen, listen!" he said breathlessly. "For God's sake, don't go to pieces now! We're both all stored up with malice and reproach, and if we had a quarrel it'd be terrible. I love you, Gretchen. Say you love me—quick!"

"You know I love you."

The quarrel was averted, but there was an unnatural tenseness all through dinner. It came to a climax afterwards when he began to spread his working materials on the table.

"Oh, Roger," she protested, "I thought you didn't have to work tonight."

"I didn't think I'd have to, but something came up."

"I've invited George Tompkins over."

"Oh, gosh!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'm sorry, honey, but you'll have to phone him not to come."

"He's left," she said. "He's coming straight from town. He'll be here any minute now."

Roger groaned. It occurred to him to send them both to the movies, but somehow the suggestion stuck on his lips. He did not want her at the movies; he wanted her here, where he could look up and know she was by his side.

George Tompkins arrived breezily at eight o'clock.

"Aha!" he cried reprovingly, coming into the room. "Still at it."

Roger agreed coolly that he was.

"Better quit—better quit before you have to." He sat down with a long sigh of physical comfort and lit a cigarette. "Take it from a fellow who's looked into the question scientifically. We can stand so much, and then—bang!"

"If you'll excuse me"—Roger made his voice as polite as possible—"I'm going upstairs and finish this work."

"Just as you like, Roger." George waved his hand carelessly. "It isn't that I mind. I'm the friend of the family and I'd just as soon see the missus as the mister." He smiled playfully. "But if I were you, Roger, I'd put away my work and get a good night's sleep."

When Roger had spread out his materials on the bed upstairs he found that he could still hear the rumble and murmur of their voices through the thin floor. He began wondering what they found to talk about. As he plunged deeper into his work his mind had a tendency to revert sharply to his question, and several times he arose and paced nervously up and down the room.

The bed was ill adapted to his work. Several times the paper slipped from the board on which it rested and the pencil punched through. Everything was wrong tonight. Letters and figures blurred before his eyes, and as an accompaniment to the beating of his temples came those persistent murmuring voices.

At ten he realized that he had done nothing for more than an hour, and with a sudden exclamation he gathered together his papers, replaced them in his portfolio and went downstairs. They were sitting together on the sofa when he came in.

"Oh, hello!" cried Gretchen, rather unnecessarily, he thought. "We were just discussing you."

"Thank you," he answered ironically. "What particular part of my anatomy was under the scalpel?"

"Your health," said Tompkins jovially.

"My health's all right," answered Roger shortly.

"But you look at it so selfishly, old fella," cried Tompkins. "You only consider yourself in the matter. Don't you think Gretchen has any rights? If you were working on a wonderful sonnet or a portrait of some madonna or something" he glanced at Gretchen's Titian hair "why, then I'd say go ahead. But you're not. It's just some silly advertisement about how to sell Peptow's hair tonic, and if all the hair tonic ever made was dumped into the ocean tomorrow the world wouldn't be one bit the worse for it."

"Wait a minute," said Roger angrily; "that's not quite fair. I'm not kidding myself about the importance of my work—it's just as useless as the stuff you do. But to Gretchen and me it's just about the most important thing in the world."

"Are you implying that my work is useless?" demanded Tompkins incredulously.

"No; not if it brings happiness to some poor sucker of a pants manufacturer who doesn't know how to spend his money."

Tompkins and Gretchen exchanged a glance.

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed Tompkins ironically. "I didn't realize that all these years I've just been wasting my time."

"You're a loafer," said Roger rudely.

"Me?" cried Tompkins angrily. "You call me a loafer because I have a little balance in my life and find time to do interesting things? Because I play hard as well as work hard and do not let myself get to be a dull, tiresome drudge?"

Both men were angry now and their voices had risen, though on Tompkins' face there still remained the semblance of a smile.

"What I object to," said Roger steadily, "is that for the last six weeks you seem to have done all your playing around here."

"Roger!" cried Gretchen. "What do you mean by talking like that?"

"Just what I said."

"You've just lost your temper." Tompkins lit a cigarette with ostentatious coolness. "You're so nervous from overwork you don't know what you're saying. You're on the verge of a nervous break——"

"Shut up!" cried Roger fiercely.

"Calm down, yourself! If you took a cold bath every morning you wouldn't be so excitable."

"You get out of here!" Roger's voice was trembling. "You get out of here right now—before I throw you out!"

Tompkins got angrily to his feet.

"You—you throw me out?" he cried incredulously.

They were actually moving toward each other when Gretchen stepped between them, and grabbing Tompkins' arm urged him toward the door.

"He's acting like a fool, George, but you better get out," she cried, groping in the hall for his hat.

"He insulted me!" shouted Tompkins. "He threatened to throw me out!"

"Never mind, George," pleaded Gretchen. "He doesn't know what he's saying. Please go! I'll see you at ten o'clock tomorrow."

She opened the door.

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He never knew why

ALMOST the first thing that greeted him on his return to town was a newspaper announcement telling him that the girl he had hoped to marry was engaged to another man. And, moreover, to a man he had never heard of before.

This accounted for her silence during his absence—not a single letter all the time he was away.

And he never found the real reason why his courtship had been so complete a failure.

* * * *

That's the unfortunate thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years in hospitals, dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine aids you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of imitators now as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

(Continued from Page 130)

"You won't see him at ten o'clock tomorrow," said Roger steadily. "He's not coming to this house any more."

Tompkins turned to Gretchen.

"It's his house," he suggested. "Perhaps we'd better meet at mine."

Then he was gone and Gretchen had shut the door behind him. Her eyes were full of angry tears.

"See what you've done!" she sobbed. "The only friend I had, the only person in the world who liked me enough to treat me decently is insulted by my husband in my own house."

She threw herself on the sofa and began to cry passionately into the pillows.

"He brought it on himself," said Roger stubbornly. "I've stood as much as my self-respect will allow. I don't want you going out with him any more."

"I will go out with him!" cried Gretchen wildly. "I'll go out with him all I want! Do you think it's any fun living here with you?"

"Gretchen," he said coldly, "get up and put on your hat and coat and go out that door and never come back!"

Her mouth fell slightly ajar.

"But I don't want to get out," she said dazedly.

"Well then, behave yourself," and he added in a gentler voice, "I thought you were going to sleep for this forty days."

"Oh, yes," she cried bitterly, "easy enough to say! But I'm tired of sleeping." She got up, faced him defiantly. "And what's more, I'm going riding with George Tompkins tomorrow."

"You won't go out with him if I have to take you to New York and sit you down in my office until I get through."

She looked at him with rage in her eyes.

"I hate you," she said slowly. "And I'd like to take all the work you've done and tear it up and throw it in the fire. And just to give you something to worry about tomorrow, I probably won't be here when you get back."

She got up from the sofa very deliberately, looked at her flushed, tear-stained face in the mirror. Then she ran upstairs and slammed herself into the bedroom.

Automatically Roger spread out his work on the living-room table. The bright colors of the designs, the vivid ladies—Gretchen had posed for one of them—holding orange ginger ale or glistening silk hosiery, dazzled his mind into a sort of coma. His restless crayon moved here and there over the pictures, shifting a block of letters half an inch to the right, trying a dozen blues for a cool blue, and eliminating the word that made a phrase anæmic and pale. Half an hour passed—he was deep in the work now; there was no sound in the room but the velvety scratch of the crayon over the glossy board.

After a long while he looked at his watch—it was after three. The wind had come up outside and was rushing by the house corners in loud, alarming swoops, like a heavy body falling through space. He stopped his work and listened. He was not tired now, but his head felt as if it was covered with bulging veins like those pictures that hang in doctors' offices showing a body stripped of decent skin. He put his hands to his head and felt it all over. It seemed to him that on his temple the veins were knotty and brittle around an old scar.

Suddenly he began to be afraid. A hundred warnings he had heard swept into his mind. People did wreck themselves with overwork, and his body and mind were of the same vulnerable and perishable stuff. For the first time he found himself envying George Tompkins' calm nerves and healthy body. He arose and began pacing the room in a panic.

"I've got to sleep," he whispered to himself tensely. "Otherwise I'm going crazy."

He rubbed his hand over his eyes and returned to the table to put up his work, but his fingers were shaking so that he could scarcely grasp the board. The sway of a bare branch against the window made him start and cry out. He sat down on the sofa and tried to think.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" the clock said. "Stop! Stop! Stop!"

"I can't stop," he answered aloud. "I can't afford to stop."

Listen! Why, there was the wolf at the door now! He could hear its sharp claws scrape along the varnished woodwork. He jumped up, and running to the front door flung it open; then started back with a ghastly cry. An enormous wolf was standing on the porch, glaring at him with red, malignant eyes. As he watched it the hair bristled on its neck; it gave a low growl and disappeared in the darkness. Then Roger realized with a silent, mirthless laugh that it was the police dog from over the way.

Dragging his limbs wearily into the kitchen, he brought the alarm clock into the living room and set it for seven. Then he wrapped himself in his overcoat, lay down on the sofa and fell immediately into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

When he awoke the light was still shining feebly, but the room was the gray color of a winter morning. He got up, and looking anxiously at his hands found to his relief that they no longer trembled. He felt much better. Then he began to remember in detail the events of the night before, and his brow drew up again in three shallow wrinkles. There was work ahead of him, twenty-four hours of work; and Gretchen, whether she wanted to or not, must sleep for one more day.

Roger's mind glowed suddenly as if he had just thought of a new advertising idea. A few minutes later he was hurrying through the sharp morning air to Kingsley's drug store.

"Is Mr. Kingsley down yet?"

The druggist's head appeared around the corner of the prescription room.

"Here I am."

"Oh, I wonder if I can talk to you alone."

"Come right back here, Mr. Halsey."

At 7:30, Roger, back home again, walked into his own kitchen. The general housework girl had just arrived and was taking off her hat.

"Bebé"—he was not on familiar terms with her; this was her name—"I want you to cook Mrs. Halsey's breakfast right away. I'll take it up myself."

It struck Bebé that this was an unusual service for so busy a man to render his wife, but if she had seen his conduct when he had carried the tray from the kitchen she would have been even more surprised. For he set it down on the dining-room table and put into the coffee half a teaspoonful of a white substance that was not powdered sugar. Then he mounted the stairs and opened the door of the bedroom.

Gretchen woke up with a start, glanced at the twin bed which had not been slept in and bent on Roger a glance of astonishment, which changed to contempt when she saw the breakfast in his hand. She thought he was bringing it as a capitulation.

"I don't want any breakfast," she said coldly, and his heart sank, "except some coffee."

"No, breakfast?" Roger's voice expressed disappointment.

"I said I'd take some coffee."

Roger discreetly deposited the tray on a table beside the bed and returned quickly to the kitchen.

"We're going away until tomorrow afternoon," he told Bebé, "and I want to close up the house right now. So you just put on your hat and go home."

He looked at his watch. It was ten minutes to eight and he wanted to catch the 8:10 train. He waited five minutes and then tiptoed softly upstairs and into Gretchen's room. She was sound asleep. The coffee cup was empty save for black dregs and a film of thin brown paste on the bottom. He looked at her rather anxiously, but her breathing was regular and clear.

From the closet he took a suitcase and very quickly began filling it with her shoes—street shoes, evening slippers, rubber-soled oxfords—he had not realized that she owned so many pairs. When he closed the suitcase it was bulging.

He hesitated a minute, took a pair of sewing scissors from a box and following the telephone wire until it went out of sight behind the dresser, severed it in one neat clip. He jumped as there was a soft knock at the door. It was the nursemaid. He had forgotten her existence.

"Mrs. Halsey and I are going up to the city till tomorrow," he said glibly.

Back in the room, a wave of pity passed over him. Gretchen seemed suddenly lovely and helpless, sleeping there. It was somehow terrible to rob her young life of a day. He touched her hair with his fingers, and as she murmured something in her dream he leaned over and kissed her bright cheek. Then he picked up the suitcase full of shoes, locked the door and ran briskly down the stairs.

III

BY FIVE o'clock that afternoon the last package of cards for Garrod's shoes had been sent by messenger to H. G. Garrod at the Biltmore Hotel. He was to give some sort of decision by nine o'clock next morning. At 5:30 Roger's stenographer tapped him on the shoulder.

"Here's Mr. Golden, the superintendent of the building, to see you."

Roger turned around dazedly.

"Oh, how do?"

Mr. Golden came directly to the point. If Mr. Halsey intended to keep the office any longer the little oversight about the rent had better be remedied right away.

"Mr. Golden," said Roger wearily, "everything'll be all right tomorrow. If you worry me now maybe you'll never get your money. After tomorrow nothing'll matter."

Mr. Golden looked at the tenant uneasily. Young men sometimes did away with themselves when business went wrong. Then his eye fell unpleasantly on the initialed suitcase beside the desk.

"Going on a trip?" he asked pointedly.

"What? Oh, no. That's just some clothes."

"Clothes, eh? Well, Mr. Halsey, just to prove that you mean what you say, suppose you let me keep that suitcase until tomorrow noon."

"Help yourself."

Mr. Golden picked it up with a deprecatory gesture.

"Just a matter of form," he remarked.

"I understand," said Roger, swinging around to his desk. "Good afternoon."

Mr. Golden seemed to feel that the conversation should close on a softer key.

"And don't work too hard, Mr. Halsey. You don't want to have a nervous break——"

"No," shouted Roger, "I don't. But I will if you don't leave me alone."

As the door closed behind Mr. Golden, Roger's stenographer turned sympathetically around.

"You shouldn't have let him get away with that," she said. "What's in there? Clothes?"

"No," answered Roger absently. "Just all my wife's shoes."

He slept in the office that night on a sofa beside his desk. At dawn he awoke with a nervous start, rushed out into the street for coffee and returned in ten minutes in a panic—afraid that he might have missed Mr. Garrod's telephone call. It was then 6:30.

By eight o'clock his whole body seemed to be on fire. When his two artists arrived he was stretched on the couch in almost physical pain. The phone rang imperatively at 9:30 and he picked up the receiver with trembling hands.

"Hello."

"Is this the Halsey agency?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Halsey speaking."

"This is Mr. H. G. Garrod."

Roger's heart stopped beating.

"I called up, young fellow, to say that this is wonderful work you've given us here. We want all of it and as much more as your office can do."

"Oh, God!" cried Roger into the transmitter.

"What?" Mr. H. G. Garrod was considerably startled. "Say, wait a minute there!"

But he was talking to nobody. The phone had clattered to the floor and Roger, stretched full length on the couch, was sobbing as if his heart would break.

IV

THREE hours later, his face somewhat pale, but his eyes calm as a child's, Roger opened the door of his wife's bedroom with the morning paper under his arm. At the sound of his footsteps she started awake.

"What time is it?" she demanded.

He looked at his watch.

"Twelve o'clock."

Suddenly she began to cry.

"Roger," she said brokenly, "I'm sorry I was so bad last night."

He nodded coolly.

"Everything's all right now," he said. Then, after a pause, "I've got the account—the first one."

She turned toward him quickly.

"You have?" Then, after a minute's silence, "Can I get a new dress?"

"Dress?" He laughed shortly. "You can get a dozen. This account alone will bring us in forty thousand a year. It's one of the biggest in the West."

She looked at him, startled.

"Forty thousand a year!"

"Yes."

"Gosh"—and then faintly—"I didn't know it'd really be anything like that." Again she thought a minute. "We can have a house like George Tompkins'."

"I want a home—not an interior-decoration shop."

"Forty thousand a year!" she repeated again, and then added softly, "Oh, Roger ——"

"Yes?"

"I'm not going out with George Tompkins."

"I wouldn't let you," he said shortly, "even if you wanted to."

She made a show of indignation.

"Why, I've had a date with him for this Thursday for weeks."

"It isn't Thursday."

"It is."

"It's Friday."

"Why, Roger, you must be crazy! Don't you think I know what day it is?"

"It isn't Thursday," he said stubbornly. "Look!" And he held out the morning paper.

"Friday!" she exclaimed. "Why, this is a mistake! This must be last week's paper. Today's Thursday."

She closed her eyes and thought for a moment.

"Yesterday was Wednesday," she said decisively. "The laundress came yesterday. I guess I know."

"Well," he said smugly, "look at the paper. There isn't any question about it."

With a bewildered look on her face she got out of bed and began searching for her clothes. Roger went into the bathroom to shave. A minute later he heard the springs creak again. Gretchen was getting back into bed.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, putting his head around the corner of the bathroom.

"I'm scared," she said in a trembling voice. "I think my nerves are giving away. I can't find any of my shoes."

"Your shoes? Why, the closet's full of them."

"I know, but I can't see one." Her face was pale with fear. "Oh, Roger!"

Roger came to her bedside and put his arm around her.

"Oh, Roger," she cried, "what's the matter with me? First that newspaper and now all my shoes. Take care of me, Roger."

"I'll get the doctor," he said.

He walked remorselessly to the telephone and took up the receiver.

"Phone seems to be out of order," he remarked after a minute; "I'll send Bebé."

The doctor arrived in ten minutes.

"I think I'm on the verge of a collapse," Gretchen told him in a strained voice.

Doctor Gregory sat down on the edge of the bed and took her wrist in his hand.

"It seems to be in the air this morning."

"I got up," said Gretchen in an awed voice, "and I found that I'd lost a whole day. I had an engagement to go riding with George Tompkins ——"

"What?" exclaimed the doctor in surprise. Then he laughed.

"George Tompkins won't go riding with anyone for many days to come."

"Has he gone away?" asked Gretchen curiously.

"He's going West."

"Why?" demanded Roger. "Is he running away with somebody's wife?"

"No," said Doctor Gregory. "He's had a nervous breakdown."

"What?" they exclaimed in unison.

"He just collapsed like an opera hat in his cold shower."

"But he was always talking about his—his balanced life," gasped Gretchen. "He was always warning Roger about overstrain. He had it on his mind."

"I know," said the doctor. "He's been babbling about it all morning. I think it's driven him a little mad. He worked pretty hard at it, you know."

"At what?" demanded Roger in bewilderment.

"At keeping his life balanced." He turned to Gretchen. "Now all I'll prescribe for this lady here is a good rest. If she'll just stay around the house for a few days and take forty winks of sleep she'll be as fit as ever. She's been under some strain."

"Doctor," exclaimed Roger hoarsely, "don't you think I'd better have a rest or something? I've been working pretty hard lately."

"You!" Doctor Gregory laughed, slapped him violently on the back. "My boy, I never saw you looking better in your life."

Roger turned around quickly to conceal his smile—winked forty times, or almost forty times, at the autographed picture of Mr. George Tompkins, which hung slightly askew on the bedroom wall.

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Yet they are not high priced—from $9 to $18 for standard sizes.

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The good grocer orders only a few days' supply and they are so popular they do not stay long in the store.

Buy them in the new popular size package or by the pound.

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Give full Credit to your Grocer

The grocer knows that he is the most important factor in the plan to furnish you with Sunshine crackers, cookies, and wafers which are Fresh and Crisp.

He knows that goodness depends upon freshness and that you expect him to furnish you with foods in perfect condition.

Good grocers, therefore, order Sunshine Biscuits in such quantities and so often that they are sure of having fresh goods.

In other words, they buy no more than they can sell quickly.

The Sunshine Display Rack which you will see in many stores is usually the sign of a good grocer. It shows that he has a nice variety—well kept and well displayed so that you can make your choice easily and quickly.

Such care on the part of the grocer in having Sunshine Biscuits that are Fresh and Crisp shows that his is a good store.

Biscuits

Fresh and Crisp

The thief that is hard to catch

MRS. ALLEN started violently at the mere flapping of the window shade. Panic seized her—panic as real as if burglars were prowling through the house.

"What can be the matter with my nerves?" she moaned.

She knew that no intruders were there. And yet it was true that thievery, continuous thievery of her most prized possessions, had been going on for months.

Thievery of most possessions is easy to detect. But, in this case, nothing tangible like mere silver or linen was being stolen. It was her stock of *nerve energy* which dwindled week by week. Such thievery is always hard to detect. Sometimes the whole stock is stolen and a breakdown results. Then the nerves and mind go into the receiver's hands. Doctors, nurses, traveling companion and friends must all aid in restoring the old-time cheerfulness and poise.

Just then the front door opened and Mrs. Allen was greeted by her brother. "I have a clue!" he exclaimed. "Get in my car and come with me."

In half an hour an examination of her eyes proved beyond any doubt that she was suffering from overstrain of the optic nerves. The defects in her eyes apparently did not affect her vision, but tests showed that these defects each day used up 40% of her nervous energy. In a few days with new glasses her old-time composure came back. Headaches, peevishness and fits of depression all disappeared.

Healthy eyes use a legitimate share—10% to 15%—of the body's nerve force. Defective eyes* use as high as 50% of that vital force. That extra 35% to 40% of vital force consumed by eyestrain may, if neglected, sooner or later induce nervous disorders and lead to exhaustion or breakdown.

Remember there is one sure way to prevent your *eyes* from stealing away your health. One sure way—and only one! That is to have your eyes examined.

**"Defective eyes" does not necessarily mean defective eyesight*

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PRODUCTS
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All that Science can give:
all that Artistry can add

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THE UMPTY-SEVEN

Continued from Page 40

O'Hara, who responded with a dejected wave of his hand and muttered to himself.

"Allan," said Janeth suddenly.

"Yes."

"When you wanted to go in for parachute jumping you swore to me that it wasn't in the least bit dangerous. Didn't you?" Allan felt a trap closing in about him, and his reply was noncommittal. "You did!" she added accusingly. "If it isn't dangerous for you it isn't dangerous for me. You're a better pilot than I am, and it's perfectly all right for you to say that I mustn't fly when it's dangerous. But you can pilot, and I'll make the jumps."

He was standing on the wing, bending over a tank, and he paused in his work while his thoughts scurried about for some safe reply. It came, absurdly simple and quite unanswerable.

"But I'm under contract to do the jumps, Jan," he said evenly. "Signed, sealed and delivered."

"They'd rather have a girl," answered Janeth. "You know they would. I can fix it." She started to move away.

"No you don't!"

"Allan, you have to be a good sport!" she said determinedly. "Please! I want to! Allan! You know it isn't dangerous! You said so! Please!"

He jumped from the wing, hating himself because he had been afraid to let them think him yellow. He might have known that it would come to this.

"Oh, Jan, I don't want you to!"

"But I am!" insisted the girl, her expression alive with enthusiasm, eyes gleaming. She grabbed his arms and shook him. "We'll beat Cardman, and we'll get our new Umpty! Think, Allan—we can probably get the job of carrying those pictures. It means so much!"

"We'll decide tomorrow, Jan. Think it over tonight. Maybe."

To falter with Janeth was to lose. Her arms flew around him in a hug, and she raced away towards the office.

"Damn!" exclaimed Allan.

O'Hara, from his perch on the top wing, where he had taken in the conversation, announced fervently, "Girlie, you're good!"

The dihedral and incidence angles of the wings, which impede slightly the forward speed of a plane in flight, are for the purposes of safety and easy maneuverability. Without them the plane's own inherent ability to fly properly—and that ability in a well-designed plane is surprisingly high—is reduced, and the burden upon the pilot's skill is correspondingly high. It was these two factors which Allan Brent and Jim O'Hara worked to eliminate, in order to force from the Umpty those last few miles per hour.

Early the next morning at the field, before there were too many people about, they tightened and loosened the various sets of wires which governed the position of the wings, while Janeth Brent folded the two silk parachutes and put them in their cases. Next she refitted the harness to herself, and secured to the straps two bags of shot, which would increase her weight to the requirements of a man's-size parachute.

"The bus is a son of a gun to handle," Allan confessed to O'Hara, "but she's got the speed. What about Cardman? Have you talked with him?"

"No, I just looked at him and grinned, like I was saying, 'You poor, unlucky fish!' Just before the race I'll pass the word to him to stand clear on the turns. That'll cheer him up, all right."

O'Hara was depending upon rumor to bring Cardman to him, and he judged both rumor and his man well, for the Umpty-five had no sooner left the ground for the parachute jump than Cardman was singling him out. He lost no time in preliminaries.

"Say, what the hell you pullin' here?" he demanded. Lines of worry were creasing his forehead between his eyes, and he was gnawing savagely on his cigar butt.

O'Hara looked him over coolly. "We're not pulling a jazzed-up engine, for one thing," he replied. "I'll tell you something, Bill. Everybody except the officials knows what your engine is. I mean all the pilots on the field. The boys all got together an' talked it over, an' they decided not to report it. They decided that there wouldn't be any need to report you," he drawled; then he smiled slowly. "Think it over, Bill; think it over."

O'Hara turned deliberately and walked away.

Once again at two thousand feet, the old Umpty settled into her course across the field, but now it was Janeth who perched on the edge of the fuselage. She had seen Allan do it so many times that unconsciously she was imitating his ease of manner and indifference. She sat with her legs outboard, right foot on the small step which ran along the side of the fuselage, and her left leg dangling; and her attitude betrayed no trace of the impressions and thoughts which swarmed through her mind.

Far beneath them, on the squarely patterned green world, black dots moved slowly on mundane affairs; flags and bunting were specks of gay, flashing colors, and the long line of planes was a broken curved strip of silver.

Her heart was thumping, and it cost an effort to keep her breath from coming jerkily, in little gasps. It seemed such a defiantly bold thing to do, to leap off into this thin cool air, trusting her entire existence to the strength of a few yards of silk—silk which was light enough for a summer dress. Her blouse, fluttering excitedly in the cold wind blast from the propeller, was made of material almost as heavy. A little shiver ran through her, and she fingered the release cords.

With the least possible waste of time Allan was heading the plane to the point where she must jump. She was thankful for that, and took comfort in the feeling that he understood. Anticipating the turn of his head she curved her lips into a confident, reassuring little smile. His eyes traveled over the packs and the harness once more; then he nodded.

Bracing one hand against his shoulder she stood up, drew a deep breath and leaped clear of the plane, yanked at the cord and felt it draw free from the rings of the pack.

In those long seconds of interminable falling, seconds in which the air ripped past her and beat into her face with increasing violence, it seemed that the parachute would never open. Blood vessels in her finger tips and face seemed suddenly distended; she tried to breathe and could not—if for no other reason than that her lungs were full of air which she had not expelled. She felt that she was on the verge of toppling heels over head, and she concentrated all her resources of strength against that temptation to free the remaining parachute.

Then the noise of fluttering silk touched her ears, and the subdued crack of material coming taut; harness tightened against her body, and she had the sensation of being elevated, of being drawn skyward almost as rapidly as she had been falling. Peacefulness, placidity, a sense of most perfect equilibrium struck her mind; lungs, as though released from some cruel check upon them, functioned once more. She glanced upwards into that grayish cloud of silk over her head.

Except for a slight swaying motion, it seemed as though she were remaining stationary; but as she glanced down upon the white ovals of nearly five thousand countenances turned towards her, she felt the rush of air against her face. A curious, thrilling contentment filled her, and she sighed.

Allan Brent, having dived and circled, streamed past her at a distance of a quarter of a mile and waved. She returned it with both arms; then reached up for the concentration ring above her head, clung to it, easing her weight in the harness.

In the shop talk, which is incessant on a flying field, Janeth had heard it said that by shifting weight to the windward side of the ring the jumper could speed his descent. Seconds having gone by in dreaming, comfortable drifting, she tried it. The air spilled from the parachute and she shot down at an angle.

"Whew-w-w!" she breathed.

It had been a good maneuver, for a lower current of wind had been carrying her towards the audience; now she was directly above the field. Earth was approaching at a rate which she found at least mildly disconcerting, and her mind went back to the careful instructions which Allan had given her.

Hanging from the ring, facing her line of drift, she waited until the last moment, then spun about for a backwards landing. Her heels touched the ground and she sat down with a surprising thump. There was, she felt in that moment of curiously mixed emotions, a certain lack of dignity in her landing, and that feeling was aggravated by the fact that she was dragged backwards, seated upon the ground, for more than a yard.

She glanced about at the parachute, as though to subdue it with a furious glance, and saw it wilt, like a huge gray blossom which had sprouted there, against the earth. A perplexing, thunderous noise filled her ears, and a moment passed before she realized that it was applause.

The field manager came running towards her as she gathered the crumpled parachute into her arms.

"They're crazy about you!" he panted. "Fifty dollars if you'll do it again tomorrow!"

"It's gr-reat!" she answered, wide eyes peering over the armful of silk. "Try it sometime! It's wonderful!"

"Not for me!"

Allan was circling down to earth, and she dropped the parachute to wave exultantly.

"The second heat—of the hundred-fifty-y horse-power race." Pilots and mechanics on one side, audience on the other, shifted en masse a few inches closer to the megaphone. "First—Allan Brent ——" Janeth clutched his arm and squeezed. "—— M.P. T.-5 plane. Ti-ume—nine minutes, fourteen and one-fifth seconds. Second—Bill Cardman—Canda plane. Nine minutes, fifty-eight and four-fifth seconds. Third ——"

That long droning recitation of names and times brought at length the announcement that for the two heats Allan Brent was leading Cardman by twenty-five seconds. A little towheaded youngster named Bobby Smith, whom everyone loved and who appeared to vent all his rabid disgust that he had not been old enough for the war in the way he stunted his plane, had jumped to third place. The man who had held third place the first day had gone down with engine trouble and cracked up.

Except for the eloquent glance which passed between them, Allan Brent and Janeth moved away without comment, hurried back to the old Umpty, which Jim O'Hara was guarding. There was no exultation, no hopes exchanged which might prove bitterly false the next day. Three minds went instinctively to the comfort and internal happiness of that Gorse engine, upon which all the future seemed to depend. The race was not yet won.

"Me—I stick here all night," said Jim O'Hara. "I borreyed a gat." He patted his hip pocket, where the distinct bulge of an automatic showed whenever he bent over. "Don't worry, girlie. There ain't goin' to be any trouble around the old farm tonight. Bill Cardman knows I borreyed a gat. And that ain't all he knows."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"He knows I rather plug him than be mayor of Chinatown. He cooked me one day—ran me into the ditch." His hand went instinctively to the region of that crushed chest and shoulder. "An' what's more, he knows I'm going to get him!" A vindictive twist came to Jim O'Hara's lips. It was not a face to haunt dreams pleasantly, and Janeth caught the full strength of his words when he added: "It's getting his goat, knowin' that some day Jim O'Hara will be there with a little wreath of iron pansies!" He turned towards the plane.

Having worked until dark and commenced again at dawn, the plane was ready and Jim O'Hara was sitting cheerfully on his box waiting for them when they arrived at the field the next morning. He went off in search of coffee, and rushed back five minutes later.

Allan, sprawled upon the ground, and Janeth, seated on the box, sewing upon the red print material with a determination which came close to being indomitable, looked up, expecting that he had some important news. But it wasn't that; he simply couldn't stay away from the plane. There was only one thing they could think of, and since they did not want to talk about that, they remained silent.

It was nearly time for the last show of the carnival to start, when Cardman came along the line of planes, his bouncing gait now more nearly a hurried trudge. He didn't so much as glance at Jim O'Hara.

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"Hey, Bill," called Jim. "I accept your kind invitation, an' I'll come around an' tell you who wins the race."

"Dry up, you little punk!"

Allan was on his feet. "Look here, Cardman," he said. "When you see me coming this afternoon get out from under! Or I'll see you smeared all over the field! You may have a hundred and ninety jazzed-up Gorse in your boat, but you've got a one-horse pilot. Don't forget it! Just stand clear!"

Cardman's eyes shifted from Allan's brawn to O'Hara's tormenting grin, to the other pilots who had moved up to hear this encounter between the two men who were leading the race.

"The whole bunch knows you're phony," announced O'Hara.

The cool amusement in that circle of eyes about him seemed to stop whatever Cardman had on his tongue. His face twisted nervously, and he walked away.

On the automobile track Cardman had never been known for sheer nerve. He had a bullheaded, brazen, rushing courage which he tapped, in a manner inexplicable even to himself, when the need was great and sudden. But that courage was involuntary, temperamental; not the well-ordered, cool nerve which he could forejudge and depend upon.

That sideswipe with the rear end of his car, which had sent Jim O'Hara hurtling into the ditch, was a masterful stroke of perverse courage. It was a skillfully executed maneuver, performed with utter lack of regard for what the consequences to himself might be, conceived and executed in a fraction of a second. And it was typical of Bill Cardman that his mind relived that incident, long after it was past, again and again, while he sweated in a torment of fear, visualizing what his own wreck might have been. To have done that thing coolly, by deliberate plan, would have been impossible for him; not that he would have hesitated to foul, but simply because he had not that much real nerve nor sufficient control over the little which he did have.

This last day of the race he was worried and explosively vile tempered. During the long wait, while Brent's plane went through its fire stunt, through the tedious routine of events, he fumed, wondering what was in the minds of the thirty-odd other pilots in the race. If they knew he had jazzed up the engine why hadn't they reported him and demanded that the cylinders be measured? What were they planning to do to him? When, at last, he swung into position Jim O'Hara's eyes found his own, and he knew that that old enemy had been watching him and laughing.

He wished he hadn't stayed up so late the night before, boasting, playing poker and drinking bootleg gin. The palms of his hands were drenched with perspiration; they felt slippery on the controls. His thoughts ran that if he had used his head he might have been able to put a jinx on the Brent plane – but O'Hara was carrying a gat. He hated that catlike wakefulness of O'Hara, and there was the Brent plane next to his own.

The first plane was off.

Cardman fell to studying the wavering needle of his jazzed-down tachometer, the revolution indicator of the engine, regulated to hide its high speed.

One after another the planes leaped up and settled into that triangular course of fifteen miles. Then the flag held before him dropped, and his Canda aped down the field, shot up and leveled off. Settled into the first leg, he glanced back and saw the smoke-blackened Umpty pursuing him.

On the second leg he knew that Brent had crept up, and he tried to lay the plane over into a steep bank at the next curve, to snap around; but his hand faltered and he felt the Canda slip sideways. Again Brent had gained.

At the turn over the judges' stand, summoning all his courage, he banked his plane savagely, but in the swift assault of terror at the sudden lurch of the machine he neglected to pull back sharply enough to close in after he had banked, and he lost altitude. Brent had gained once more. He had gained in two ways, for now he was higher and could lose altitude to gain speed, where Cardman had wasted his altitude. And at the next turn Brent was upon him.

Threats, Jim O'Hara's grin, the cool amusement in the eyes of those pilots, Brent's savage expression flashed through his mind. Fear whipped him, tormented him, rattled him.

He was sliding out on the turn. The under side of Brent's Umpty flashed up in his face so close that he could see the idle fascinating spin of the landing wheels. Then the blast from the Umpty's propeller caught him off guard: the Canda, with a flabby hand at the control stick, gave a prodigious leap. And with it leaped Bill Cardman's heart.

At a moment when he should have steadied the plane firmly, with some understanding of the force which was making her whip and buck in the air, Cardman held the control stick in a steel-like grasp. He froze to the stick, and the Canda, with her controls crossed, shot up and rolled over.

Sky, earth, another machine which passed him were in a swirling flood. Instinctively he slapped the throttle shut. Then, as though that tap which kept courage dammed back had opened, came one brief lucid instant in which he centered his controls, stopped the spin into which the Canda had entered, and pulled up from the dive.

If he had opened his throttle and gone on, he would have been safe. But that tap of courage was closed now. In his demoralization he let the Canda swoop up again, powerless, nearly slid off on a wing, put her nose down and leveled off too late. The landing wheels struck, landing gear caved in and the Canda whipped over, splintering and tearing, and slapped against the earth.

Cardman, blubbering, pulled himself from beneath his wreck. Silence pressed in upon him, silence broken by the whine of thirty-odd machines still winging it about the course.

"The la-ast and final heat – the hundred-fifty-y horse power race. First and winner—Allan Brent. Ti-ume—nine minutes, one second flat. Total time twenty-eight minutes, seventeen and two-fifths seconds."

Allan felt himself pushed from behind, pulled from in front, up the stairs of the judges' stand. The crowd yelled, horns tooted and flags waved. A fat man put his arm about him and made an eloquent gesture of presenting him with an oblong strip of paper.

"Second," continued the voice at the megaphone—"Bobby Smith. Ti-ume——"

Allan fled, pausing only to give Bobby Smith, ascending the stairs, a dig in the ribs. Janeth seized him, and Jim O'Hara, writhing with happiness, face distorted, pounded him upon the back.

At last they were clear of the crowd, and the long angular figure of Taylor, of the Globewide Photonews Syndicate, presented itself before them.

"Congratulations," he said.

"Isn't it wonderful?" demanded Janeth. "And we're going to get a new Umpty—a Umpty-seven!"

"An Umpty-seven," announced Allan, "will make a hundred and forty-five miles an hour."

"Is that so?" asked Taylor, eyebrows rising. "By the way, there's a proposition I'd like to talk over with you. Could you have dinner with me tonight?"

"Very glad to," responded Allan, trying not to wince as Janeth's fist dug into his back.

"Seven o'clock, then," said the older man. "At the hotel. Great work! So long."

As they walked towards their grimy Umpty, Allan said suddenly, "Jim, one-third of this check is yours. You've earned it."

"Listen, boy," replied O'Hara; "put my share in the Umpty-seven, an' let me tag along. This company needs a mechanic."

Allan stopped in his tracks. "Jim, you're a knock-out! Put it there!"

As he shook hands O'Hara looked at Janeth and winked. "This outfit 'll show 'em, eh, girlie?"

She nodded. "Jim, I was just thinking that now you're a stockholder and chief mechanic of the Brent Aviation Company, you'd better not call me girlie any more; It's too darned formal. Just call me Janeth."

"You bet!"

From the box beside the plane she pulled forth the red print which was to become a dress, and regarded it quizzically.

"Allan," she said, "let's put that whole check into the new Umpty, instead of buying me a dress. This'll do all right enough. And I'll probably be so darned busy flying that I won't need dresses so very much."

"I thought it would come to that," replied Allan.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Parker. The next will appear in an early issue

You pay the price of sound sleep; but what kind are you getting?

The money you invest in sleep equipment is the smallest part of what sleep costs you.

Time is the big thing. For every hour of work or play, we all pay thirty minutes each night in sleep. Yet, spending one-third of our lives in bed, most of us get less real rest than we should. Poor bedding cheats us.

But rest is life's great need. If nightly you lose even an hour of the deep, unbroken sleep you require, your health suffers, your energy flags and your success fades away.

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VIRTUOLO
THE SUPREME PLAYER PIANO

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 29)

"Very simply. Either you give me your promise to ignore every answer to that advertisement ——"

"You lose," Vernon cut in. "The letters have already been posted."

"So! Then either you send a batch of wires to the effect that you have been unable to mature your plans, or—or ——"

"Or?"

"I put an advertisement in tomorrow's issue of the Times warning people that this treasure hunt is a rank swindle."

"Somehow," said Vernon Winslowe slowly, "I don't think so."

"Buy a paper and see."

"I shall see nothing," was the reply. "Ralph, do you remember the evening after we found the old chest—how you and I went down to the summer house at the garden end and talked into the night?"

"Perfectly."

"And do you remember the old school-boy form of oath—never to speak a word of our find to a living soul—'See it wet, see it dry, cut my throat if I lie'?"

"Well, what of it?"

"What, indeed! I seem to recall you and I pledging undying faith to each other in those terms, and I am pretty certain that oath was just as sacred as if it had been taken with a Testament in the right hand before a two-shilling commissioner."

Ralph Whitaker shut his fists.

"You mean ——"

"I mean," said Vernon Winslowe, "that where a promise has been given between pals I find it difficult to see any reason why it should be broken, except with the consent of both parties. Of course," he added, "if you think differently there is no more to be said."

"But damn it, man," said Ralph, "you tie my hands!"

"You tied them yourself twenty years ago."

"And you want me to stand by and see you do a rotten thing?"

"I don't ask you to look."

Ralph Whitaker stood indecisively for a moment, then turned and picked up his hat and stick and walked towards the door.

"I am terribly, terribly sorry," said Vernon.

"With reason," came the answer.

Then the door slammed.

The whole of that afternoon and the evening that followed Vernon Winslowe drank whisky by himself. He drank a bottle and a half of whisky and he went to bed sober—desperately, pitiably sober.

VI

HE ROSE next morning with a head that was buzzing like a sawmill, flung open the window and looked out. It was one of those keen, clear March days that herald in the spring, with a chase of riding clouds, with bursts of white sunlight and blue shadow; one of those days when youth comes tingling through our winter veins, when a lightness finds its way into our steps and into our hearts, when the blackened twigs put on a livery of green, when birds sing and fight and mate, and window curtains look grubby for the first time, and old men whistle as they go to work, and furs are put in camphor and overcoats thrown aside, and the world seems to have had its face bathed in sunlight and its nostrils filled with the scent of growing flowers.

But Vernon Winslowe hated the day, the sunlight, the happy, coatless throngs, the polish and dazzle of the motors that flicked along the streets beneath him. He hated and resented it; longed for a fog, for rain, for any mood of the elements to adjust itself to the sullen humor of his mind. The detestable innocence and gayety of the day affronted him. He hated it the more because there was no sort of employment by which he could distract himself from these angry thoughts. There was nothing to do until the fateful meeting at Voisin's Restaurant at eleven P.M. that night. A whole day to be futile and angry in; a God-given day that breathed jollity and good intent; a hateful day. How to spend it?

He dropped back on the bed, ripped open a batch of bills and tore them across. How his head ached! Then his fool of a man knocked and entered, bringing coffee and scrambled eggs. Detestable meal! He sent it away and ordered a pot of tea and a siphon. Inside his head a madman was playing on a drum, valves were opening and shutting, needles of pain were pricking the backs of his eyes. He sat up, gulped down a mouthful of tea and tumbled into a bath. The shock of the cold water made his head worse—much worse. Then someone rang him up on the telephone and he had to stoop to answer it. It was like hell, that stooping; his response to the man at the other end of the wire was sulphurous. Vernon flung down the receiver and took his head in his hands. The room was swinging rhythmically.

"This won't do," he said, pressing his thumbs into his temples. "This won't do. I'll never get through with the job if I'm in this state."

He returned to the bedroom, where his man had laid out a tweed on the bed. Its color was a festive green. For the first time in his life Vernon Winslowe shrieked.

"Duncan! Duncan, you almighty fool!" Then when the man came in, pointing at the suit, he said, "Take that filthy thing away give it away—chuck it away."

"I thought, sir, being spring " the man began.

"Spring be damned!" said Vernon. "Get me a gray suit—dark gray—and chuck that infernal spotted tie into the paper basket. Good Lord, haven't you any sense? A black tie—and not that shirt. It isn't a fair. I'm not a Christy minstrel. Where are your wits? A white shirt."

He viciously kicked a pair of very brown brogues under the bed and pointed with a trembling finger at a somber pair of black shoes.

"Any headache powders in the place?"

"No, sir; but I can easily ——"

"Oh, get a taxi!" said Vernon.

When he went out five minutes later he forgot the taxi was standing at the door. Duncan settled with the man some two hours later—expensively.

The white sunlight so dazzled him that he walked with one hand covering his eyes and rudely cursed two passers-by with whom he collided. His case calling for immediate treatment, he repaired to a certain healer in a turning off Coventry Street, who possesses an almost international fame for dealing with the emergencies of the West End. This suave and ingratiating person greeted Vernon with every token of welcome and respect. Bowing over a counter seasonably dressed with mossy nests containing soap eggs, he begged to be advised in what manner he could be of aid. Vernon did not disguise the truth.

"I feel like the devil," he said. "Drank a bottle and a half of whisky last night and didn't get tight."

The excellent healer received the tidings with a smile which in itself exonerated his patient from blame.

"Is that so, sah?" he said. "I quite see, sah." And while he was preparing a potion: "A delightful day, sah."

"Perfectly foul," said Vernon.

"Just so, sah. I shall improve it. Now quite still while I treat the eyes."

And this he did with a camel-hair brush and the most delicate touch in the world. The result was electrifying. The disks of orange and green which from the moment of rising that morning had slowly and agonizingly revolved before Vernon's field of vision were instantly dispelled. The wax-like face of his healer, complete with a blond mustache, so perfect in form that it might have been purchased off a card at a wig-maker's, appeared out of a mist which heretofore had obscured it. A few drops of fluid on the crown of the head, a glass of foaming liquid which looked like effervescing blood, a spray of something magically cool directed at the nape of his neck, a breeze, deliciously wafted from a palm-leaf fan, and his troubles were at an end.

He found himself on the pavement of that turning off Coventry Street, rejuvenated, restored to health and in a spirit of profound gratitude. Nor was this all, for so complete was his recovery that for the moment his anger and resentment were lulled, and there ran through his veins a desire to live gloriously for a few hours before facing what the future might hold in store. So he turned into Scott's and lunched discreetly off half a lobster and a pint of Chablis and thereafter climbed to the top deck of a west-going omnibus and made his way down to the Queen's Club, where the university sports were in progress.

The crowd was marvelous, the sunlight marvelous and the spirit of the competitors more marvelous still. The extraordinary infection of sport seized Vernon even as he passed the turnstile. Competitor and onlooker alike were at their best. The world of everyday was forgotten in the supreme emergency of taking sides and winning for the side. The great arena was a pool into which flowed the forces of energy, pluck, determination and the will to win.

Vernon Winslowe's spirit went out to these magnificent young men and was captured by them. He cheered himself silly at the Balliol first string, who won the high jump at five eleven and a half, then put himself at six feet one and cleared it. He saw the quarter run in record time—saw the herculean effort of the last man which took him clean through the field to the first place, to break the tape and fall, dead almost, into the arms of his glorying supporters. The roar that went up, the bursting of the crowd onto the field, fighting for the honor of touching any part of this super-youth who lay with a drawn gray face struggling for breath, insensible to everything but the sheer physical pain of victory!

He saw the little exultant male parent, the father of this boy, an absurd man with an umbrella and a velvet collar to his coat—a shrewd man, one had said, a difficult man to deal with in business belike, and haply a nasty-natured man. He saw that he was crying for very pride of his son's exploit, blubbering and lashing out with his umbrella to carve a way through the crowd and get down on his knees beside the gasping hero.

A record had been broken, a fifth of a second gained on the best time. What did it matter? Where was its importance? Why should total strangers gulp and sniff and shake hands with one another and mind so much and feel exalted, uplifted? What did it matter? Where was the sublimity of this act that it should wring people's hearts and make them roar, and make them glad and mad? Why, there was not a shoe lace in the oldest pair of shoes, not a box of matches, a postage stamp, a necktie, an umbrella rib in the possession of all that mighty crowd that was not of greater service to mankind than running the quarter in a fifth of a second less than the record time.

What was it then so to infect the imagination and inspire? And the answer came as though spoken by a voice inside his head: "Pride of achievement." Yes, that was it—pride of achievement. To keep one's "light so shining a little ahead of the rest," to make one's best a little better than any precedent best. And, to come to Kipling again, to "hold on when there is nothing in you except the will that says to you hold on." Pride of achievement—that has won wars, steered ships and made nations. And this was the world and these the people Vernon Winslowe had condemned as wicked and predatory and vile.

He looked up and saw on the big grand stand a diadem of glistening eyes, a curtain of smiles and flushed faces, and dropping his head he said to himself, "I don't think I can be wanted much in this company." And he went out.

At the turnstile he bumped into a man and recognized Dillon.

"Good Lord, it's V. W. I'm dreadfully sorry, old chap, but I slipped into my chambers just after I met you and picked up a telephone call from that girl I told you I was lunching with. She couldn't come, so I popped into a train and went down to Sandwich for a couple of days' golf. Clean forgot that tenner. Here you are." He dragged a note from his pocket and thrust it into Vernon's hand. "See you later." And he was gone.

Vernon Winslowe stood without moving. The note burned his fingers like a live coal.

Was the world vile? Was it? Was it?

VII

THE supper had been ordered for eleven o'clock. Vernon Winslowe had rung up Voisin's Restaurant the day before and made his arrangements. A private room, or suite of reception rooms, not too much to eat, but plenty to drink, and good. Yes, it was to be a sit-down supper—he did not want people wandering about; but of a light character—he did not want them to become torpid with food. Caviar, *pâté de foie*—a mayonnaise, perhaps, and a few attractive sweets for the ladies. A good fire and not too much light in the room.

(Continued on Page 144)

Peace of Mind you can Buy in Stores

THERE are possessions we all have that we cannot afford to lose. There are other possessions of less money value that we cherish for sentimental reasons. But the pleasure that ownership gives is usually marred by anxiety over possible loss. Freedom from this anxiety means—peace of mind.

That is the kind of "peace of mind you can buy in stores."

You buy protection in its handiest and most concentrated form when you buy a Miller Padlock.

Millions of these Miller Padlocks are protecting people and property in every country on the globe.

In 20,000 stores you can buy this protection for all kinds of doors, for garage, barn, shed or chest, closet or locker, farm machinery or spare tire, and endless other purposes.

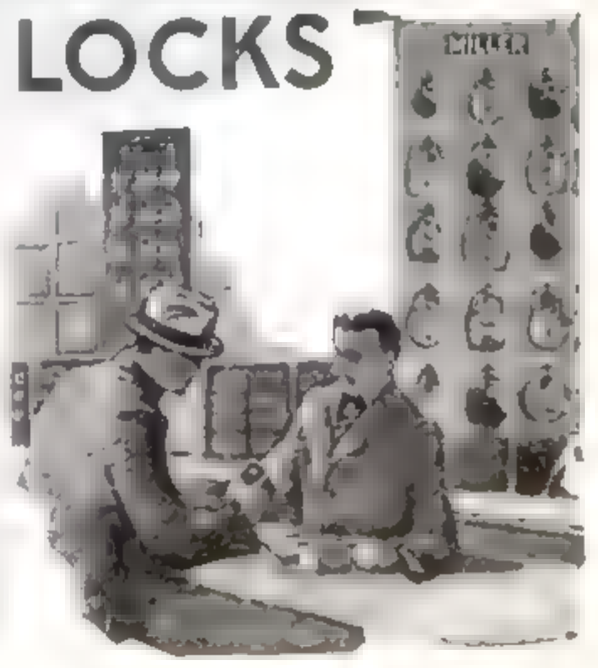
No. 1x6 is shown above. For 53 years the "Champion" has been guarding property. The fine Secure Lever mechanism and the grim jaws of the shackle that hold with the strength of a bulldog make it a lock unequalled for security. The heavy gun metal case and all brass interior parts assure long hard service. It has won a remarkable number of First Awards and Premiums at World Fairs. The "Champion" was the first great lock invention of Daniel K. Miller—founder of this Company.

When you compare padlocks at your dealer's you will like the Miller.

Write for interesting story "Before the Days of Padlocks."

MILLER LOCK COMPANY
Established 1871
Padlocks—Night Latches—Cabinet Locks
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

MILLER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LOCKS



I'm on

These Noted Dance Orchestras Record Exclusively for Brunswick

ISHAM JONES' ORCHESTRA
College Inn, Chicago, Illinois

GENE RODEMICH'S ORCHESTRA
Grand Central Theatre and Statler Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

LYMAN'S CALIFORNIA AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA, Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles

BENNIE KRUEGER'S ORCHESTRA
Private engagements, New York City

PAUL ASH AND HIS GRANADA ORCHESTRA, Granada Theatre, San Francisco

ORIOLE ORCHESTRA
Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago

THE COTTON PICKERS
Private engagements, New York City

HERB WIEDOEFT'S CINDERELLA ROOF ORCHESTRA, Cinderella Roof, Los Angeles

CARL FENTON'S ORCHESTRA
Private engagements, New York City

Always Something New on Brunswick Records

AL JOLSON

Brunswick records folks

But Listen!—*you ain't heard nothin' yet*

Al. Jolson

Two of Al Jolson's Very Latest on *One* Record. And the accompaniment of both played by Isham Jones' famous Brunswick Orchestra. A double-header for the price of one show.

75¢

2567 The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else
75c Steppin' Out
Al Jolson, Accompanied by Isham Jones' Orchestra

2569 I'm Goin' South
75c California, Here I Come
Al Jolson, Accompanied by Isham Jones' Orchestra

Al Jolson, America's topline entertainer, like noted artists of the concert and operatic stages, now turns to Brunswick.

* * *

And in dance music—it is Brunswick, too! Isham Jones, and Bennie Krueger, The Oriole Orchestra—Paul Ash, and Herb Wiedoeft's—Carl Fenton—and all the rest in the limelight of today.

So to have What's What in the music of *today*, ask for Brunswick Records.

100% clearer

Every word of a song clearly understandable. Every note of every instrument of dance and symphony orchestras brought out crystal clear, not a subtle tone nor beauty missed.

That's why Brunswick Records are the vogue of the day among music lovers wherever you go. The difference is amazing.

Play on any phonograph

Brunswick Records play on any make of phonograph. But like all makes of records are more beautiful on a Brunswick.

Today hear Jolson's newest records on a Brunswick. Hear, too, other Brunswick stars.

There is a Brunswick dealer of recognized musical prestige in your community who will gladly play them for you.

Noted Popular Artists on Brunswick Records

AL JOLSON
MARION HARRIS
MARGARET YOUNG
ALLEN McQUHAE
BROX SISTERS
FREDRIC FRADKIN
IRENE WILLIAMS
ELIZABETH LENNOX
RUDY WIEDOEFT

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1845
General Offices: CHICAGO
Branches in All Principal Cities of United States and Canada

The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

©B. B. C. Co. 1924

The Simmons Chain is handsome and does handsomely

From end to end a sound, true, perfect example of finished workmanship! A chain of richly gleaming gold, green gold or Platinumgold. Handsome—yes—but not the temporary handsomeness of surface beauty. The special Simmons process of manufacture builds long wear into every link. First, a shell of solid gold is drawn over stout base metal. From this ingot to the last bit of chasing on the smallest link every step in the making of a Simmons Chain insures durability as well as beauty. A Simmons Chain will serve you faithfully for years, whatever your work. There are styles to meet your preference in wearing your watch. See them at your jeweler's. They are reasonably priced—$4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts. Canada—95 King Street East, Toronto.

In the panel below, the links twice enlarged show Simmons excellence in design

This substantial shell of solid gold

is drawn over a core of base metal in the making of every Simmons Chain. From the original ingot (illustrated actual size) until the smallest link has been wrought out, the ratio of solid gold to base metal is constant. With this special Simmons process durability and clean-cut design follow naturally.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The swivel says SIMMONS *it's a Simmons*

(Continued from Page 141)

And it was to be understood, should any members of the press put in an appearance and ask questions, no answers were to be given.

Vernon then read over the names of his expected guests—caused them to be repeated and a list made.

"No one else is to be admitted on any pretext whatever," he said.

"*Bien, m'sieur.* It is understood."

And yet at a quarter to eleven, when the maître d'hôtel was supervising the final arrangements and putting a deft touch here and there to the table, the door of the Ambassadors' Room was opened and a girl dressed in a felt hat and a long mackintosh came in with every air of assurance.

The girl, whose name was Averil Chester, was attractive—unusually so. She was neither too tall nor too short. Her head was set solidly on her shoulders, her features were clean-cut and perfectly proportioned. Her eyes, dark-lashed and large, were wide apart—laughing eyes, although for the moment the laughter in them seemed to be under some restraint. There was an odd contraction about her brows, a sharpness which robbed them of a natural tendency to be arched. Her mouth was sweet and firm, tender and determined—a crimson, healthy mouth. What of her hair was visible beneath the pulled-down felt hat proved itself to be dark and wavy, and shone where the light caught it with unlooked-for glints of red. She stood in the open doorway, pulling off her gloves and surveying the room with an air of ownership. Bright specks of rain glistened on the shoulders of her mackintosh, for the day, with the falling of the sun, had fallen from grace and its promise of spring had been shattered with a drizzle of cold rain and a wisp of fog.

"Good evening," she said to the maître d'hôtel, and walked boldly into the middle of the room. "This is where the party is being held, I suppose."

Monsieur Bendigo bowed, but remembered his instructions. The visitor's modest attire was hardly suggestive of a guest at Vosin's Restaurant.

"*Mais oui, mademoiselle.* You are one of m'sieur's guests?"

Averil shook her head.

"So! Then I cannot understand. M'sieur Vernon Winslowe gave strict instructions that no one was to be permitted to enter without a letter of invitation."

At the mention of Vernon's name Averil started imperceptibly. She was at pains, however, to conceal her surprise. The coincidence of V. W. of the Times advertisement turning out to be Vernon Winslowe of the hunting field, and a man she knew intimately by sight, complicated the task she had set about to accomplish. But it was too late now to retreat. Averil pulled off her other glove and nodded.

"That's all right," she said. "There will be some ladies among the guests tonight. Mr. Winslowe wants me to look after them."

"But the *femme de chambre* ——"

"He prefers employing his own private servants."

Monsieur Bendigo relaxed. He had not realized mademoiselle was of the household of monsieur. The small room on the right was prepared for the reception of the ladies. There was a fire, some powder and pins. If anything else was required, mademoiselle had but to ask.

Averil thanked him, entered the adjoining room, took off her hat, folded up her mackintosh and put on a little black apron and a mob cap, which she so pulled down over her brow as almost to conceal her eyes. To increase the change in her looks she fluffed out her hair over her ears. It commonized her.

In the larger room Monsieur Bendigo was still fussing round the supper table. It was clear he thought Averil attractive and hoped for further converse. In this respect she was at no pains to gratify him. Her only reason for returning to the supper room was to ascertain whether or no there was a telephone. There was. It stood on a small table beneath the window, but so long as that man was present there was no chance of using it. That was a pity, for she had promised to ring up Fleet Street if her plan for gaining admission to the party succeeded. Here was a matter of pride rather than of importance. Several reporters from other newspapers had been turned away at the doors. Youngly enough, she wanted to underline her success.

"I should like some lavender water for the dressing table," she said.

The tiresome Monsieur Bendigo touched a bell and told a waiter to bring some. The hope of getting the room to herself was not realized. Meanwhile Monsieur Bendigo asked questions. He assumed that the evening's events were to do with the recent advertisement in the Times. He presumed that monsieur had a map and that the guests were those who would take part in the treasure hunt.

"Mr. Winslowe does not like his staff to talk," said Averil.

"Ah, the lure of hidden!" exclaimed the Frenchman; as it were, plucking the words from his mouth with both hands. "'S a wonderful thing. From the boy we never outgrow it. The adventure, eh? Spanish gold! It's got the ——"

"Will you tell your cloakroom attendant she won't be wanted?" said Averil, and returned to the inner room, closing the door after her.

With a shrug of disappointment, Monsieur Bendigo turned away at the precise moment Vernon Winslowe entered.

Vernon was carrying a leather dispatch case and an evening coat was thrown across his shoulder. The usual healthy tan of his skin had faded to white and he was gnawing nervously at his lower lip. His brows were down and beneath them his eyes moved restlessly, switching from place to place as though he were expecting to be attacked from every corner simultaneously. To the greeting from the maître d'hôtel he offered no reply. When he spoke it was like a man speaking to himself.

"No one here." A glance at his watch. "Early yet. Table looks all right. Serve the soup when I ring, then we'll forage for ourselves. Take this hat and coat. Shan't want that center light. Show the people up as they arrive. Any brandy and soda? This room feels cold—no, don't bother. The commissionaire has the list all right? What's that music?"

From the restaurant below came the strains of a band playing a sorrowful melody.

Monsieur Bendigo explained from whence the sounds came, and Vernon drew a Bradbury from his pocket. It was one of his last, for he had spent the earlier part of the evening discharging debts with the remnant of his fortune.

"Give this to the bandmaster and ask him to play something cheerful—yes, and do it now."

Monsieur Bendigo went out, and Vernon took from his pocket a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Then he stood for a moment with his eyes shut and with lips that moved slowly to a line of verse—a line that had been haunting him and rhythmically dinning in his ears for many hours.

"So some of him lived, but most of him died." Yes, and it was only the part which had died that deserved to live. "Honor and faith and a good intent ——"

When he opened his eyes Averil was standing a few paces away.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I heard the door and I thought someone had arrived."

He answered confusedly.

"What—I don't see ——"

"The ladies' wraps, sir. I'm ——"

"Oh, yes, yes."

She turned as if to retire. Something in the shape of her chin, the tilt of her head, the manner in which she walked, stirred a sudden memory in him.

"Wait!" he said. "I seem to —— Haven't I seen you before?"

"Have you?"

"You remind me of someone. Didn't you —— No, no; I don't see how you could have done —— It's queer, though—eerie almost."

His thoughts flashed to the hunting photograph which only a day or two before he had pitched into the grate—the photograph of the girl who was looking down with that alive, laughing face at—at Sullivan. It was uncanny.

"I shall believe I am seeing ghosts," he said. Then, "How long have you been at this restaurant?"

"Not long."

"And before that?"

"I was at a place in Fleet Street."

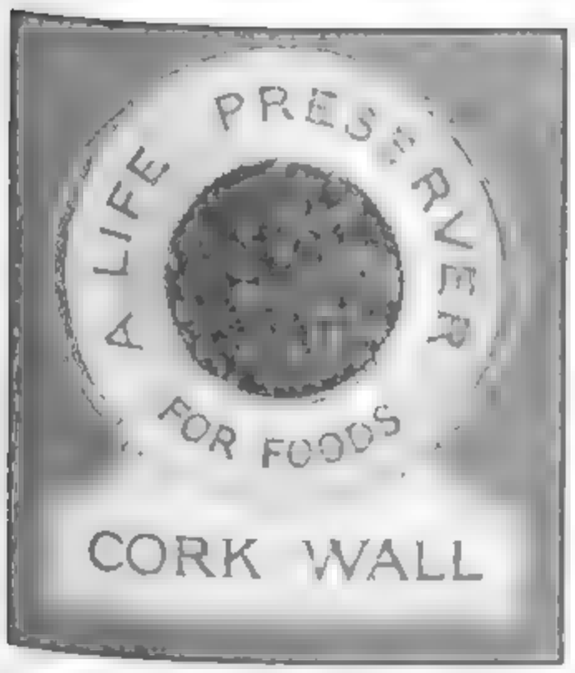
He accepted that, flashed another glance at her.

"I want a drink," he said.

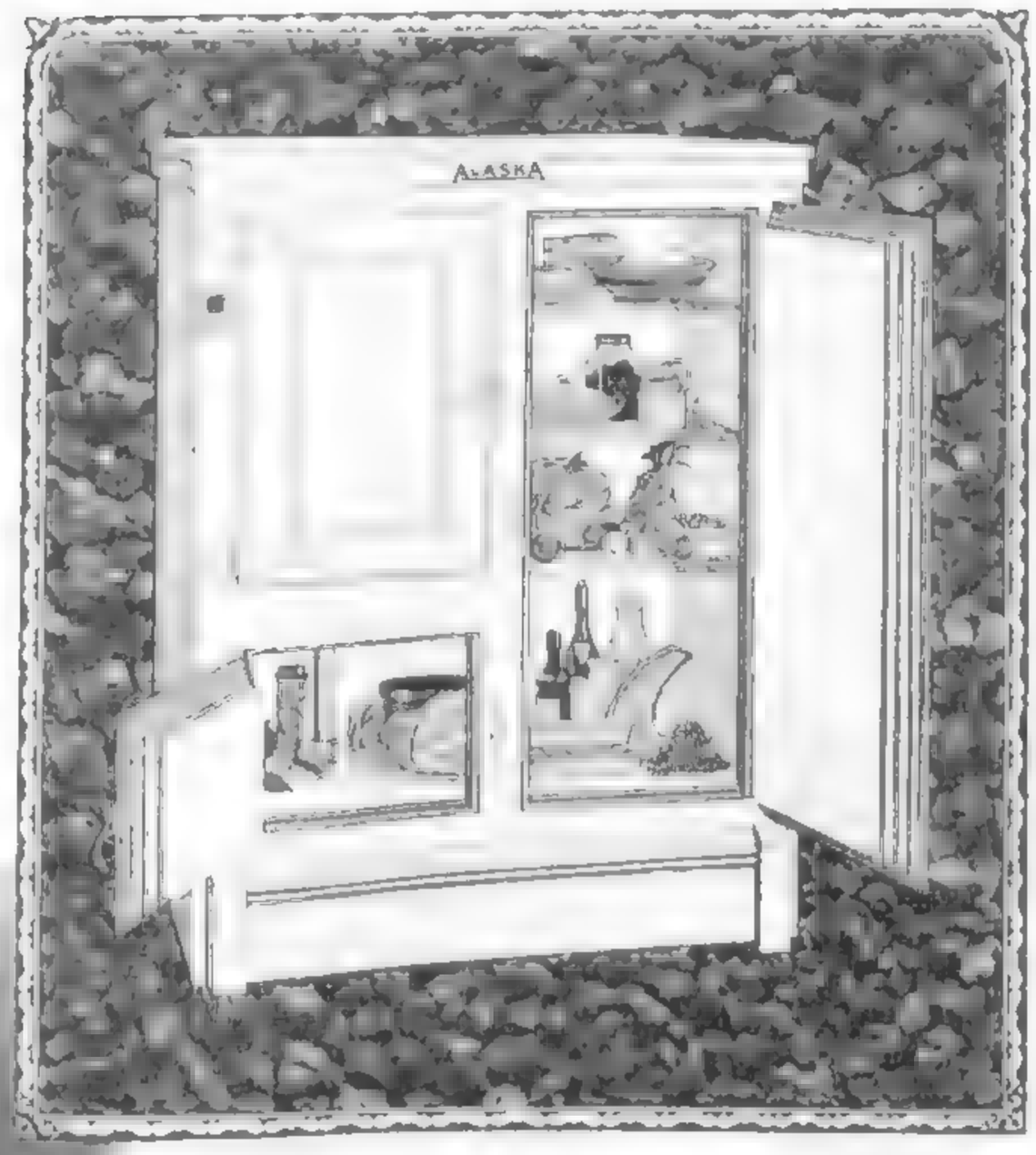
"There's a drink table in the room to the left, sir. And some smokes—Virginian and Turkish."

She said it commonly, with a lilting London twang. It was a shop-girlish inflection admirably tuned to drive away the impression which had formed in Vernon's mind.

(Continued on Page 146)



Look for the Cork-Wall Window. It identifies every genuine Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator
Patent applied for



Look into the Cork-Wall Window. See with your own eyes the Pebbled Cork Wall that saves you ice

As a Grocer "Plugs" a Melon—

Each genuine Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator is "plugged" so you can "See the Cork that Saves the Ice"

You request the grocer to "plug" the melon he offers you. In fact, you would not think of accepting it without this simple proof of its ripeness.

Now this same system is applied to the buying of Alaska refrigerators—to prove that the inner walls are made of *Pebbled Cork*.

An Exclusive Invention

The new *Cork-Wall Window* is the "plug." Through its lens you may see, as if through an "X-ray," the actual Pebbled Cork of which the *Ice-Saving* inner walls are made. It is a revolutionary idea created by Alaska.

You know that *Cork* is a powerful insulator against heat. You know that the Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator you buy has inner walls of cork because your own eyes SEE it. A thousand-word guaranty is weak compared with this positive proof.

Scientific Food Protection

Some heating plants get more heat from the fuel. So the Alaska gets more Cold from the ice

This is due to Pebbled Cork insulation and to our patented Full-Ice-Sweep system of air circulation. It chills the air more thoroughly. Keeps it drier. This is the ideal air for food preservation, as over 1,500,000 housewives know.

Other important features, also, are offered by the Alaska. Interiors of seamless porcelain is one. (Also sanitary white enamel.) Rustless shelves is another. Seal-tight doors and an air-tight drain are others. And the beauty of the design and finish any eye can see.

Any Home May Own One—See Your Dealer

The Alaska, even with its exclusive features, is not an expensive refrigerator. It is easily within the means of any average home.

Why go through the hot weather with a risky refrigerator? Your local Alaska dealer can show you types and sizes for every home and for every purse. If you do not know him, write us for his name. We will send you *free* a copy of the Alaska book.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Dept. A, *Muskegon, Michigan*

Makers, also, of the Alaska Star Line of Dependable Refrigerators with Confined-Air Insulation

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

To Dealers

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information

To Men With Tender Skins and Heavy Beards

ALL your life you have had the daily problem of shaving *clean* and yet of shaving so that your tender skin is not injured. Here's a tip. It means easy shaving, quick shaving, close shaving plus *no irritation of the skin.*

Get a bottle of ALCORUB. Before lathering pour a little ALCORUB into the palm of your hand and lave your face with it. Let it remain on the skin only a few seconds; then wipe your face with a towel. Lather as usual, *but do not rub the lather in with either fingers or brush.* Use plenty of water. If your razor is sharp and good you will experience the easiest shave of your life. Your face will be left smooth and cool. And you will have saved all the time and tedium ordinarily spent in rubbing-in the lather.

Try it, men. Especially those of you with stiff beards and tender skins. ALCORUB used as we direct will do wonders for you. It contains a special ingredient which dissolves the oil covering each individual hair, thus permitting the soap and water to get in their work. And it also makes your skin aseptic—less danger of infected cuts.

ALCORUB comes in a square, clear glass bottle with handy finger-grips on the sides. Look for the name A-L-C-O-R-U-B. Most good druggists can supply it.

U. S. INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL, CO.
NEW YORK

ALCORUB

For the Beauty and Health of the Skin

(Continued from Page 144)

He gave a jerky laugh and turned away, saying as he went, "Ring through to the hall porter, d'you mind, and ask him if he has the list of my guests all right."

She was glad of the opportunity, and picked up the receiver as he passed through to the room on the left, to busy himself with a decanter and a siphon.

Averil made a cradle round the mouthpiece of the telephone and spoke softly:

"Fleet 8000. . . . Yes. . . . That the Courier? Editorial department please. Hullo! Mr. Frendle? Averil Chester speaking. I've got in all right and I think it looks like a very good story."

Vernon came back with a tumbler in his hand.

"That's quite all right, sir," she said. "He has the list."

He took no notice, and for the first time she saw how terribly white and drawn he was. And with the sight, although she could not tell why, came a sudden distaste for the adventure she had undertaken, the deceit she was practicing.

It was a thought common to both and for that reason they shirked meeting each other's eyes. They were looking ashamedly at the pattern of the carpet when the door was opened and a waiter announced "Mr. Henry Julius."

VIII

THERE was no room for doubt as to the nationality of Henry Julius. He was a pure Jew, but not of the type that features as a form of humorous diet for readers of illustrated papers and the audiences of music halls. On the contrary, Henry Julius was an extremely handsome man with highly sensitized emotions. His age was thirty-seven and about him was the air of knowledge acquired at a cost. His features were clean-cut and balanced to a point of perfection. His hair was like a silk cap, his skin clear and olive and his mouth would have brought renown to a Grecian statue. He filled his clothes faultlessly and they were faultless clothes—much too faultless. An unbroken knife-edge line ran down his trousers legs; as it were, conveying the attention by the most direct route to an effulgent pair of patent-leather shoes, which shone like suns. Chief among the arresting features of this arresting personality were his eyes. His eyes were singularly limpid and bright. They were brown eyes, with a golden band circling the pupils. The whites were a clear pale blue, of almost virginal purity. To look into his eyes one would say "Here is a man who has never been guilty of even the slightest excess."

A catalogue of Henry Julius' possessions and attractions would be incomplete without a word about his hands—hands so small and white and exquisitely manicured as to resemble a woman's. In common with many others of his race, Henry Julius talked with his hands, but never ridiculously. He possessed that rare talent of using them to paint in the gaps which occur in dialogue—a talent which in a large measure redeemed a certain fundamental commonness and overpolish in his speech. He spoke fluently and to the point, but his words did not ring true like good coin. There was a velvety quality in the sounds he made, a nap—like the nap on the surface of felt.

He came into the room briskly, with an air, handing his hat to the waiter and flicking into it a pair of white kid gloves; then forward, with hand extended and a smile that expressed complete confidence in his welcome.

To the waiter who announced him he said "Half a minute," and arrested his exit with a gesture. To Vernon he said, "Mr. Winslowe, delighted! I came early, hoping for a private word before the others arrive."

Averil he favored with a smile which at once patronized and dismissed her. She accepted her dismissal and went out.

"May I tell this joker to keep your guests downstairs till we're through with our business?"

"As to that," Vernon replied, "I did not know we had any business that is not in common with the rest."

Henry Julius produced a gold watch—biscuit thin—with a jeweled monogram on the face cover. After the fashion of a conjuror performing a successful experiment, he touched a spring and the face opened.

"It's now five to," he said. "Let us say till the hour strikes."

The reply was discouraging:

"What I have to say I propose saying when everyone is present."

Henry Julius ignored the obstacle and turned to address the waiter:

"Keep 'em downstairs till eleven o'clock."

The man went out, speeded by a gesture.

"Splendid! I'll come straight to the point."

The point was a simple one—a plain, practical point. If Vernon Winslowe was in possession of a map and had reason to believe that it would lead to the discovery of a great treasure, why did he not go and find it himself without dragging a number of other people into the deal?

Vernon disposed of the query without difficulty.

"Capital—no capital."

Point Number Two: Capital could be obtained—on guaranties—from a single source. Where was the virtue of raising it in driblets from eight investors instead of one?

Vernon agreed that the objection was reasonable enough.

"But as it happens," he concluded, "it was my wish that this cruise should combine business and pleasure. I have no other answer."

Henry Julius spun a chair neatly and bestrode it after the fashion of an eighteenth-century gallant. He was very decorative in all his movements. He put his head on one side engagingly:

"Assuming you have a genuine map, and assuming the treasure is still there, what's it worth?"

Vernon smelled the steel of a trap.

"It would be obviously impossible to say," he replied.

Julius clapped a hand on the chair back.

"Sensible! If you'd named a figure I should have called you a liar."

"And if you had," Vernon returned, "I should have knocked you down."

It was curious how the coming of this acquisitive and inquisitive person had revived his distemper. The mere fact that the first bite at the bait should be from a man who was obviously clever and obviously out to make a bit at the expense of anyone else seemed to lend justice to the occasion. In Henry Julius he saw a typification of those shrewd and predatory qualities which had brought about his ruin. The growing sense of uncertainty and unrest, which for the last few hours had attacked him so bitterly, was being lulled into insensibility by contact with this man. If this was a sample of what might be expected as a result of the advertisement, why then there seemed no very good reason to repent the course he had taken. Like many other persons cast in a naturally simple mold, Vernon was a poor hand at concealing his emotions, and the face he presented to his guest was the face of an angry man.

Henry Julius took his own reading of these evidences of anger and secretly rejoiced in them.

"Temper," he said, "is a sign of sincerity. But, my dear sir, I accept no man's word as a persuasive argument. I deal in proofs. Can you supply them?"

"Not the sort of proofs likely to satisfy you."

"Don't be too sure. I go a lot by impressions and you've impressed me. How much capital do you want?"

"About ten thousand—possibly less."

Henry Julius looked at the ceiling.

"This expedition," he said, "attracts me. There's a pictorial side and it appeals to my pictorial sense. What does not attract me is a ninth share in a treasure I might divide."

"Divide?"

"With you! Now suppose I took a chance and offered to come in fifty-fifty. No, let me go on. Send a message to the hall porter that you're ill and can't entertain your guests as arranged, then you and me . . ."

With lightning speed he outlined a form of contract between them, in every clause of which a trip wire was very cleverly concealed for the feet of his future partner. He was proceeding gayly when Vernon cut him short.

"I don't think so," he said.

"But why not?"

"In the first place, because I've given my word that eight people should be on this cruise—not two."

"Your word," said Julius. "But there was nothing in writing."

Vernon went on:

"Added to that, I haven't cash enough to stand half the expenses, and finally I am confident you and I would find each other's undiluted society for several months hard to bear."

(Continued on Page 149)

60 years old
— and still heating with complete satisfaction!

In the basement of this old house stands a heater with a most interesting record.

Installed in 1863, it has served three generations. Yet, it is still heating its owner's home comfortably—in a cold climate—on about six tons of fuel a year!

This heater—an International Carton Warm Air Furnace—offers striking evidence of the durability that is characteristic of International Furnaces and Boilers. Long and satisfactory heater service is the common experience in the many thousands of International-equipped homes. Thirty-five and forty year records are of frequent occurrence.

You can't *see* durability in a heater. But you are *sure* of getting it in one that carries the International nameplate. With it goes the assurance of *steady* performance and the economies of slower depreciation and minimum repairs.

Whatever type of heating your requirements call for—warm air, steam, hot water or vapor steam—you can get an International Furnace or Boiler for that system. It will be a high quality, durable heater, whose efficiency has been developed through 82 years of experience.

We have an interesting and helpful booklet—"International Heaters"—in which the characteristics and advantages of the various types of heating systems, Warm Air, Hot Water and Vapor Steam, are explained. Write for your copy—you will find it interesting. Address Department A.

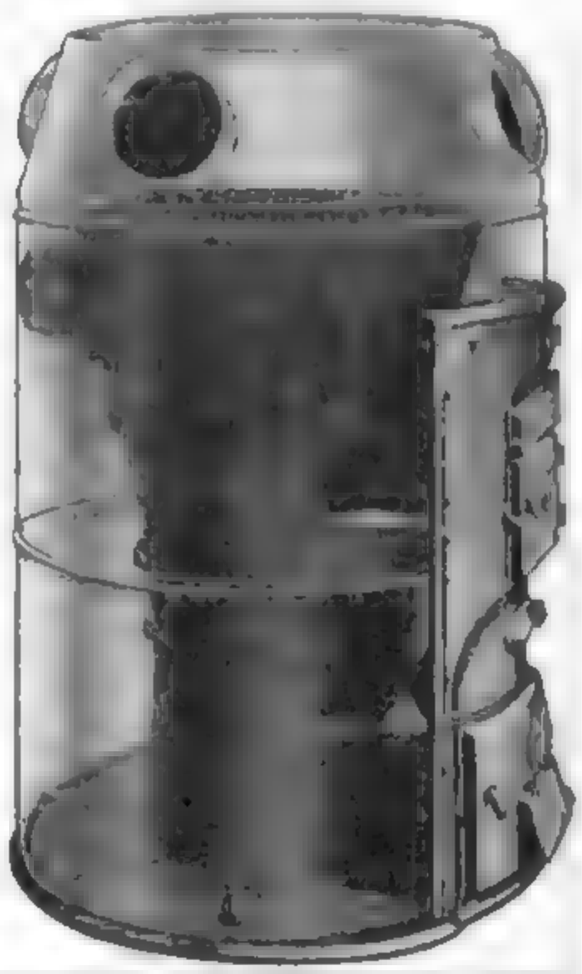
Heating Satisfaction Developed to an Unusual Degree

The modern International "Carton" Warm Air Heater costs more than some other furnaces, BUT, that it is worth many times more has been proved over and over again!

It is so far superior to the average furnace, as to be entirely in a class by itself. For example, the radiator is so designed as to make the whole heater *self-cleaning*. No soot can gather to reduce efficiency. *You never need clean it*

When a dealer is privileged to install an International "Carton" he does so with the gratifying knowledge and confidence that *here* is a job that will require no servicing afterward! He *knows* it will be thoroughly satisfactory to the owner.

For full description, write for special "Carton" Catalog. Address Dept. A.



INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY UTICA, N. Y.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Nashua, N. H., Cleveland

DISTRIBUTING POINTS:

Portland, Oregon, Lynch Brothers
San Francisco, Cal., The International Sales Corp
Seattle, Wash., C. Lock Furnace Co.
St. Paul, Minn., Farwell, Ozum, Kirk & Co.
Kansas City, Mo., Richards & Conover Hdwe. Co.
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INTERNATIONAL

REG U S PAT OFF

BOILERS, FURNACES AND ONEPIPE HEATERS

MALLORY HATS

THE HATS OF UNEXAMPLED SMARTNESS

THE SNAP—A cool, lightweight, sportsmanlike Mallory Hat for Spring, designed to be worn with the brim turned down upon the side with an assumption of "careful carelessness"; medium band; raw edge; suitable for town or field; international in its vogue.

THE ARISTOCRAT—The Mallory Feature Hat
A Strikingly Smart Style, Luxuriously Lined

THE EARLE—A medium-weight Mallory Hat for Spring; contrasting band; welt brim; for young men and men who mature, but never feel old. It is worn rather low upon the forehead and slightly tilted to the left to avoid looking overly and geometrically precise.

THE WINDSOR—A medium-weight Mallory Hat for Spring, designed to be worn with the lengthwise centre crease only, preserving a set, round, full-face look that seems more formal than the side dents; wide band; bound brim; in shades of Gray and Tan.

The Styles At The Head In Spring Hats

THESE are the Spring Styles of Authority and Priority that *you* can follow with the assurance that other men will follow *you*. The vogue of loose-draped, English-effect clothes prescribes slightly larger shapes in hats to dovetail with the suits. Many brims are less rolled. Some are worn flipped down. Soft Gray Tones are in their heyday. Black Bands command wide favor. Blue Bands are on the gain. The new Blue-Gray Mixtures with Black or Blue Bands lend a smart and colorful touch to harmonize with blue and bluish-gray suits and top coats. Quite a few men are partial to hats in soft shades of Tan and Brown.

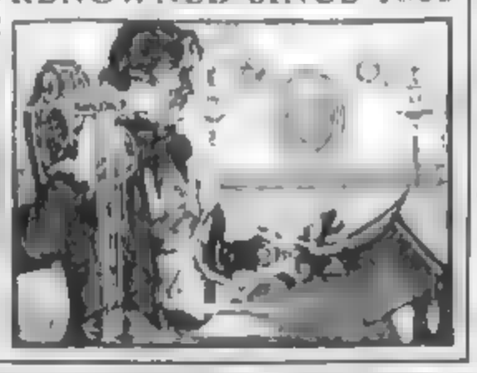
Mallory Feature Hat $7
Mallory Cravenette Hat $6 Mallory Fifth Ave. Brand $5

THE ELMFORD—A medium-weight, smooth-felt Mallory Hat for Spring, designed to be creased at the whim of the wearer who likes to put his personality, as well as his head, into his hat, welt brim; solid colors and rich mixtures that blend with suits.

Where To Buy

MALLORY Soft Hats and Derbies, in guardedly exclusive shapes and shades are on sale today at the better Hat Shops and Hat Departments throughout the United States. Watch the Newspapers for the announcements of Merchants who feature Mallory Hats and ask for them by name.

RENOWNED SINCE 1823



Find The Label

MALLORY Soft Hats and Derbies always bear the Mallory Label stamped in the crown and upon the sweat-leather. Be sure that you are getting what you're paying for. It is important, for your sake and ours, that you find the Mallory Label in the Soft Hat or Derby you buy.

Also Makers of MALLORY Straw Hats For Men And MALLORY Tailored Hats For Women

(Continued from Page 146)

"But I like you very well," said Henry Julius.

"Thanks, very much."

"What if I offered to lend you the money?" Vernon jerked back his head and laughed.

"Note of hand alone, eh?" he queried. "Any sum from ten to ten thousand! No, I don't think so. If you're for this trip, Julius, you must line up with the rest and take equal chances."

Henry Julius shrugged his shoulders.

"You're making a great mistake."

"It won't be my first," said Vernon, and bowed, as the door opened to welcome the next guest.

As a matter of fact, there were two, and they were both women. François, the waiter, gave their names as, "Miss Lydia La Rue, Miss Mary Ottery."

The difference between these women was extraordinarily marked, for whereas Lydia La Rue was magnificent, statuesque and scarlet, Mary Ottery was insignificant, transparent and gray. A little mouse of a woman was Mary, with her small gray face and the gray dress and thin gray-gloved hands. There was something mouselike, too, about the nervous way she peeped round the lintel of the door as though at the slightest sound she would bolt noiselessly into the dark from whence she had come. Her hair was drawn back tightly from rather a high forehead and secured in a small knot at the nape of her neck. She wore silver pince-nez through which a pair of wide set and courageous eyes peered inquiringly. Her nose was rather large and prominent, its prominence being heightened by the hollows of her cheeks. Her lips were thin and tightly compressed.

In absolute contrast were the features and form of Lydia La Rue. She carried her head high on a pair of shoulders the perfect symmetry of which was undisturbed by strap or sleeve. The tapered fingers of one hand were spread effectively upon her hip and over the crook of her arm hung a cloak of sapphire blue. From the other hand dangled a vanity bag fashioned to the likeness of a mighty tea rose. She wore a clinging gown in some fine shade of jade green which emphasized the lines of her figure. Her oval face, which was framed in a magnificent auburn coiffure, was dead white and her lips were scarlet as a berry. Hers was a sensuous mouth, with its curved, intolerant upper lip and its full moist lower lip. A brave, thoughtless and desirable mouth too desirable to be other than unkind. Her eyes were set very close together and tilted up at the corners in the direction of meanness.

It is rarely that two such complete opposites as Mary Ottery and Lydia La Rue can be seen at a single glance. It is something of a revelation when it happens. There was once a man who wrote about women, and being unafraid of committing himself to generalities he divided the sex into two classes—women who see and women who feel. Here is a quotation from this temerous person's work:

> The statement of the type to which they belong is written clearly and beyond confusion in a woman's eyes and a woman's mouth. Look for the straight-lidded, steady, fearless eyes of the woman who thinks, absorbs and understands through the medium of sight; and look again for the full, red, petulant mouth of the woman who thinks with her senses and has acquired what much or little she may have learnt of the book of life from what is printed upon her lips.

Whatever may be the truth or fallacy of the above, it is certain that these two women—the gray and scarlet, the timid and the brazen—supplied an eccentrically accurate illustration of the theory. The illustration was emphasized by their greetings of Vernon.

Said Lydia La Rue, "Which of you two is Vernon Winslowe?" And when he came forward—"Ha! Good! I like your type."

Since Vernon did not reciprocate the liking, he made haste to introduce her to Henry Julius. Lydia declined Averil's invitation to take her cloak with a dropped eyebrow and inspected the radiant personality of the Jew. Her remark to him may have been accidently insolent.

"Are you one of the chosen?"

"I beg your pardon," said Henry, and drew himself up to his full height, which in the circumstances was not quite high enough.

"For this trip," said Lydia with a short laugh.

Henry Julius did not trust himself to reply. He prided himself on being polite and rather irresistible to women. He contented himself by leaning forward and staring at the string of pearls which circled Lydia's throat. Then he pursed his lips and turned away with an infinitesimal lift of the shoulders. Remarking the flush on her cheeks which followed this tacit criticism he justly felt that they were quits.

Meanwhile Mary Ottery was, so to speak, stumbling over her own nervousness in the doorway. She mistook the motive of Vernon's outstretched hand for an immediate demand for the twenty-five-pound deposit required according to the terms of the letter he had written.

"Oh, yes, I have it with me," she gasped, fumbling with the strings of her bag. "It's here if I can only get it out. I tied the knot rather tight to be on the safe side."

Vernon protested that nothing was further from his thoughts than to collect the deposit so urgently.

"You've heard nothing about the expedition yet," said he.

"Oh, but I've quite made up my mind to come," she hastened to assure him. "That is, of course, if you'll let me."

Something pathetic in the eagerness of this little gray woman plucked at his slackened heartstrings.

"You've the adventurous spirit," said he, and handed her over to Averil, who suggested powder and a little lavender water.

"I never use powder," said Mary; "but some lavender water would be rather nice. It is when one's excited—one's nose somehow ——"

Averil led her into the inner room.

Vernon followed the two women thoughtfully with his eyes until his attention was distracted by Henry Julius plucking at his sleeve.

"Mr. Winslowe, surely, surely, surely!"

"Well?"

"A woman like that on a show of this kind?"

"I sincerely hope so," said Vernon.

"Then in my opinion you must be mad."

The hot retort this remark would surely have inspired was cut short by a new influx of guests. There were four, and they bunched awkwardly in the doorway. In front was a fat little man and his fat little wife. They were florid, breathless and perspiring. Also they seemed a little rattled with the occasion and with each other. The little fat man was goading the little fat woman forward, as it were, prompting her footsteps and acting as a finger post for her mind.

Their coming was preluded with the words, "Here, mind that mat, mother," spoken in a rich Midland accent, marred for the moment by a note of irritation.

Of all the accents in the world, there is none kinder, more homely and comforting than a Midland accent, always assuming that the speaker is at good nature with the world. It has about it a ripeness and cordiality that even the rich Devon burr cannot rival. It is the natural accent of the host, of the man of substance, of the genial, warm-hearted man. It is an accent that would seem to sit at the head of a high-tea table and preside over Yorkshire hams, cuddle crusts and speckly brown eggs. It is an accent you can trust. But rob it of its natural calm, and so contrive that your Midlander is at variance with himself and his situation, and you shall find a very different music in your ears—music dissonant as a police rattle.

Mr. Joshua Morgan, of Bradford, and his wife, Kate Morgan, had some excuse for being keyed up and snappy with each other on this particular night. Their coming marked the first step in a terrific adventure and a departure from the routine of thirty working years. From being steady, sober swimmers in the stiff stream of life, they had—in a moment of unprecedented madness and for no better cause than a few tempting lines in a daily paper—plunged headfirst into a maelstrom which every argument of common sense would point to avoiding. The ties and responsibilities of home, family and business had been severed at a single coup. It was absurd, unheard of, grotesque; but with eyes open they had done it

Two nights before, Kate Morgan had been knitting a vest for a yet unborn generation when Joshua came back from the shop, slapped down a newspaper cutting on her fat knee and said, "Have a look at yon."

Kate Morgan had a look, and when she raised her eyes they were glistening in a manner barely decent in a good woman of fifty-nine years of age, with children at boarding school and a married daughter, two sons in the business. Kate Morgan had never wandered farther afield than Blackpool sands, but in her eyes the wanderlust was written plain.

"Now don't excite yourself," said Joshua. "Draw me a glass of beer and let's sit down and have a talk."

Nine forty-five was their usual time for retiring, for they were early-up folks, but clocks were striking three when eventually they made their way to bed.

"Kate, us've earned a holiday," Joshua said.

They were his first words when he came back from posting the fateful letter.

And she replied, "But how about that chance of you being in borough council next 'lection?"

"Damn borough council!" said Joshua very emphatically indeed.

In all the thirty years of their partnership they had never been more intimate than on that night. In face of the terrific hazard which was contemplated they clung to each other for mutual support. Perhaps that was why Joshua slept with an arm round his wife's neck, and why, although its position greatly interfered with the flow of blood to her brain, she would rather have perished than ask him to remove it.

Years of hard business struggle for existence, the bringing up of a large family with its inevitable concomitant of labor, had denied them the opportunity of getting on familiar terms with the kinder side of each other's natures. There had been no time for gentleness, and even when some small measure of fortune and success rewarded them, the habit of work, work, work was so deeply ingrained that it was impossible to escape from it and relax. Wherefore those springs of sympathy and human kindness, which had existence in both of them, through pressure of toil were still untapped. They knew each other as two halves of a piece of domestic machinery, but spiritually they were more or less unacquainted.

Joshua Morgan accepted Vernon's hand with a kind of defensive gesture

"We've come," he said, bringing down his bushy eyebrows, "but don't go jumping to the conclusion that we've committed ourselves. Ah'm a business man not to be taken in by a lot of fandango. We're here to inspect land and that's long and short of it. Mother, shake hands with Mr. Winslowe."

"M' glove's stuck," said Kate, struggling to get it off.

"Comes of getting a size too small. It's vanity."

"No," came the tart rejoinder; "it's perspiration. Now it's split and that's your fault."

Joshua ignored this accusation.

"Us is a bit late, but missus wouldn't be satisfied to come straight from station. Must needs unpack and get into silk."

"And who'd have first to grumble if I'd disgraced you?"

"How many times," demanded Joshua, "have I spoke to you about back-answering in public?"

To which Kate Morgan, seeing no advantage in giving the required number, replied, "Your tie's up again. It'll be over your collar in a minute."

Vernon Winslowe avoided the risk of becoming involved in a domestic upheaval by transferring his attention to his two other guests, whose entrance had been rather eclipsed by the round Midlanders. The first was an immense young man with ink upon his fingers which industrious rubbing with pumice stone had failed to remove. For his size and stature, he seemed to be very ill at ease.

"I didn't catch your name," said Vernon

"William Carpenter," was the reply, barely coherent, owing to a nervous affection of the throat.

William Carpenter was always clearing his throat. He cleared it before and during everything he said. His nervousness was further emphasized by the roundness of his shoulders and by a pair of very large hands which hung at his sides as though, having brought them out, he could find no use for them and heartily wished he had left them at home where they would not get in his own and everyone else's way. The dress suit he wore was baggy and not altogether successful. It looked as though it were ashamed of being a dress suit and would very gladly be transformed into an honest tweed. It was clearly evident William Carpenter had had trouble with the center stud

(Continued on Page 152)

MULLINS

Steel Boats

Combine

Speed and Safety

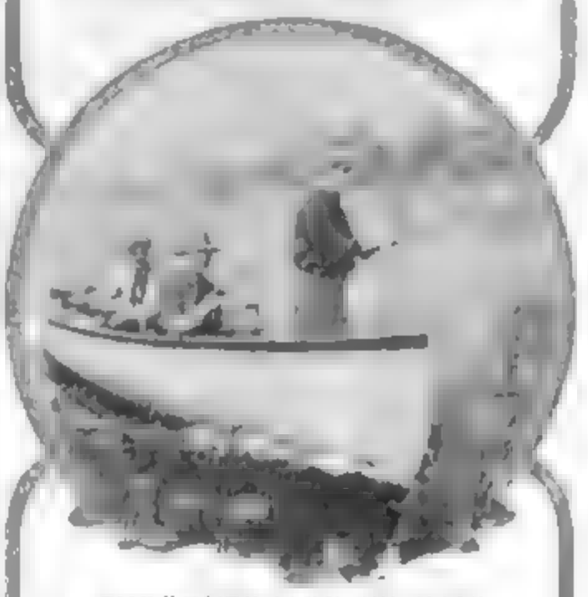
CAN'T SINK

THIS SPEEDY 18 FT. LAUNCH

seats 10 people comfortably, and is the ideal launch for all purpose family use. Equipped with Universal 9-15 H.P. Four Cycle Atwater Kent Ignition, and luxurious seating, including Mullins Safest Under Water Exhaust. Speed 11 miles an hour

DESIGNED by the foremost naval architects—Mullins Steel Boats have won the enthusiastic approval of over 75,000 users throughout the world. The steel construction of Mullins Boats prevents them from water-logging—drying out—warping or checking—and makes caulking, filling at the seams and boat houses unnecessary. Equipped with air-tight compartments—like a life boat—they are unsinkable, and all cost of upkeep is minimized.

All Mullins Steel Launches and Motor Boats are powered with reliable, efficient motors having economical fuel consumption, and equipped with Silent Under Water Exhaust.



THE "OUTBOARD SPECIAL"

[illegible] and the built-in transom permits the motor from working loose

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Send today for our Free Catalog which illustrates and describes Mullins Steel motor boats, launches, outboard motor boats, row boats, hunting and fishing boats. Write now—before you forget—select your new boat—order early and avoid disappointment. By ordering now—you can insure delivery when you want your boat.

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Write for Catalog, terms and discounts to Authorized Mullins Agents

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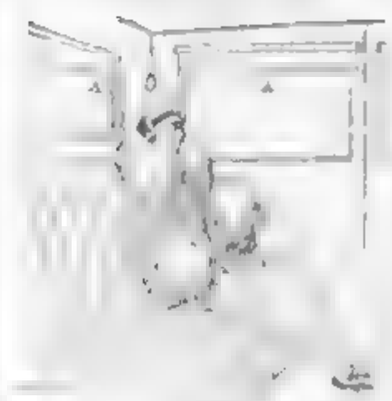
"What's Inside" Upholstered Furniture?



LEADING motor car manufacturers have been surprised at the luxuriousness of their cars when cushioned with Nachman Spring Units. MANUFACTURERS—*Write for information.*

BEGIN the furnishing or refurnishing of your home with good Upholstered Furniture in the living room. Comfortable, luxurious Upholstered Furniture distinguishes the smart and livable home. But in choosing your Upholstered Furniture don't be guided by price or outside appearance alone. Service and comfort depend on "What's Inside."

Many of the best makers of Upholstered Furniture use Nachman Spring Units inside. They eliminate the faults and expensive shortcomings of ordinary methods of construction. Every inch of the piece built with Nachman Spring Units is soft, yielding and luxurious. With years of hard service it will retain shape and never need renovating. "Breaking in" furniture built with Nachman Spring Units is unnecessary.

With all of these advantages Upholstered Furniture built with Nachman Spring Units is not expensive. Their use makes possible many manufacturing economies. Most furniture dealers insist that their manufacturers use Nachman Spring Units. Ask the salesman whether or not the pieces he shows you are built with them. See the "NACHMAN" label as well as the maker's name.

Be sure that he says "Built with Nachman Spring Units" and not "It's built with Springs." There is a difference.

Home Furnishers—Get This Free Book

Write for our book, "WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW" telling about Period furniture; how to arrange and care for Upholstered Furniture; and names of dealers in your city who sell furniture built with Nachman Spring Units.

NACHMAN SPRING-FILLED COMPANY, Halsted at 23rd Street, CHICAGO

Nachman

And "What's Inside" Your Mattress?

THE most important and 'o relaxing rest is the Mattress on which you sleep. In choosing a new Mattress or replacing old ones, know "What's Inside." The way it is built *inside* is an infallible guide to comfort and wearing qualities. The most luxuriously comfortable and serviceable Mattresses are now built with Nachman Spring Units enveloped in layers of felted cotton or hair.

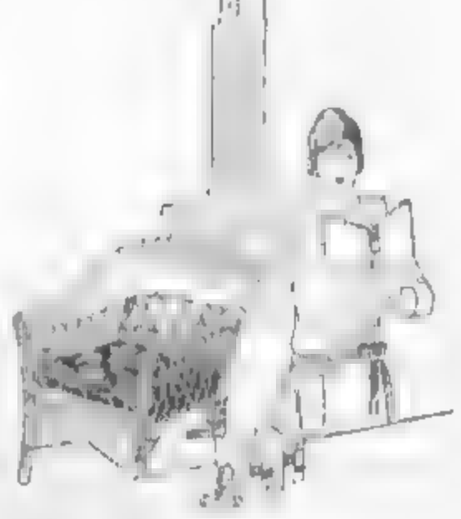
Nachman Spring Units are unlike the heavy coil springs used in chairs and bed springs. They are small, light, highly flexible coils individually encased in burlap cells. Each spring has full freedom of action. Hundreds are used in a Mattress. The sleeper never feels them. They can never get out of place, creak, sag, buckle, lose their relaxing, easy luxuriousness, or work through.

One or more may sleep on it with equal comfort. At every point of pressure it yields, gently conforming to and supporting the body. Mesh-covered ventilators admit air to circulate freely through about 26,000 square inches of air space. Mattresses built with Nachman Spring Units are not costly and they are obtainable under the brands of most reliable manufacturers.

Look for the name "NACHMAN" together with the maker's name on the label. Insist on knowing "What's Inside."

Light Sleepers—Get This Free Book

Do you have difficulty in getting to sleep after you retire? Does sleep fail to refresh you? Do you roll and toss in fitful slumber? If you experience these discomforts, write for our Book, "SLEEP YOUR CARES AWAY." Sent to you free.



BUILT with Nachman Spring Units, Woven Furniture cushions have the comfort and durability of Upholstered Furniture. MANUFACTURERS—*Write for information on costs, etc.*

NACHMAN SPRING-FILLED COMPANY, Halsted at 23rd Street, CHICAGO

Spring Units

Our Plumbing Plan Book is Free

MUCH as you may like to plan your home and the arrangement of your bathrooms, do you know enough to do it? Will you always remember that the piping should not be carried into an outside wall? Do you know the convenience of the bathroom separated from the toilet?

These and many other pointers are covered in our instructive plan book, "Bathrooms of Character." It shows many different bathrooms, arranged to meet varying conditions and pocket books.

To those about to build or renovate we will be glad to send "Bathrooms of Character" S-5 without charge. It will prove really helpful.

The
Trenton Potteries Company
Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.
New York Boston San Francisco

TEPECO

(Continued from Page 149)

of his shirt front, a trouble which a person interested in investigation might hazard had occurred before his fingers had had their engagement with the pumice stone. Of the white tie he wore there could be no two views. Even the least censorious would have been compelled to admit that it was a failure and that he would have done better to have gone in for a ready-made.

But whatever sartorial criticisms might be passed against William Carpenter, none could deny that he possessed many rare features to offset them. For example, he was simple, trusting and honest to a fault. These qualities were written in every line of his face. He was in his wrong element; nothing else was amiss. He should not have been in those clothes, or in that company, nor should fate have allowed so magnificent a physical specimen to be no more than a humble clerk in the G. P. O. Here was a man who belonged to the open air cramped and cribbed behind the grille of a local post office. Where there should have been a straight back was a bent; where there should have been earth on bronzed hands was ink on putty-colored fingers. He was a clear example of Nature's miscasting.

William was a type with which Vernon Winslowe was unfamiliar. Their paths in life, service and clerical, had no point of convergence if one excepts the war, where men of every station and degree were inextricably tangled one with the other. But in the war a common cause and a common uniform robbed the individual of individuality and begat a general sameness. Vernon knew little or nothing about the mighty army of nine A.M. to 6:30 P.M. workers whose battalions, composed of omnibus units, tunneling companies advancing underground and infantry pouring over the bridges from the south daily, invade the city of London to be swallowed up by the nation's great gray barracks of industry. This fact notwithstanding, the hulking, awkward young man made an instant appeal to Vernon, even as, in larger measure, Mary Ottery had appealed to him, and in a smaller measure the Morgans had made their appeal. For no better reason than the liking they inspired, he wished very sincerely they had not been of the company.

With each fresh arrival Henry Julius had found occasion to whisper, "Wrong types, old man. No good to us."

And in every instance Vernon Winslowe had returned a disagreement.

But they were the wrong types, from Vernon's point of view—utterly wrong. Their transparent honesty baffled the motive of the entire business. Julius and the girl Lydia La Rue he had no particular compunction about; but the others It was too late now to turn back. He was in the fight in the very thick of it. Retreat was out of the question.

William Carpenter was grubbing his white waistcoat with a nervous hand and saying, "Pleased to meet you."

He said it to everyone in the room, for Vernon had passed him on with a word of introduction and turned to offer a greeting to his other guest.

Tommy Gates was a wisp of a man with deep, cavernous eye sockets and wheezy breath. Despite his years—he was only twenty-seven—he looked preternaturally old, with that quality of age acquired of ill health. He was an attractive enough fellow to look at—well bred and well dressed but there was something oddly tragic in his eyes. Vernon had seen that expression often enough during the war on the faces of men who just before an engagement were given a presentiment of their own end Tommy Gates looked like a man who had been recently introduced to the fact that he was going to die. The shadow of death seemed to bear him company. Even his light, gay laugh and the smile that rippled at the corners of his mouth could not disguise the fact. He was looking eagerly round the company when Vernon addressed him. His tragic eyes were sparkling.

"I beg your pardon," said Vernon. "I didn't see you."

"That's all right. Don't apologize. I say, this is pretty terrific, an't it? My stars!"

"Care to be introduced?"

"No, no; just let me watch. I'm eating it up, you know just devouring it. By gad, you're a benefactor, Winslowe! But I'll sit down if you don't mind. That speck of fog played havoc with my breathing"

"Breathing?"

"Asthma. Ha-ha! No game, I tell you." He sat rather jerkily just beside the door and lit a herbal cigarette. "They smell rather foul," he apologized. "D'you mind?"

"No, no; go ahead. But oughtn't you to have stopped at home such a rotten night?"

"And missed this?" The tone was eloquent

"I see," said Vernon.

He drifted away and was captured by Henry Julius.

"Going to include invalids?" was the query

"Yes, if they want to come," he replied.

Henry Julius shrugged his shoulders and said, "Your idea of business and mine differ."

And suddenly Vernon answered like a man inspired, "Business! This is a treasure hunt, and who shall say where or how or in what form we shall find it?"

There was only one more guest and she was late. She bustled in unbuttoning a blue alpaca nurse's cloak. On her head was a small straw hat with streamers Nurse Olive Banbury was a rough, efficient, practical woman who made no attempt to make more of her appearance than was dictated by the formal demands of cleanliness and tidiness. She was a typical example of a hospital nurse, which is to say that she was very outspoken and much more likely to shock people than be shocked. Fostered by generations of untruthful fiction writers, there is a popular belief that nurses as a class are cool fingered, tender and cooing as the dove. Never was a greater fallacy, as anyone of even less than average intelligence must admit. Daily contact with all the unloveliness of disease and sickness can have but one natural outcome -a callous efficiency arising out of disgust, a hardening of the mental tissues. It would be absurd to assume otherwise. You will find prodigies of kindness and of sense in the nursing sister; but if you will avoid disappointment seek not for a soft hand and a soft voice, for demureness of mien. The soft hands have been hardened by carbolic soap and the soft voice roughened by the long little hours of many unslept nights. Nor shall we regret that this is so; rather let us rejoice and be grateful. Our nursing sister has been a diver in deep seas for the rescue of the drowning; shall we speak evil of her for the barnacles that chap her soles?

"I nearly didn't come," she said, and sniffed, for the night had chilled her nose. "Had an appendix at the last moment"

"An appendix? Good Lord!" exclaimed Vernon. "Ought you ——"

"Operation ward."

"Oh, yes, yes"

"And the lies I had to tell to get away!"

Averil came forward to take her cloak.

"Better put it by itself. It smells of iodoform Here, take this too"

She dragged off her half-pie hat and threw it over Averil's arm by the streamers

"Am I the last?"

Vernon nodded. Nurse Banbury banged her hair into some sort of shape with the palms of her hands.

"Then let's get on with it," she said.

IX

THERE was a buzz of general conversation in the room when Vernon crossed to the mantelpiece and touched the bell as a signal that supper might be served. During the moment of waiting he had leisure to survey his guests without interference. The experience was illuminating.

Henry Julius, with a sure, acquisitive sense, had fastened upon Joshua Morgan as the only person likely to do him any good. He had furnished the elderly Midlander with a cocktail a drink which Joshua eyed with a suspicion equal to the one he felt for its provider—and was enveloping him with anecdotes of his personal prowess in realms of high finance Henry Julius spoke in tens of thousands, passing airily from one huge sum to another. To uninitiated ears he must have sounded very rich indeed; but Joshua Morgan had not lived in Bradford city for nothing and it did not take him long to reduce Henry's fifteen-story marble palaces to a single roll-top desk in a ten-by-twelve office in Gray's Inn Lane

"'E," said he at the close of a long recital, "sounds very grand and all, but you can't cut Bradford ice with a paste diamond, Mr. Julius."

But he was not allowed to score so easily. Henry Julius threw up his hands in a gesture of horror and dismay.

"Bradford! Of all terrible places! The color of it—so drab. Don't tell me you live there!" (Continued on Page 154)

SHEAFFER'S

"Lifetime" FAMILY

The junior members of a quality pen family.

HERE are writing instruments made with the same Sheaffer precision in construction, in distinctive dress and trimming similar to the LIFETIME Pen.

SHEAFFER'S
LIFETIME
REG U.S PAT OFF
"This is the engine of a Fountain Pen." Insist that yours bear the name "Lifetime." Unconditionally guaranteed forever.
46 Special $5.00
Secretary $7.00
Student Special $3.75
SHEAFFER'S

ALL SHEAFFER pens are made with the same attention to detail and the same care in construction.

The specially constructed Sheaffer cap prevents leakage when the pen is in your pocket, and the gold band [without extra charge] prevents breaking.

Your Sheaffer pen is automatically cleaned every time you fill it, and the patented lever assures a full ink supply.

The Iridium point glides with jewel-like smoothness over the roughest paper, feeding just the right amount of ink the instant the pen touches the paper.

There is a Sheaffer Pen of the size and style to fit your fingers and your purse.

At the Better Dealers Everywhere

46 Special—Gold Lever, Band and Clip. Wavy Ribbon Design.

$5.00

Secretary—Gold Lever, Band and Clip. Secretary Design.

$7.00

Student's Special—Gold Lever, Band and Clip. Checkered Design.

$3.75

SHEAFFER'S

"LIFETIME" PENS

"Lifetime"
Priced $8.75

Costs More—
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W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA

Makers of Quality Writing Instruments

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New York, 370 7th Avenue — Chicago, 506 Republic Bldg. — Denver, 502 Jacobsen Bldg. — San Francisco, 681 Market Street

"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

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A Universal Holemaker

(8 types of "Van Dorn" Drills in sizes from 3/16" to 1¼").

For the first time in the history of Electric Tools, you are enabled to purchase an electric drill of "Van Dorn" quality at a price so reasonable—$36.00.

Although a baby in size, this newest member of the "Van Dorn" family is not a toy when it comes to hard work—this quarter-inch tool will work along with its larger brothers for one hour or twenty-four hours.

Here is a Universal Holemaker designed for operation on either direct or alternating current which has an important place in every mill and factory, every garage and repair shop, in office buildings, hotels, even in the home, and everywhere that holes must be made in metal or wood.

Distributors

This good tool, this reasonable price coupled with "Van Dorn" reputation and national publicity that we are now giving our products, certainly opens your door to this unlimited drill market. Here is a genuine opportunity for those distributors who are equipped to handle the sale of "Van Dorn" Electric Tools. Write or wire us today.

The Van Dorn Electric Tool Co.

Makers of Portable Electric Drilling, Reaming and Grinding Machines, etc

Cleveland, Ohio

Factory Representatives

*Boston	*Los Angeles	*St. Louis
Buffalo	Milwaukee	St. Paul
Chattanooga	Montreal	*San Francisco
*Chicago	*New York City	*Seattle
*Cincinnati	Philadelphia	*Toronto
*Denver	Pittsburgh	
*Detroit	Richmond	

*Service

Continued from Page 152.

You cannot hit a Midlander in his home town without accepting the consequences.

"Mr. Julius ——" said Joshua, and his hand went to his cuff.

It was Kate Morgan who averted the conflict. Her imagination was focused on something higher than an urban wrangle.

"There!" she exclaimed. "If one of m' stay laces hasn't bust! A rare crack it went with!"

"Mother!" came the reproof.

"Well, never mind," said she. "It's a lot easier broken. Have you been much in foreign parts, Mr. Julius?"

The immediate danger having passed, Vernon turned his attention to Lydia La Rue. She was smoking a Russian cigarette through a jade holder and was scattering the ash on the carpet until Mary Ottery came forward and offered her a tray.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"I thought you might want it."

"Why should I?"

"I just thought you might. Miss Hornby smoked a cigarette very occasionally and I used to follow her about with an ash tray."

"Who's Miss Hornby?"

"The lady I was companion to."

From her great height Lydia looked down with a shade of pity.

"So you've been a companion," she said.

"Yes, for twelve years." Mary hesitated; then, "What have you been?"

It was Lydia's turn to hesitate. She bit her lower lip, leaving a ruby fillet on one of her white teeth.

"I? Oh, a companion," she answered huskily.

"Then," said Mary, "we shall have lots to talk about—you and I."

"Yes," said Lydia, with an odd twist of the features; "yes, shan't we?"

She turned away sharply and found William Carpenter gazing at her open-mouthed. He was a very simple fellow. Lydia pulled the cigarette from her holder and thrust it between his amazed lips.

"Er—thanks," he gasped, "but I don't smoke." A very simple fellow indeed.

"Ha!" said Lydia, and marched off to get herself a drink—passing, as she went, under a barrage of contempt from the eyes of Nurse Banbury.

A champagne cork banged noisily.

"*Souper est servi, m'sieur,*" said the maitre d'hôtel.

Zero hour.

Vernon Winslowe pulled himself together with a jerk. The battle of lies was to begin. Although his heart beat sledge-hammer blows against his ribs, outwardly he preserved an almost unnatural calm. He knew now that he hated the task that lay before him—knew that he would repent of it to the last day of his life. Equally, he knew that to retire at this stage would be cowardice pure and simple, for try how he might he could not convince himself whether the will to retire was inspired by desire to salve his conscience or save his skin. Granted a clear understanding on that point, he might have acted differently; but, failing that understanding, there was no choice but to go on. The initial step at least would have to be taken, even if afterwards he might discover intelligence and morality enough to extricate himself from perpetuating the full swindle. Any other course would reveal him to the company as a fraud. For the first time he realized the tremendous grip a dishonest action fastens upon a man. The thought flashed into his brain to foist the whole business off as a joke, but he knew from the very intensity of his audience that such a statement would never be believed. But fool—fool not to have chosen his victims according to their deserts. What quarrel had he with these—with any one of them? What right had he—

But too late, too late; the curtain was up, the battle of lies was to begin.

"Serve the soup," he said, "and after that we'll look after ourselves." It surprised him to find his voice was so steady. "Mr. Julius, take the head of the table. I'm sure you'd be comfortable there."

"Mister Vice, eh?"

"Yes, rather."

Lydia La Rue was patting a chair in an effort to secure him as a partner. Vernon shook his head.

"Thanks, very much; I'm going to walk about if nobody minds."

Mary Ottery fluttered into the vacant seat. Joshua Morgan, a napkin tucked into his waistcoat, had already emplaced himself next to Julius.

"I'm about fit for supper," he said. "These railway feeds lack nourishment somehow. Mother, get thee down."

William Carpenter appeared to be holding out chairs for everyone. His politeness was oppressive, and rather confused the personality of a guest with that of a waiter. Tommy Gates and Olive Banbury had already paired off, drawn perhaps by the common ties of sickness and remedy.

"Gosh!" said Tommy. "But ain't this marvelous?"

"I'm waiting," came the practical rejoinder. Then with a sniff and a nod at Lydia, "Who's the ——"

"Part of the adventure."

Olive Banbury sniffed again.

"Part of a good many adventures I should say."

"What's it matter?"

His hands were opening and shutting with nervous excitement. He pushed away his cup of soup and clasped them on the table. The light in his eyes was feverish.

"I know where you should be, my friend"—said Olive Banbury—"in bed."

He laughed at that.

The air was electric when Vernon began to talk. He was a fluent talker, with a quick switch from point to point and an odd habit of parenthesis.

"Look here, good people, this isn't, properly speaking, a sit-down supper, but don't bother to pour out the wine. Put the bottles on this table. I'll ring if I want anything, and no one else is to be admitted—understand? Good—yes—good-by—but I'd a notion it 'ud be easier to frame this scheme over a bit of food."

Then he told them of the number of replies to his advertisement.

"Over a thousand and I can't pretend I read 'em. The whole enterprise is built on chance, so I made my selection in a chancy way—shoved the letters in a basket and drew eight. The rest went up the chimney in smoke. I'm telling you this to demonstrate that I had no motive in choosing any one of you. That you're here at all is a matter of luck—bad luck perhaps."

There was a buzz of astonishment and when it had died away Vernon went on talking.

"That may give you some idea of the shiftless happy-go-lucky fellow and concern you're dealing with. With some of you I dare say it'll be enough in itself to persuade you to take to your heels. Well, if you feel like that, believe me, I'd be the last to blame you. If I were in your shoes I should be asking myself by now whether the whole thing isn't an elaborate hoax. This talking is dry work. I'll have a glass of wine—thanks very much." He drank the wine at a gulp. "The fact of my asking each of you to bring along a deposit of twenty-five pounds must have looked a bit fishy."

"Well, old man ——" Henry Julius began.

But Vernon cut him short.

"Exactly! Of course it does! The entire proposition bears the stamp of fraud, and I'll lay any odds no one would be surprised if that door were flung open and a police officer walked into the room."

He accompanied the words with a gesture toward the door—a gesture so commanding that all eyes followed its direction. And as if in response to what he had said the door swung back on its hinges and a quaint, smiling little man, peering at the company over the rims of a pair of thick pebble glasses, stepped softly into the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Three Hundred Years this Ancient Sign Has Promised Welcome, Meat and Wine To All the Folk of Bruges

THREE hundred years ago there lived in the city of Bruges, in Belgium, a smith famous for his skill in the artistic working of metals. His name is forgotten, but an example of his handiwork may be seen to this day in the wrought iron sign over the door of the Raskam (Currycomb) Cafe in the rue de Fil.

That sign, exposed to the rains and snows of three centuries, still preserves its delicate tracery work, almost as if it had been put up last year instead of five years after the Pilgrims landed in America. It is a monument not alone to its maker, but to the remarkable rust-resisting qualities of wrought iron.

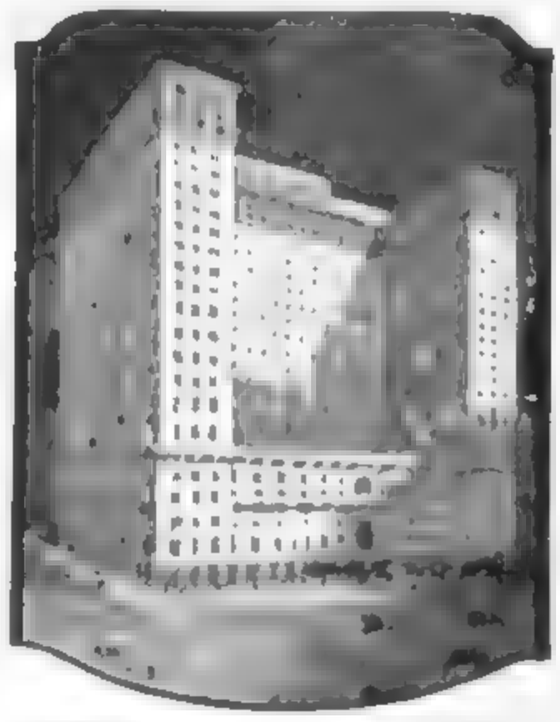
Just how long the average piece of wrought iron pipe will last, it is difficult to say. We know that Reading Pipe made as far back as 1848 is still in service. In innumerable instances wrought iron pipe, as good as new, has been salvaged from old buildings in the course of being torn down.

When considering building or replacements specify Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe. As between the lasting qualities of "Reading" and steel there isn't any argument. The only question to be decided is whether the slightly lower cost of the cheaper pipe justifies the risk of serious property damage and a big repair bill when the cheaper pipe has rusted through.

READING IRON COMPANY, READING, PA.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE PITTSBURGH
CINCINNATI CHICAGO SEATTLE LOS ANGELES
TULSA HOUSTON



THE AMBASSADOR—one of New York City's impressive hotels in which Reading Guaranteed Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is installed

It is only prudent, next time you build or repair, to consider Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe the pipe which offers two to three times greater resistance to corrosion than does steel pipe. The pipe which costs per year of service one half to one third the price of steel.

"'Reading' on Every Length"

READING
GUARANTEED GENUINE
WROUGHT IRON PIPE

EST. READING 1848

With Seventy Different "Makes" to choose from

Nearly One-Fourth of all Vacuum Cleaner Buyers *Select The Grand Prize* EUREKA

THE superior cleaning service of the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner is undeniably established and universally accepted.

For years it has been acknowledged by the world's authorities on scientific housekeeping and household sanitation that the Eureka embodies advantages which make it supreme.

Time after time their judgment has been publicly expressed in the form of Grand Prizes or Highest Awards. In fact the Eureka has received more grand prizes and highest awards than any other electric cleaner of its type, irrespective of price. It has become known, and is now universally referred to, as "The Grand Prize Cleaner".

Its remarkable cleaning service is now accepted as a matter of fact in the court of highest opinion—the thousands of women who use it in their daily housework. This unqualified acceptance was expressed by their overwhelming demand for the Grand Prize Eureka during the past year.

Nearly a quarter-million Eurekas were purchased in this one year—or practically one-fourth of all the electric vacuum cleaners sold under seventy different trade names.

That such a large percentage of electric cleaner buyers single out and demand the Grand Prize Eureka is, in our opinion, full and complete recognition that *superior* cleaning service can be had at an extremely moderate price.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners since 1909

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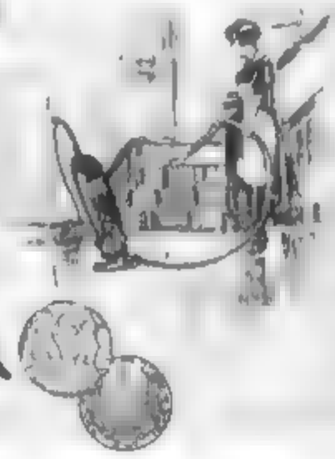
The Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

"IT GETS THE DIRT"



PARTRIDGE

(Continued from Page 5)

the first high ground beyond Wiscasset they looked to the north and saw the Camden hills, blue against the sky, clouds shredding away from their bold flanks. Again and again as they climbed successive heights they lifted the hills into view; and presently these heights lay bathed in sunshine, the green which cloaked them breaking through the blue veil which at a distance all the hills about Fraternity are apt to wear. At Warren they left the highroad, swinging to the left; and when they passed through Union and Betty knew the end of the journey was near, an uncontrollable delight possessed her. This much of the road she had traveled a fortnight before; she reviewed the hours of her brief stay on that occasion; smiled as she remembered the perplexity in Mulock's countenance at some of her instructions; smiled again as she recalled young Dan Bissell and the delight in his eyes as he watched her, that morning at the door. Her own doorway. She decided, on the instant, that this doorway must have a trellis and some climbing vines.

Beyond Appleton, with only a few miles left to go, they climbed a hill and dropped toward the valley again. On either side of the road lay a thick young growth of birch and poplar and alder, and among these saplings young hemlock and pine and spruce had taken root. The car, at speed, rolled toward where the road ran between these coverts; and Betty suddenly saw a partridge standing in the way ahead.

The bird was so still she was at first inclined to doubt her eyes; it stood straight and tall, neck extended, head high, watching them. She thought at first it was a partridge, and clutched Bert's arm. Then decided it was only a stick. Then was sure it was a bird again.

"See there," she said, softly as though afraid of giving alarm.

Bert nodded, his broad mouth smiling; and he allowed the car to slow down a little, rolling along by its own momentum. As they came within some thirty yards the bird suddenly moved; but instead of disappearing into the wood it stepped out into the road in front of them, its tail spread in a fan, its wings, stiffly downward, brushing the ground as do the wings of a strutting gobbler. Within twenty yards Bert stepped on the accelerator; the car leaped forward. Betty uttered a low cry of dismay.

"You'll hit it!" she protested.

They were already past where the bird had been, and Bert exclaimed, "Got it, by Jove!"

Betty, swinging to look back through the rear window, saw the air filled with feathers, the bird rising slowly and heavily fluttering away into the trees. Bert was already stopping the car. She was first to step out. She had said nothing, but her eyes were hot and her cheeks were burning. She ran back along the road.

The bird must have been hurt. All the long tail feathers were there, crushed into the gravel or littered along the way; and among them others, shorter, softer, which could have been pulled out only by a wheel that bruised the soft body. But Betty's eyes fled from them to something else. A chick partridge lay dead in the road.

This chick could have been no more than a day or two old; it was only a ball of yellow down, ridiculously small. Betty caught it up in her hands and found the little body so warm, so full of all the outward semblances of life that she could not at first believe it dead. It was unmarked, must have died by a blow from Bert's or another's wheel. But Betty abruptly understood the significance of the action of the mother bird. Strutting out before the car she must have thought to frighten the onrushing monster, or divert it from its path; sought either to save the chick if it were still alive or to protect it if it were dead. Valor unreasoning; the blind devotion which forgets every peril in the face of danger to the one beloved. Betty's eyes filled with tears; she was conscious that Bert at her side, looking over her shoulder at the little chick, was speaking loudly; but she hardly heard what he said. After a moment she put the little ball of down upon a patch of moss beside the road. When she rose her cheeks were wet, and she dabbed at them with her handkerchief.

"Say, that was a joke on her, wasn't it?" Bert was exclaiming. His words penetrated through her sorrow, and she saw that he was laughing. She could find no word. "Think of the darned fool," he urged. "Getting right in front of the car. Yet they say a partridge has sense."

She picked up one of the long tail feathers and smoothed it in her hand, admiring the beauty of its coloring, then absently drew it through a pocket of her coat, so that she wore it like a flower as she went back toward the car. Her thoughts were busy. Bert had seen the partridge move out into the road; he had accelerated. She tried to remember whether he had not actually swerved toward the bird as though he meant to hit it; remembered his exultant cry: "Got it, by Jove!"

For the rest of the way he was garrulous but she scarce heard him. A few minutes later they reached their destination. Bert, full of loud good humor, would have taken her bag, but she stopped him beside the car.

"I'll take it, Bert," she said.

"You will not," he laughed. His eyes were on the house. "Say, isn't that great? Come along."

She said "Bert!" Her tone commanded his attention. "I've changed my mind. I wish you'd go back. Right away."

"Why?" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"I want to be alone," she told him.

He laughed boisterously. "Pshaw, now! You're joking."

She shook her head, a little sadly. "I'm not," she said.

He was hurt and bewildered, would have argued with her; but she would not permit it, and after a moment he saw anger mounting in her eyes, and was warned. In the end he backed the car and turned it and drove slowly away.

Betty watched him down the hill out of sight. Tears flooded her eyes again; she was still crying when she turned at last toward the door of the house that waited for her. Then the door opened and she saw Mrs. McAusland, smiling a welcome; and Betty brushed away her tears. The little house received her comfortingly.

III

BETTY settled into the routine of life on the hill above Fraternity without a jar. Chet and Mrs. McAusland had done much to make the house ready for her. She found beds made, provisions upon the shelves, wood in the box beside the stove and a fire laid in the living room. "I thought it would be nice for you to have someone here when you got here," Mrs. McAusland explained. "I thought you might be lonesome, the first day. Isn't that young man that came with you going to stay? Isn't he coming back to dinner?"

Betty shook her head. "He's a doctor," she explained, "and he's so busy. He wanted to stay, but I told him he'd better go right back."

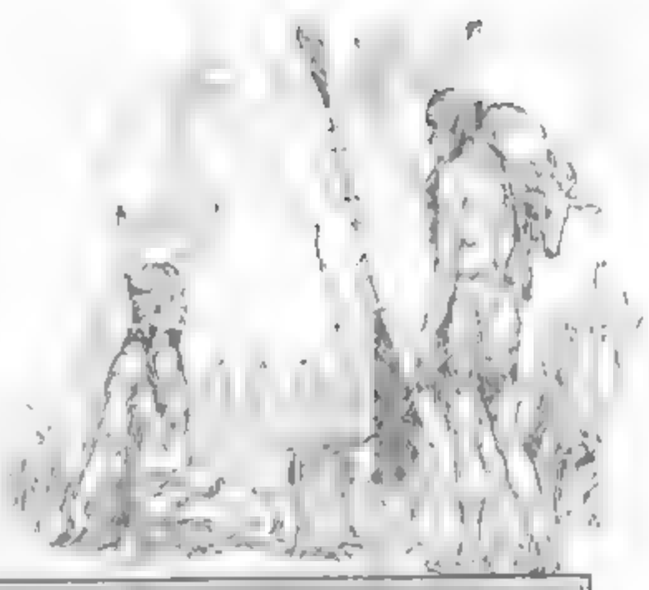
They passed to more practical matters. Betty did not intend to keep a cow; she would be able to get milk from Mrs. McAusland, for Chet had half a dozen cows to milk every night. "I expect I'll get some chickens by and by," Betty explained, "but at first I'll need to get eggs somewhere."

Mrs. McAusland said Chet had the yard full of chickens, and there would be eggs enough. When by and by she went back up the hill and left the girl alone, Betty was forgetting her unhappiness of an hour before in the many things she found waiting to be done.

Both the house and the remodeled barn were infinitely more attractive than she had expected them to be. There had been enough furniture in the house to suffice for her present needs. Some of these things were charming. In her bedroom, in the southern end of the little house, there was an old short-posted maple bed; and Mrs. McAusland had made it up with bedding Betty had sent ahead. The two rugs on the floor were faded and old; but she meant to replace them. One of the bedroom chairs had a delicate beauty; and the big chest of drawers awakened in Betty a vague memory. The other bedroom was unfurnished. Downstairs she found in the kitchen a stove in fair condition. On her previous visit she had arranged for the delivery of necessary kitchen ware and china, and these were on the shelves. The table in the dining room was so ridiculously small that two people could hardly have dined at it; but of its four legs two were slightly longer than the others so that its surface was not level, and this very defect endeared it to Betty at once.

How Hiawatha plead his cause

Sweets were unknown to the Original Americans. So Hiawatha brought to Minnehaha a red deer which he had shot. It made a rug for the wigwam and a good many venison dinners, doubtless!



The things he couldn't say—

THEY have prompted the gifts of every man from the beginning of time. And so long as the need for saying them exists, they will be said in exactly the same way.

Not with words—

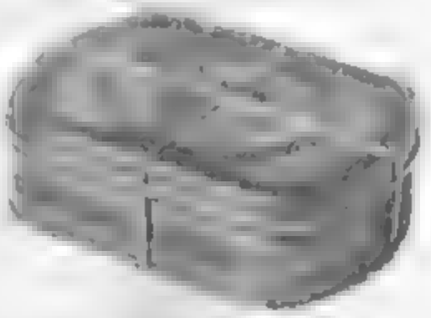
But with a gift that brings that delight which everyone longs to see in the eyes of those he loves.

It is not unusual that today the finest of chocolates should be dedicated to the Great Adventure of life.

And it is quite natural that into Romance Chocolates should be put the purest of ingredients, the best liked of centers—and the highest skill of candy-making art.

THE TIFFANY PACKAGE, $1.25

An unusually fine assortment of all old-time favorites gathered together in a metal package that is new and striking



THE HOSTESS PACKAGE, $1.50

The choicest chocolate covered fruits and nuts—nougats, fruit cordials, glacé nuts and specialties

Here are three famous Romance assortments. If your dealer does not carry Romance Chocolates, send us his name and the money for the selection you wish and we will mail you a box—postpaid. Cox Confectionery Company, East Boston, Mass

ROMANCE SELECTIONS—$1.00

A selection from the fifteen most popular Romance packages. A wide assortment of pieces—crunchy nuts, full flavored fruits in the most delicious coatings.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Cyclone

"Red Tag" Fence and Gates

for your home

Cyclone Fence protects and beautifies home premises; keeps the children safe, lessens mother's worries; increases attractiveness and value of property.

Built in attractive patterns and various heights, to suit all tastes.

Fabric furnished for erection on wood posts. Also "Complete Fence" made to measure, including steel posts. See your dealer. Write nearest offices, Department 21, for Cyclone Fence Catalog.

The "Red Tag", the Mark of Quality

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories and Offices: Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas, Oakland, Calif. *(Standard Fence Co.)* Portland, Ore., *(Northwest Fence & Wire Works)*

PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

MONARCH

Note

Our MONARCH COFFEE *is never sold in bulk*

also

MONARCH TEA *and* MONARCH COCOA

for 70 years ~

QUALITY

REID, MURDOCH & CO.

Established 1853

Chicago Pittsburgh New York

Salesmen Wanted We have immediate need for more salesmen in New York and Atlantic Coast States. Men with retail grocery experience apply at once to our New York Office, 882 Third Ave., (Bush Terminal), Brooklyn, N. Y.

The sitting room was the best room in the house. Its windows to the east looked across the deep and wooded valley of the river to the rising slopes beyond, to Levenseller Mountain, abrupt and bold against the eastern sky. The southern windows faced down the valley, a more distant prospect, but not less beautiful. Betty passed from one of them to the other and then back again; she withdrew a little into the room so that the windows served as frame for the picture she saw; and she smiled with many plans.

The barn delighted her. The mere fact that its floor was on two different levels she found unique and charming. The chimney, of brick, was faintly disappointing; she had wished it might be of field stone, but Mulock had warned her it would be more expensive if built of that material. But the windows drew her eye; and the interior of the place, its bright yellow walls of fresh siding broken by the weathered frames of the old barn into rectangles and squares, she thought beautiful. She decided she would utilize these clean new surfaces as canvases, and adorn them with little sketches, bits of color, a thousand charming fragments of beauty.

The stage that evening brought her belongings, which had come by express to Union. The task of unpacking them filled what might have been a lonely evening. She worked till it was late and she was weary, got into bed at last, too tired for thought, and slept at once and dreamlessly till the sun streaming in through her eastern windows woke her. The morning bird chorus was already hushed and a sweet stillness lay across the valley. From her window she could see the sparkle of dew-hung cobwebs on the grass among the ancient apple trees.

For the first few days she found it difficult to work; and instead she put her small domain in order or explored the lands that ran down to the river. Below the house itself the hill dropped steeply, an open meadow broken only by the ruin of an old stone wall which ran along the foot of the orchard. To the southward there was a hardwood growth, climbing up the hillside toward the road. At the bottom of the meadow an alder run, in which a few wild apple trees grew, merged gradually into the thick new stand of young hemlock and spruce and hackmatack and pine. This was almost impassable; she threaded her way through it to the river, and sat for a while upon the bank beneath a big hemlock, watching the black water that slipped by so silently. The mill, a mile or so downstream, formed what amounted to a deadwater here; when the mill gates were closed the current was scarcely perceptible. As she came through the alders she had flushed a partridge; the roar of its wings startled her. She sat there till dusk fell, and by and by something splashed in the water so vigorously, with such a suggestion of force, that she was almost afraid till she saw a muskrat's arrowlike head break the smooth surface and move upstream, a widening ripple catching the fading light behind him.

She found herself delighting in this contact with the inhabitants of the wooded valley; and on subsequent days she came to walk among the trees, hushed and hardly breathing, her lips a little parted so that she might hear the smallest sound, and sometimes when she sat still, gray squirrels foraged near by, or their red cousins chattered at her from the branches overhead. There were moments when her throat filled and she caught her breath with delight, not so much at anything she saw or heard as at the very stillness of the air which seemed to warn her of the life all around, watching her timidly.

Dan Bissell told her one day that other creatures dwelt in the valley, which she had not seen. He had come, as he did with some regularity, to bring the groceries and provisions which she ordered by telephone from his father's store. They were becoming friends, and each day they talked for a little while together. He had asked on this occasion, "Do you like here?" And she had told him that she did, told him some of the pleasures she had found.

"There are woodcock down in that run, too," he assured her. "They nest there every year. I found a nest down there one year, and the old bird on it. She didn't move till I almost touched her. Just sat and watched me and opened that long bill of hers and kind of squeaked."

She said she wished she might find such a nest, but he told her the season was past. "If you're here next year I can borrow Frenchy from Chet and find one for you, I expect," he promised.

"I expect to be here," she assured him. "It's so beautiful."

"There's an old moose that crosses down there every so often," he went on. "Chet has found his tracks, three-four times, that little wet run right on your line. He comes up over the hill and down into Whicher Swamp, other side of the ridge. And there are a lot of deer in the woods across the river from you."

She said she had never seen either deer or moose in the woods. He nodded. "I see a good many," he said. "Driving around all day the way I do. Not so much in the truck as when I've got the team. There's not hardly a week I don't see a moose. Most of them are over toward Liberty, though."

She was enormously interested. "I wish I could see one," she exclaimed.

He said soberly, "Well, if you could take the time to ride around for a while I expect you would. Of course you can't tell. It's a matter of luck, mostly." He added, "I can take you over in the swamp any time and show you moose tracks. Plenty of them."

She nodded. "I'd like to go sometime," she assured him.

But her tone was so polite it was almost dismissal. It had finality. He felt this without understanding it, and went away a little bewildered.

Betty was a little bewildered on her own account. While they talked together she had discovered herself watching him with a curiously poignant emotion. His eyes, which were of one of the lighter shades of blue, she suddenly thought beautiful; his hair was by any conventional standard in need of trimming, but it became him. His lean young face, brown and strong, had an earnestness and an eagerness in it infinitely appealing. She found herself watching without listening; found her own thoughts busy with the wonder what his life had been and would be, and how old he was. Remembered that she herself was only twenty-two; and for some unaccountable reason she felt her color rise.

It was thus defensively she had dismissed him. When he was gone she fled indoors, and her cheeks were hot; but thus alone she was able to laugh away the emotion that had for a moment made itself felt, to reprove herself for her own thoughts. Dan was, of course, only a boy; seventeen or eighteen, she thought; but in any case she must remember Bert. It was true that she had sent him away in some distress and anger, but there was no other man she knew so well, nor for whom she cared so deeply. She might be momentarily angry with him, but after all, their friendship was of long standing, and not easily to be disturbed. More than friendship, she remembered. Bert loved her, and she loved him, and meant to marry him, in the spring perhaps. It was almost a month since she had seen him, but their letters were frequent, and free from any reference to the circumstances of their parting except for a jocular reproach from Bert. She had written something like an apology. Bert would be driving up soon, to spend the day.

In mid-July Dan came to the house one afternoon toward suppertime with a string of trout for her. "I'd have brought some before," he explained, "but it's kind of hard for me to get away. This was the end of the season, so I managed to go. Got them in the Wilson Brook."

He had brought her six trout of an average length of seven inches, and one larger fish, almost a foot long. They were cleaned and dried, and the brilliancy of their coloring was unimpaired. He had them wrapped in a cloth, and when they were spread upon the platter she brought, and she had thanked him, she said, "But you shouldn't have brought me so many."

He replied in a matter-of-fact tone, "I guess you can use them. Of course I wouldn't want to waste them. But the little ones will be a nice supper or a breakfast for you; and the big one will be good cold. They're better cold than hot, the big ones are. I'd rather eat a little one, any day."

"You want some yourself, though," she reminded him.

"Why, I got all we can use," he explained. "They were taking hold good today."

She asked again where he had caught them. "The Wilson Brook," he said. "Over beyond the village."

"Of course I've seen trout before," she remarked, "but I never realized they were so beautiful."

(Continued on Page 161)

Famous silver in charming places

The smart Wallace tea service pictured here—beautiful in design, exquisite in quality, strong and enduring—is from Master Set, No. 1 of many correct table services that you will admire

Hostess (Plate)

HERE in the beautiful grays and silvers of the Orange Blossom design the depth of the bowl, its graceful shape and the easy curve of the handle all are typical of the unusual features which characterize this whole set. And we know women appreciate such fine workmanship.

A chest of 26 pieces of the most necessary table flatware in this design, put up in an attractive walnut case, costs only $90.

If you don't wish to buy solid silver, there are many attractive designs in heavy plate. Among the most beautiful is the Hostess. A charming free "Gateway" holds 26 pieces of the most necessary table flatware and costs only $40. You may also buy lovely silver tea sets and dinner services to match your flat silver.

If your favorite shop cannot show you these and other Wallace designs, write us direct, addressing R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.

Orange Blossom Gravy Ladle (Solid)

Where dining is an art and youth meets love

WITH the coming of lovely spring, one just naturally thinks of all those intimate little parties of engaged couples, of beautiful weddings-to-be and anniversaries that renew happy memories—of all those precious times that spell life and happiness. It seems to lurk in the balmy air.

Offering one's love and esteem by giving gifts is ages old and springs from a sincere spirit of good will. It is no wonder, then, that we worked with infinite care to produce a worthy wedding offering: the Wallace Orange Blossom design in solid silver.

Here are exquisiteness and good taste—a fit example of the high mark we set ourselves a great many years ago.

You who buy Wallace silver may have the secret satisfaction of knowing that not only is it one of the most refined silvers of solid worth that you can buy, but also that it is not "ordinary." Wallace silver is not made in "quantity production." It is for the exclusives of the country.

We offer you today a free copy of our Brides' Portfolio of Designs showing many other charming patterns.

Can you give a perfect buffet luncheon? Do you use the Russian, English or Mixed form of service in your entertaining? Send 25c today to R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn., for the Hostess Book which answers these and many other questions.

WALLACE *Silver* STERLING AND PLATE

A very bad habit is eliminated by this remarkable new tooth brush!

CLEANLINESS is more important in buying your tooth brush than in most any other article. Yet tooth brushes are often exposed to the most careless, dangerous handling. Many people even have the thoughtless habit of testing the bristles with their fingers —forgetful of the fact that fingers often carry infection or dirt.

The Owens Staple tied Tooth Brush is protected from this dangerous habit. It is the tooth brush that may be seen without unsanitary handling. Each one is sold in a clean, transparent glass container. Exposed to the eye, but not to thumbing or dirt.

Every feature of the Owens represents a remarkable improvement! It is made of the highest quality materials that can be bought. A wonderful new machine ties each bristle tuft permanently into the handle with a hidden staple. Bristles won't come out in your mouth!

You'll be delighted with the design! The brush is small and shaped to the teeth. Bristles are wedge-shaped and spaced wide apart. The handle is softly curved to make correct brushing easier.

Prominent dental authorities have declared the Owens design to be the best ever devised for thoroughly cleaning the teeth!

No other tooth brush can bring you all these advantages. Yet the Owens —improved in every way and sold in the glass container—costs no more than ordinary tooth brushes. 30, 40 and 50 cents each in child's, youth's and adult's sizes. *See* it at your druggist's.

Two features you'll like

Handles are made in six different colors: red, blue, amber, green, purple and white. One for each member of your family. The clean glass container makes a convenient holder when traveling

Made in U. S. A.

OWENS

Staple tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

(Continued from Page 158)

"You want to see them in the water," he told her. "Then's when they're pretty. Over in the Ring Brook, if you know where to go, you can see them lying in the pools. The water's clear, and the bottom's kind of sandy."

She had forgotten to be afraid of herself. "Won't you take me over there some day?" she asked.

Dan flushed with pleasure. "I sure will," he promised. "The first time I can get away I'll come and get you. I think you'll like it."

"I know I will," she agreed.

After he had gone she wondered to what she was committed; put the thought away. He was nothing but a nice boy. She decided that she liked him. She had, in fact, always liked young boys.

IV

ON THE following Sunday, Bert came up from Portland to spend the day with her; Dick and Nellie Case and Janet Day were with him, and they came in Dick Case's car. Betty had had notice two days before of the prospective visit; she had chickens to fry and green peas and other fresh vegetables, and she was exceedingly anxious to impress these old friends with her abilities in the kitchen. Also she had spent her energies in the task of making the house ready for them and ordering the barn studio. So she was tired even before their coming; and her eagerness to see Bert gave way, under the influence of this nervous fatigue, to a curious irritation at the jocular heartiness with which he greeted her. He had lifted her by the elbows and swung her off the ground and kissed her in a matter-of-fact way which she disliked.

He saw her expression and cried, "Not mad at me still, are you, Betty?"

She shook her head, tried to smile, and turned to welcome the others. Bert behind her loudly explained, "She sent me home in a hurry, the day I brought her up, you know. We ran over a partridge, down the road, and she was so mad she cried." He laughed with immense gusto. "I told her it takes a good man to kill a partridge with an automobile; but she wouldn't crack a smile." His arm went around her shoulders. "You're looking great, Betty," he assured her.

Then Dan drove down the road, in the wagon which he sometimes used to deliver groceries, and behind a well-kept bay mare. Betty saw him coming, and perceived the uncertainty in his countenance, and went to meet him beside the road. He stopped the horse and looked from her to the little group beside the automobile.

"I thought you might want to go over to Ring Brook," he explained. "I didn't know you had folks coming."

"Get down," she invited. "I want you to meet these people." He hesitated for a moment, and she urged, "Please do. I can't go today, Dan. But we can go next week, perhaps."

He nodded in some doubt, then smiled. "Why, sure," he agreed; "any time."

Then he slid down over the wheel and went with her toward where the others waited. She saw with approval that his cap was in his hand. She told them who he was, spoke their names, saw their amused scrutiny, and turned her eyes to Dan for reassurance. Dan and Bert were shaking hands, and she had a moment's feeling that she must have been mistaken in thinking Dan a boy. He seemed as mature as Bert.

Bert said heartily, "Live here, do you?"

Dan nodded. "My father runs the store down in the village."

"Thought all you youngsters had left the country; gone to work in the mills," Bert remarked.

"Well, not all of us, you see," Dan replied, a faintly whimsical tone in his voice.

Betty saw Bert flush.

"I guess those with any ambition get out of a place like this as quick as they can," he commented, his voice rising a little, adding blandly, "of course I don't mean to criticize you; but there can't be much for a young man to do around here if he wants to get anywhere."

Dan's sensitive mouth set for an instant, then widened in a grin. "Well, there are some nice people living around here," he remarked. "Sometimes it pays to stay in a place just for the sake of the folks you see there."

Nellie Case, in the background, exploded in something like mirth; covered it instantly by exclaiming, "And it's so beautiful here too. Don't you think so?"

Dan looked at her curiously. "Why, I expect so," he agreed. "You folks notice it more, coming up here, than we do. We're here all the time. It's the things a person isn't used to that look best to him, I guess."

Bert would have retorted; but Betty interfered, came between the two men in a fashion that served to silence them both. "Dan came to take me to a trout brook near here. He's going to show me some trout. You see, he didn't know you were coming, and we had talked of doing this." To Dan she said simply, "We'll go next Sunday, Dan."

Dan assented. "The trout will be there," he agreed. "And I'll be here, and you'll be here." He looked toward the others, his eyes held Bert's. "I'll say good-by," he told them, and walked toward where his horse cropped the grass beside the road.

When he was gone Nellie permitted her mirth to escape. "Did you ever hear such audacity!" she exclaimed. "Bert, you caught a Tartar in that young man. I tell you, you'll have to look out for yourself. Was he that way when you found him, Betty? Or what have you done to him?"

"He's been nice to me," Betty replied demurely. She was willing to make Bert uncomfortable.

Bert's color was still high, but he recovered himself. "Now, folks," he protested, "don't worry about him. Betty's a great stage manager, that's all. She's trying to pay off her score at me."

"Well, if I were engaged to a girl," Nellie insisted, "I wouldn't want her wandering along a trout brook with such a beautiful young man."

Betty said swiftly, "That's enough of that!" Her tone was good-natured, but it was also firm. "He's only a nice boy, anyway. Come on in, people. I've a thousand things for you to admire."

When they were made at home Betty and the two girls turned their attention to getting dinner; and the results were successful. Afterwards there were dishes to be washed. With half the afternoon ahead of them before time to start the homeward journey, Betty cast about a little desperately for something to do, and at last suggested that they walk down to the river.

"I'm mighty proud of my river," she explained. "It's so beautiful and still down there."

She showed them, from the windows, the deep valley below; and Nellie protested, "I can't go through those woods in these shoes."

"We can go down through my neighbor's pasture," Betty insisted. "There's a little patch of turf down along the river, and a spring, and some old elms. It's like a lovely park. You expect to see deer grazing."

"But never do," Bert remarked jocosely.

They took the way down the sloping meadow behind the house and crossed the stone wall under an ancient beech tree. Bert and Betty were ahead, for Betty must show the others the way; but when, half an hour later, they came up the hill again, Bert slowed his pace so that they fell behind. She was uncomfortable, would have preferred to avoid these moments alone with him, yet knew no way to do so.

As soon as the others were out of earshot he said mildly, "Haven't been very nice to me today, Betty."

"Of course I have," she protested.

"Look here," he urged. "You were sore at me about that partridge. But I couldn't help it if the darned fool biddy got in the way."

She remembered so vividly that he had accelerated the car, swerved so that his wheel would strike the bird. But she did not contradict him now; merely said indifferently, "It's all right, Bert."

"Something isn't all right," he insisted.

"I was sorry," she confessed, "but there's nothing to talk about."

"Then what is the matter, hon?" he asked awkwardly. "You're sore about something. What is it, anyway?"

She flamed at him defensively. "Why did you have to poke fun at Dan Bissell? He's been nice to me."

Bert stared, then laughed aloud. "Lord, Betty. It seemed to me he could take care of himself all right. I got the worst of that, didn't I?"

"You deserved to," she said implacably.

"Just the same," he reminded her, "you can't blame a man for feeling hostile under the circumstances. After all, Bet, I love you; and we're going to be married."

She swung to meet his eye. "What of it, Bert?" He hesitated uncertainly. "Do you mean you're jealous of Dan Bissell?"

STORE SERVICE PROBLEMS

One of the many interesting and complicated merchandising problems which are being put up to our staff daily:

Problem No. 3 A Notion Department which failed to show a corresponding gain in proportion to the other first floor departments, in spite of the efforts of three successive buyers. The solution of this problem by the New Way Service and Merchandising Staffs is interestingly covered in a comprehensive survey which will be sent upon request.

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MANY of the keenest merchants throughout the country are gradually extending the New Way system to additional departments and floors after a test which proved it would make money and pay an attractive return on the investment.

They have found it costly to do *without* equipment which speeds up sales, increases the turnover, reduces sales costs, and otherwise increases profits while rendering better service and drawing *new* and a *more permanent* patronage.

Enthusiastic letters from thousands of merchants—large and small, and in various communities—tell of sales gains of from 30 to 100 percent and speak of the excessively high cost of doing *without* a profit-making system which pays such high returns on a small investment.

The New Way line of Store Equipment is Standardized and Flexible—adaptable to the needs of every type and size of retail store. Manufactured on the basis of tremendous quantity production, it is now being given preference because of its low price, its flexibility, and standardized features which make it more economical than the solidly constructed, built-in types. Catalog on request; no obligation. Tell us if you wish the above survey.

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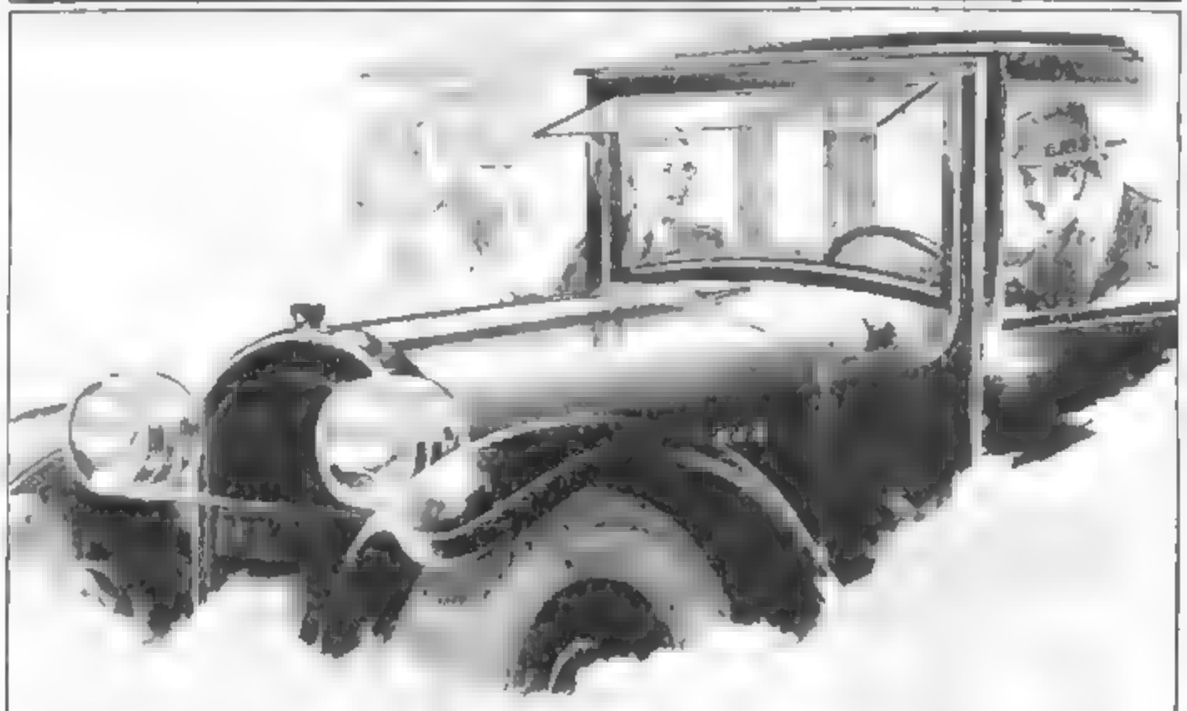

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Just *kleen* the surface thoroughly with Simoniz Kleener. It gets out the imbedded dirt and removes the oil spots and discolorations.

Then apply a brilliant, transparent and protective coating of Simoniz. You'll marvel at the way this *simonizing* process restores the original lustre of the fine finish and makes your car look its full value. It's the standard and safe way. Think, too, how easily, how inexpensively this result is accomplished!

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A PERFECT gem of a range is this new, low, all porcelain model. Designed especially for the modern home where it fits directly under the average kitchen window. No extra wall space necessary. A marvel of compact efficiency that cooks with the same ease and rapidity—the same perfection and economy as the larger L & H Electrics ranges. For best results—

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There is nothing more confusing to a man than directness from a woman when he has expected indirection. If Bert was jealous of the young man he had certainly not admitted the fact to himself, would as certainly not admit it to her.

He said unhappily, "I'm a hundred miles away from you, Betty. Don't see you for weeks at a time. You'll have to expect me to be jealous of everything you see, every person that comes near you, everyone who sees you more often than I." He put his arm awkwardly across her shoulders and would have drawn her toward him, but she drew away.

"I don't want to be kissed," she said quietly.

He laughed softly. "Pshaw, hon! What do you expect of a man?"

And this time he held her firmly. She did not struggle, but gave him her cheek instead of her lips and, when he released her, turned and walked more swiftly up the hill. He followed, a morose anger growing in his eyes.

By the time they reached the house it was necessary to start on the homeward journey. During the vivacities of parting Bert was silent; Betty, watching him, thought he looked miserable and unhappy, and she was sorry and ashamed. When the others were in the car and he turned to her and offered her his hand she gave him the kiss she had denied him before. His countenance was beaming with relief and delight when the car rolled away down the hill.

Betty, so long as they could see her, smiled after them. But when they were gone her eyes clouded; she went slowly into the house and sat for a long time by the window, looking out into a dusk that thickened into night before she stirred and rose to light the lamp.

The cheerful flare of it seemed to reassure her; by and by she began to sing, under her breath, an aimless, wordless, cheerful little tune.

SHE and Dan went, the Sunday following, to the Ring Brook beyond North Fraternity. They had discussed the project during the week, and Dan—there seemed to be a new assurance in the young man since his encounter with her friends—proposed that they take a lunch and spend the day. But Betty negatived this suggestion.

"I've so many things to do every day," she explained. "Couldn't we just go after dinner?"

Dan accepted this arrangement without protest; and while she was washing dishes after her dinner alone she heard him coming down the hill, driving a light car. He explained that he had borrowed it for the occasion.

"I didn't want to take the truck," he told her; "and it's six or seven miles over there. Take too long with the old horse."

The day, when they set out, was clear and warm; there were banks of white clouds with flattened bottoms over the hills toward the bay, but for the rest the sky was blue and the sun shone blandly. They passed through the village and on toward North Fraternity; and when they climbed the stiff grade to the ridge beyond the latter community Dan pointed to the left and told Betty the Ruffingham Meadow lay that way.

"The two brooks come together down there," he explained. "You can always get trout there. You remember the bridge we crossed, just before we came into North Fraternity?"

She nodded. Clouds were gathering between them and the sun, and the shadows moved serenely across the distant hillsides, accentuating the bright glory of the sunlight. Betty thought there might be a shower, and suggested this, but Dan shook his head. A moment later they dropped down the hill and came to a bridge and he stopped the car while they got out to crouch and look into the dark waters below. A dozen small trout lay there; they scurried into the shadows of the rocks at the movement above their heads.

Betty exclaimed with pleasure; but Dan said, "The bottom's dark in this brook. We can see better over at Ring's."

A scant mile farther on he stopped the car in the triangle where one road met another, broadside on. There was a farmhouse, low and white beneath sheltering elm trees, on the right-hand side; and a man sat on the kitchen porch and responded to Dan's greeting with a lifted hand. Diagonally opposite this house a cemetery slept in the sun. Beside it a wood road dropped between two cut banks and ended in a set of bars which Dan lowered for her to pass. They had left the highroad behind, and in this lower ground stillness enfolded them. Twice little trickles of water seeped across their path from springs in the woods; then Betty heard the rippling murmur of water ahead and caught a glimpse of the brook itself, and Dan bade her stand still for a moment while he crept forward to peer into the pool in the bend above the bridge. He moved on hands and knees very slowly.

After one look he turned his head and said to her in a matter-of-fact tone, "Two nice ones lying right below the bridge here. Come up quiet, and keep the trees between you and the sky."

Betty was astonished to feel her heart pounding; she could hardly breathe. She came to his side, crouched on hands and knees beside him. He bade her look through a hole in the old bridge where a rotten plank had broken down. She did so. Under one of the ends of the bridge there was a rock, half in and half out of water, and at its base a little bed of yellow sand was fanned clean by the gentle flow of water. Suspended in the water over this sand bed, so still she could not at first believe they were alive, two trout hung, the movement of their fins so lazy they seemed like grasses rippling in the current.

She could see every detail of their markings—the bright spots on their backs, the serpentine lines of darker coloring which wound among the spots, their eyes, the ivory line down the forward edges of their belly fins. She thought she had never seen anything so beautiful, and crouched raptly, her eyes fixed, her lips parted. The fish were longer than she had expected them to be; but they seemed thin, slender, no deeper than a pickerel.

She murmured this, and Dan explained. "The water makes them look that way. Those fish are close to a foot long; they're maybe three inches deep. Thinner now than they were a month ago probably. Spawning."

"Do trout die when they spawn?" she asked. "Like salmon?"

He shook his head. "No. No, sir; there's too much life in a trout. A salmon's a big, husky, swaggering sort of a fish; but a trout is just life itself. You can go down to the hatcheries and touch them in the water, they're so tame; but just the touch of them against your finger tips gives you a feeling of the life in them. No matter how still they lie."

By and by he drew her attention to the fact that other fish lay out in the deeper portion of the pool. This pool was an elbow in the brook; the current came in from the east, circled, and went out at the south side. The pool was roughly circular, deeper just where the current lost its force, and a great tree, half undermined, stood on the southwestern bank. Its roots were exposed. Half a dozen eight-inch trout lay in the tail of the current, and while they watched one of them rose to take a struggling insect that came downstream. At Betty's low exclamation of delight Dan smiled.

"Watch these below us," he advised. "They look half asleep, but they're not."

He spat into the pool, a little way in front of them. Instantly one of the fish tilted upward, rose in a fashion that seemed lazy yet was full of an indolent speed. It did not break the surface, seemed to discover the fact that it had been deceived, and darted out of sight under the rock so quickly Betty could scarcely tell where it had gone.

"Frightened away," he remarked.

She whispered, "How shy they are!"

The other big trout was stirring restlessly. Dan smiled and extended his hand over the water, moving it in an arc. Betty looked to see what he was doing, and when she looked into the water again the big trout was gone. So were those others which had been lying in midstream. Dan rose.

"They'll come out again in a few minutes," he explained. "But there are some more pools I want to show you."

She submitted to his direction obediently enough; she was full of the wonder of what she had seen, full of gratitude to him. They crossed the brook and turned upstream. Once he made her crawl on her hands and knees into an opening among the alders till she could see half a dozen small trout lying not three feet below her. She moved incautiously and they were gone. Again he found for her a school of fish varying from six inches in length to ten, but here the light upon the water fell in such a way that to see was not easy, and they moved

(Continued on Page 165)

Federal No. 65 Audio Frequency Transformer

Master of Every Note in the Orchestral Range

FAITHFUL reproduction of music has been one of the most difficult problems of the radio engineer.

Using the tremendous experimental facilities of the Federal broadcasting station "WGR", Federal engineers have worked untiringly towards the solution of this problem.

It was their creation of the Federal No. 65 Audio Frequency Transformer that brought both the highest and lowest notes of the orchestra pouring through the radio receiver in full rich tones with absolute fidelity.

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Just raise the handle. The OHIO stops and stands by itself without propping. When you are ready to clean again, lower the handle to natural working position and the motor starts. No other cleaner will do this.

The Only Cleaner That Will—

Before YOU buy ANY cleaner, ask the salesman about these other essential points. Don't WISH you had, later on!

1. Has it a self-starter? Will the motor *start* when you lower the handle and *stop* when you raise it?

   Thousands of women claim that the self-starter makes the OHIO the safest and most convenient of all cleaners.

2. Has it really powerful suction? Will it readily pick up hair, threads, litter, and deep-imbedded dirt *without* the help of its brush?

   The new OHIO has such tremendous suction. All the motor's power is concentrated on the FAN. The motor is not slowed down to accommodate the brush, which is *traction*-driven in the new OHIO.

3. Has it, in addition, a gently revolving carpet-sweeper-action brush, to pick up lint and ravelings, and to harmlessly straighten and brighten the nap without making the cleaner hard to push?

   The new OHIO has such a brush (not motor-driven) which positively will not harm the finest silken rugs, even if the cleaner is left running indefinitely on one spot.

4. Is it light enough to carry and use easily?

   The new OHIO is exceptionally light and handy to use. Even a small child can operate it, or carry it up or down stairs with ease.

5. Can it be carried upstairs without spilling dirt? Has it an automatic dust-shutter in the throat of the cleaner?

   The new OHIO has an automatic dust-shutter which positively prevents dirt from dropping back on the floor when the cleaner is being lifted or carried.

6. Is the dust-bag easy to empty and clean? Has the bag only a one-end opening so that you can empty it right in the room, without scattering dust? Can the bag be washed without injury, or readily turned inside out, without soiling the hands?

   The new OHIO has such a dust-bag.

7. Will it do really effective cleaning with the attachments? Has it the proper tool for every practical use?

   The unusually strong suction of the new OHIO makes every attachment exceptionally efficient. And there's an attachment for every practical use

8. Will it clean in corners and along baseboards?

   The nozzle of the new OHIO cleans up close to baseboards, corners and furniture, yet without injuring them.

9. Will it clean stairs?

   The handle of the new OHIO locks at any angle required for cleaning stair-risers and other difficult places.

10. Can its nozzle be easily adjusted?

    The new OHIO can be adjusted to clean long- or short-nap carpets or bare floors.

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The United Electric Company, Canton, Ohio

SINCE 1909

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BUILT AS WOMEN WANTED IT BUILT

(Continued from Page 162)

on. In a bend under alders he pointed out where perhaps a hundred trout less than legal size darted to and fro in a scurry of excitement. A hundred yards upstream, beneath the roots of an upturned tree, he showed her a fish better than a foot long lying hidden, head concealed, belly and tail exposed.

"Like an ostrich, isn't he?" Betty exclaimed. "Hiding his head."

"A trout likes to hide," Dan agreed.

The brook wound for a little way through the wood; and Betty, as it happened, was ahead when a partridge flushed beneath her feet and whirred off through the trees; then two half-grown birds rose and floundered across the brook on uncertain wings, and another, and another.

Betty cried "They're young ones," and Dan nodded. "They're beautiful," she said.

Dan assented. "Yes, a biddy is mighty pretty," he agreed; and added surprisingly, "You kind of remind me of a partridge your own self, sometimes."

She was surprised into a quick look toward him, and laughed defensively. "I hope I don't roar and strut around the way they do," she protested.

"No," he told her. "No, but you're kind of brown-looking, and pretty."

She was going ahead of him up the brook, so that he could not see her face; but her tone was quite matter-of-fact

"I don't think they're half so pretty as trout," she replied.

"There's a pool right ahead where we'll see some good ones," he promised her.

But this once he was mistaken; and she was as much surprised at this as she had heretofore been at the accuracy of his predictions. She remarked that he seemed to know just where to expect the fish to be. He nodded.

"You can figure pretty well on a trout," he assented. "A day like this they'll be in the deep holes, or right below where a spring comes in, where the water's cool."

Later, when they had crept up to an open pool where he said their approach frightened the fish, he bade her sit very still with her silhouette broken by the alders at her back, and wait for the trout to return.

She saw a movement in the water and whispered "There's one!"

"Sucker," he corrected. "See his forked tail." Under her questions he began to talk about the habits of the trout. "It's funny," he confessed, "but trout and suckers and pickerel will live right together, right in the same pool. And the trout are the easiest to catch of them all, if you don't show yourself. Suckers won't bite unless they feel like it. You take a live, wriggling worm and they'll take hold; but even then they won't gulp it down, the way a trout will. You give a trout time and he'll swallow bait, line and everything. A sucker'll fight, too, on a light rod. About the only difference between them and trout is that they won't take a fly, and that they're only good for cats to eat."

She asked "Do you use flies?"

"Sometimes," he replied. "Not often. Usually I just about have time to get a mess and get home. Some days when they're biting good and I've got what I need I fool with a fly a little. You can't do much on a little brook like this."

He told her how the trout fed; how an individual fish would gorge itself till half-digested worms or insects protruded from its jaws; how on another day the same fish would scorn the most tempting offerings.

"Some days you'd catch all sizes," he said. "Other days you won't get anything but big ones, and other times just the little ones will bite. I came out one day in June and got four that were a foot long or better, and the week after that I got twenty-two that wouldn't vary an inch. Seven or eight inches long, all of them."

The frightened fish were coming out from their retreats under the bank. A score or so of small trout took station in the foot of the pool; a larger fish appeared from nowhere, and another. Dan pointed out that a spring emptied into the stream a rod or two above.

"The cold water settles in that deep hole there," he explained. And he told her how he had crept in here one day two years before and found the pool full of fish from nine to thirteen inches in length. "I sat right here all afternoon," he said. "I'd catch one, and that would scare the others, and it'd be twenty minutes or so before another would take hold. Had such a good time I didn't count up till time to go home, and then I had seventeen. I was kind of ashamed of myself."

"Why?" she asked. "Wasn't that a fine catch?"

"We couldn't use them," he explained. "Three or four that size was all I needed."

They stayed for a long time by that pool, stayed so long that the sun drew down the western sky, and thrushes began to sing in the deep woods behind them, their clear notes making more thrillingly sweet the hush of early evening. Betty, without realizing it, was happier than she had ever been before; she liked Dan immensely, and in his slow talk she read a portrait of the man and his instincts and ideals which she found clean and fine. She thought him gentle and strong; found him more mature than she had supposed; liked his quiet humor and the occasional whimsical audacity of his words. Once, in the midst of one of his tales of fish and fishing, she asked how old he was, and she was astonished when he said he was twenty-six. After that she led him to talk about himself and what he meant to do with his life. He told her his younger brother was in an agricultural school.

"When he comes home," he explained, "I'm going to Boston. I've worked some there, for the automobile people. There's a selling job waiting for me."

She shook her head. "You don't belong there," she protested. "You belong here. Men like you are what this country needs."

He smiled at her quizzically. "Well, it needs girls like you, too," he suggested, "but you wouldn't want to stay here."

"I can imagine staying," she said quietly; and thereafter silence held them for a while.

He broke it; reminded her they must be starting home.

On the homeward way he stopped the car on the bridge beyond North Fraternity so that she might look across Ruffingham Meadow toward the setting sun. The encircling hills faced them, north and south and west, deep purple in the shadows; the sun itself was obscured by a cloud whose white mantle was gilded by its rays. Across the meadow itself lay a shadow so deep it was almost palpable, so blue it seemed incredible. Directly above the bridge there was a widening of the stream which formed a little open pool, and in this the sky and the rims of the hills were faithfully reflected. She was astonished to find tears upon her cheeks.

"I wish I could just paint the mirror of that pool," she whispered; but knew if she could paint it no one would believe.

"I like to figure to get here about sunset when I'm over this way," he agreed.

By and by he drove on, but her eyes lingered on the west, would hardly be drawn away. Then the wooded lowlands shut them in, and Dan gave his attention to keeping the car atop the high-crowned road. Betty fell into a reverie, was unconscious of their progress till the bridge at Fraternity rattled beneath their wheels and the car began to labor up the long grade.

When they reached her home it was late dusk. She alighted, and he climbed out after her. She found herself trembling as she faced him; caught herself swaying toward him as though the gathering night pressed against her shoulders. She could never afterward remember what they said; but by and by she found herself within her own door, leaning back against it, her arm across her face and her lips parted to permit the passage of her hurried breathing. Outside she heard his car roaring away up the hill.

She had a momentary hallucination; she thought her arm was still about his neck; that his lips again touched hers, so gently yet so movingly. And she trembled with a happiness more poignant than pain.

Her first rational thought was that she was quite sure she did not love Bert Mariatt.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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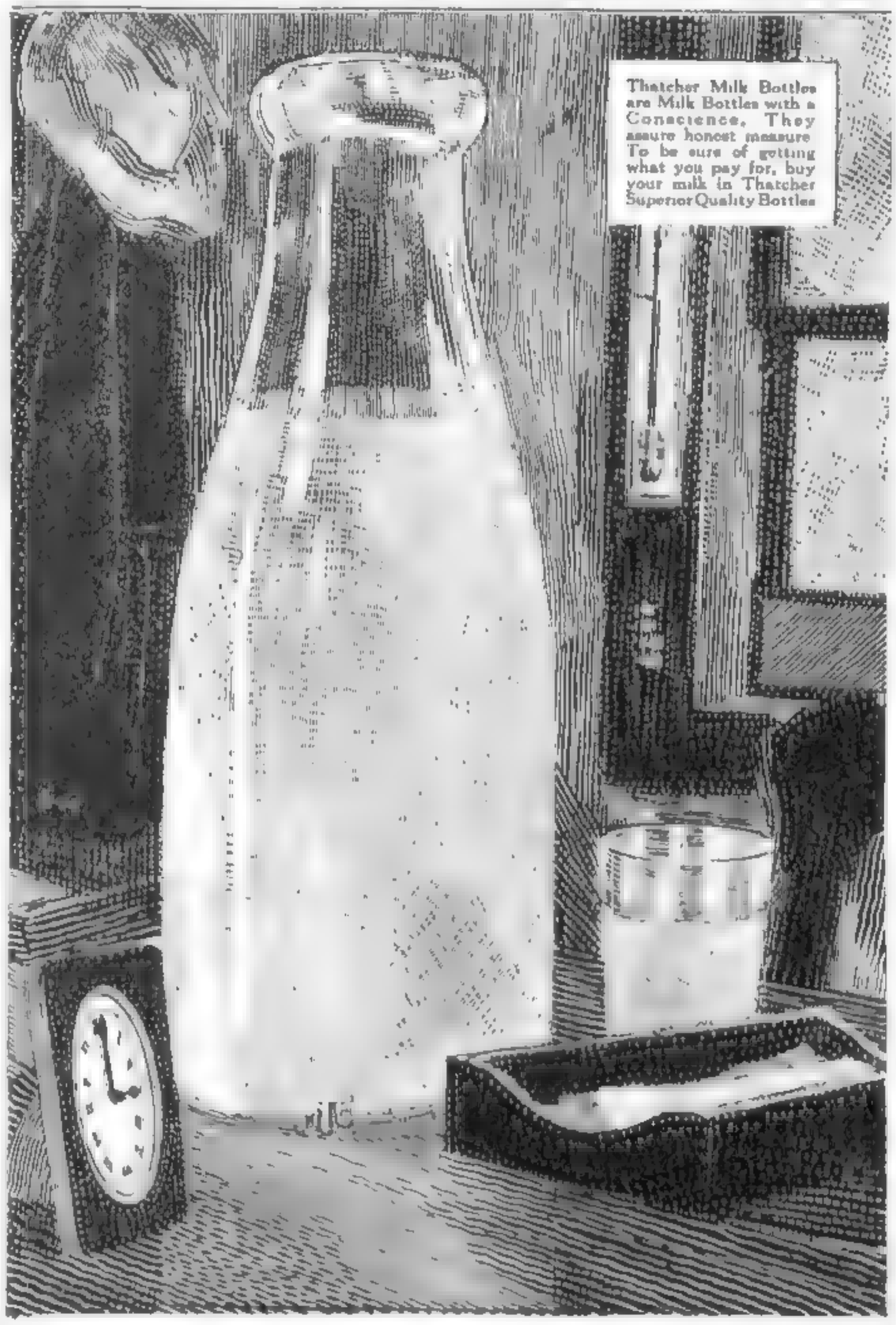
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THATCHER
BOTTLES *for* MILK
When they say a Quart-They mean it

CONTRASTS AND CONTRADICTIONS

(Continued from Page 21)

Mr. Lloyd George, as prime minister, spoke of these reforms as an experiment and thereby incurred the displeasure of all educated Indians, the Indian not seeming to care for a frank statement of indisputable fact if the fact happens not to be palatable. But the truth is that no measure was ever framed more carefully to safeguard established authority for the time being at any rate—than the Government of India Act of 1919, designed "to provide for the increasing association of Indians in every branch of Indian administration, and for the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in British India as an integral part of the Empire."

Even in the preamble to this act, of which the foregoing is a part of the first paragraph, there appears a suavely worded warning to the effect that Parliament can act to extend the privileges conferred only after the Indians have demonstrated that "confidence can be reposed in their sense of responsibility," while all the way through one recognizes a conservatism and reserve which nobody knowing India even superficially can fail to regard as being, under the circumstances, exceedingly wise.

As a final intimation that there need be no particular hurry about establishing responsible government, the act provides that at the end of ten years a statutory commission shall be appointed and sent out "for the purpose of inquiring into the working of the system of government, the growth of education and the development of representative institutions in British India, and shall report as to whether and to what extent it is desirable to establish the principle of responsible government, or to extend, modify or restrict the degree of responsible government then existing therein, including the question whether the establishment of second chambers of the local legislatures is or is not desirable."

An Attitude of Helpfulness

In view of all of this it seems to me that Mr. Lloyd George was justified in referring to the immediate step forward as an experiment. But the Indians are tremendously serious about it, unless it be those who condemn it utterly as being wholly inadequate and who wash their hands of it altogether and turn their attention to radical agitation. And those who are serious about it are surely right. That water cannot be made to run back up over a dam may still be believed, and these Indians must know that no Parliament would ever restrict the limited privileges they are now permitted to exercise unless that Parliament were faced with a situation in India resembling chaos and the unthinkable necessity for reconquering the country.

During the discussion of the proposed reforms preceding the enactment of the Reform Bill there was a good deal said about the possibility that England might have to reconquer India, the better part of such talk being indulged in by the domiciled British, among whom many were strongly, not to say bitterly, opposed to any change in the established order or to recognition in any kind of conciliatory form of Indian political demand. These are the kind of Britishers—be they of English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, Australian, South African or Colonial extraction—who believe that in the case of India the only possibility is to rule with a firm hand and keep the natives in their place.

Fortunately, however, a majority of Britishers are quite open-minded and very liberal in their views, while those newly associated with Indians in the government services are disposed to be exceedingly helpful rather than critical, having accepted as an article of faith the idea that it is their appointed task, as Britishers, to be instrumental in initiating the Indians into the mysteries and the solemn ethics of responsible authority. That in the process a great many of them must in due time initiate themselves into private life is a mere circumstance.

A matter of primary importance in their Anglo-Saxon minds is the necessity for creating throughout the country something in the nature of really representative electorates. But this will take time. And one need only stop to consider how much time it will take in order fully to appreciate the conservatism underlying all the concessions that have so far been made. Representation for the present, as I have written before, is on the community basis, communities being designated as Mohammedan, non-Mohammedan—otherwise Hindu, Jain, Sikh, Parsi and so on—European, Anglo-Indian—meaning Eurasian—landholders, universities and commerce and industry. It seems a curious arrangement, but no other will be possible in India until education and prosperity have become more general and until social unity and national consciousness have taken the place of social division and mere class consciousness.

Do They Want the Ballot?

Qualifications for the franchise are now based on property ownership and tax liability; whether literacy as an added qualification has been disregarded in specified instances I am not sure, though I am sure that during the preliminary discussions the opinion that it would have to be was quite frequently expressed. Not more than 10 per cent of the population is literate, and one is justified in saying that a very large percentage of this 10 per cent are about half baked and respond to demagogic appeal much more readily than to reasonable argument.

On the other hand, an overwhelming majority of the population are farmers who pay taxes or land rent to the government, who are totally ignorant so far as book learning is concerned, but who are shrewd enough in all that relates to their immediate interests. They rely with childlike faith upon the fairness and integrity of their immediate overlords, who in most cases are British district magistrates; but their idea of the higher government is a good deal like a not unfamiliar Christian idea of the hierarchy of heaven. There is a tradition and belief that the least of them may approach its great ones, but they may approach only in prayer. From time immemorial, and particularly down through the era of the Great Moguls, the lowest citizen in the land has had the right of direct petition to the most exalted authority—to the emperor himself in personal audience; but the thought of being able to interfere in the minutest degree with the character, condition or stability of this authority has heretofore been a thought to these tremendous multitudes entirely unthinkable.

British India, excluding Burma—and I exclude Burma because it seems to me that on her own showing she has a right to separate consideration—has, according to the census of 1921, a population of 233,932,832. I get these figures from the India Year Book for 1923 and I know of no authority more currently authoritative. In this territory 5,365,124 voters were enrolled for the first Indian elections held in 1920 and large numbers of them failed to vote. One supposes that in being enrolled for the first time in their lives they thought they had voted. In Burma, on the other hand, which has a recorded population of 13,295,564, approximately 2,500,000 citizens qualified for the franchise and most of them exercised it.

These figures speak for themselves and they say a lot. I am not going to burden myself with the arithmetical and therefore uncongenial task of figuring out what they amount to in the way of percentages, but anyone who wishes to do so will have revealed to him the fact that in British India, excluding Burma, what they represent does not amount to much, from a really democratic standpoint, as a foundation for responsible government. It is expected, however, that these figures will be very greatly increased in the returns from the second election.

The building in Delhi, known as the Secretariat, in which the government services are housed, is a vast and imposing edifice. It looks a good deal like a papier-mâché exposition building of some sort designed with reference chiefly to its ornamental features; but, surrounded as it is by spacious gardens brilliantly a-bloom with many varieties of flowers, it is impressive enough; and viewed from the height of the historic Ridge above it, it lights up the scene quite magnificently and makes temporary Delhi look considerably like a capital. When the colossal new Delhi, now under process of construction, is completed this Delhi will be abandoned by government, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that a curious air of temporariness envelops everything to be encountered in the governmental environment—an air, incidentally, which make it somewhat difficult for the disinterested stranger to take the new government of India altogether seriously.

Though this does not apply to the Government of India with capital letters—no! That is quite a different proposition. The Government of India continues to exist as a separate entity, which is why the government of India—called diarchical, among other things—is so mystifying in its observable aspects.

The Imperial Cabinet

The Government of India—the one with the capital letters—begins with his majesty the King-Emperor, who, as he presents himself to my mind, is the crown personified; the crown being the keystone in the vast arch of British Empire. The Government of India has always been autocratic, the British institution having been modeled in many ways upon similar institutions which preceded it. It is probably the most liberal and the most kindly government that India ever had; but it has always imposed its authority from above and, apart from the material considerations underlying the British position, has derived no inspiration from any source save its own will to be worthy of its most unusual mission.

The imperial cabinet, acting in the name of the King-Emperor, is the supreme authority as regards the administration of Indian affairs, while Parliament, answerable to the British electorate, lays down the laws by which the imperial cabinet must guide its steps. The British public, however, has never been induced to take a serious and intelligent interest in India; so it may be eliminated as a really important factor, however much the British politicians in the game may wave it as the Number One red rag in the arena. A government in England has always been able to do almost anything in India without risking collapse on account of popular clamor.

The Secretary of State for India is the minister in the imperial cabinet answerable to the cabinet for the conduct of affairs in India, while the sole executive authority in India rests with the Governor-General in Council—in other words, the viceroy and his cabinet, which consists of the commander in chief of the Indian Army and six other members, each of whom acts as the head of one or more departments of government, the affairs of which he directs. It resembles somewhat our portfolio system, though with a good many differences. The Council of the viceroy is empowered, for instance, to override viceregal decisions, whereas a decision on the part of the President of the United States to veto a congressional measure, let us say—there being a direct relationship between our Chief Executive and our Federal legislative bodies—may not be overridden or even publicly discussed by the members of his cabinet.

The Three Great Presidencies

I hope I am not being too academic. I am of course for those who are familiar with India; but I happen to be writing at the moment for the benefit of those, or with those persons in mind, who have not heretofore interested themselves in the subject. The Indian governmental institution is different in many ways from any that was ever before developed. And it must be remembered that it was developed by a band of most glorious brigands; heaven-born pathfinders through the wildernesses of all but universal stagnation and benightedness in the teeming lands of the East. Up to this day and generation its absolutism, on account of the multitudinous problems involved, was thought to be a proved necessity, and it was therefore that it was so difficult to deal with in a process of modification and reform.

Unlike the United States, where certain state rights are reserved with which the Federal Government may never interfere, the provincial governments of India have always been more in the nature of branches of the Government of India, enjoying no measure or suggestion of autonomy and functioning without constitutional bases provided either provincially or nationally. There are three great presidencies—Madras, Bombay and Bengal—the executive authority in each of which is discharged by a Governor in Council; the more important of the provinces, such as Behar and Orissa, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, the Punjab and Burma, are administered by Lieutenant Governors in Council, while the title of the highest authority in the lesser provinces is that of chief commissioner.

These men, with a single exception, I believe, are all Englishmen appointed from London, and the idea has always been that the higher officials should be men who knew nothing about India from personal experience and who would therefore be free from all prejudices and predispositions. At least three members of every governor's council, however, have always had to qualify by not less than ten years' actual Indian service, while the Indian civil service is a magnificent organization which has been developed upon the highest principles of special training. And, as everybody who writes about India is sure sooner or later to declare, the real rulers of the country are the district magistrates—commonly known as collectors and all being members of the Indian civil service—who deal directly with the people in small divisions of territory which might be compared with our counties, though most of them are larger than the average American county and have vastly greater populations. You see that India, while being a really vast country frequently referred to as a subcontinent, is only about as big as that portion of the United States

(Continued on Page 171)

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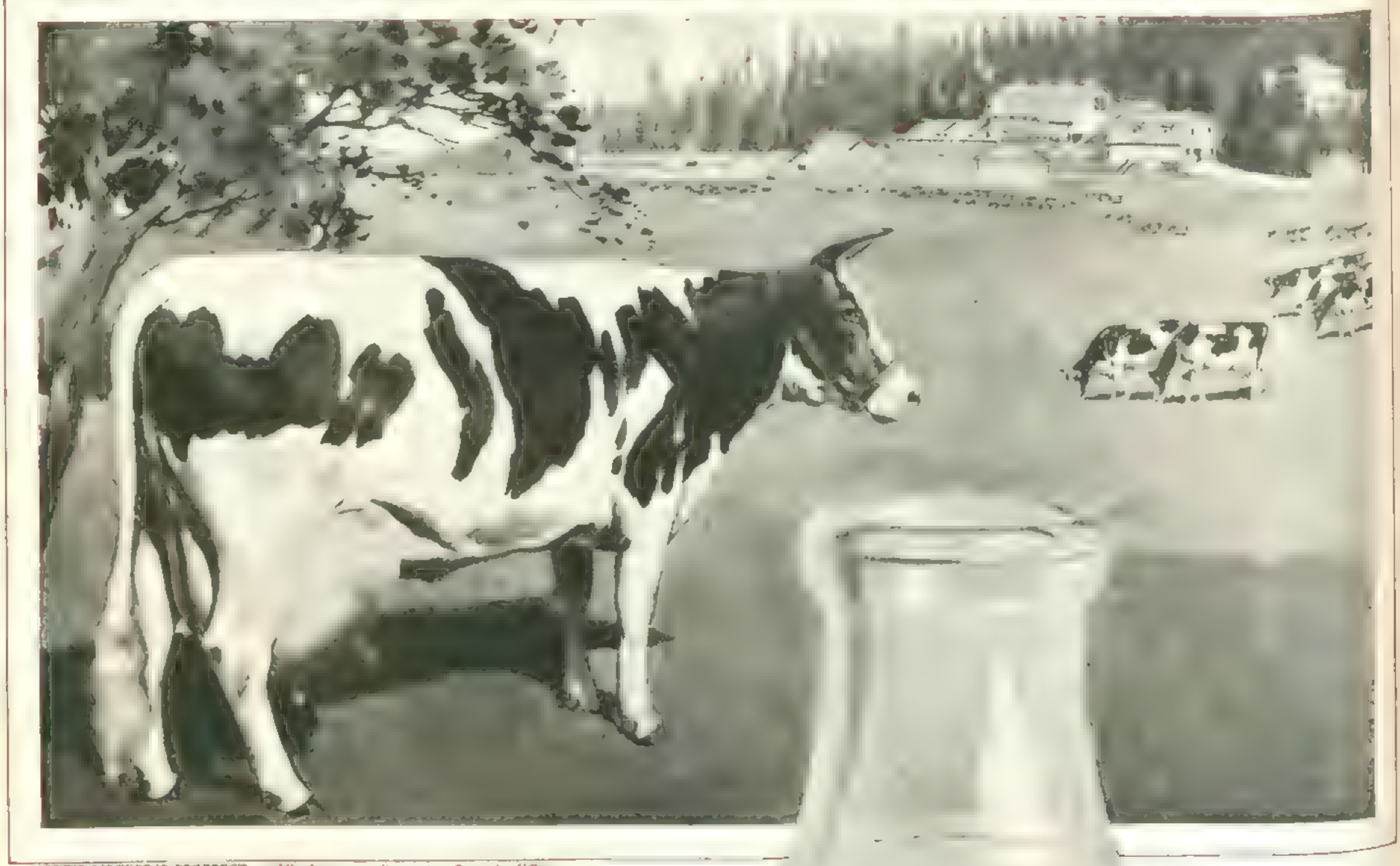

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(Continued from Page 166)

which lies east of the states in line north and south with Colorado; but it supports, after a fashion, more than three times our total number of people.

The average district has an area of 4430 square miles and a population of 931,000; and since large areas of the country are sparsely settled, while other areas are densely congested, it is not difficult to realize that many a district magistrate finds himself directing the affairs of tremendous numbers.

Of course, every district is subdivided and every collector has a numerous staff of deputies and subordinate officers of various sorts—Englishmen, usually—connected with the departments of police, health, justice, education, public works, forests, and so on; while on down the line come the tahsildars, the kunungos, the patwaris, the chaukidars, and others, who are the district subdivisional and very subordinate officials—being mostly Indian—who are revenue inspectors, village officers, accountants and village watchmen. The chaukidar is the village watchman, and it is said by many that he rivals the district magistrate as the most important official in India. Seeing him in his regalia, with the badges of his office upon him, one can easily believe this.

It cannot be a part of my purpose to deal with provincial administration even superficially, because the subject is endless and exceedingly complicated. The point I wish to make is that all provincial governments have always been directly answerable in all things to the Government of India, and that this unmodified dependence has enabled the Government of India to control the affairs of the entire country in their every ramification.

This government has its headquarters in Delhi only five months in the year, the remaining seven months being spent among the delights of Simla. And thereby hangs another Indian grouch. Simla is not easily accessible, and, even though it were, not many Indians can afford the luxury of two establishments. Moreover, their wives and daughters are controlled by the purdah system and do not move about freely; so a long annual residence in Simla means to most of them a long annual separation from their families, to say nothing of their interests, which are located on the plains.

The Gods on Olympus

A very few of them—those who know nothing about the restrictions incidental to a limited income—are quite as devoted to Simla as any Englishman could be, and maintain there handsome villas and charming bungalows; but the average Indian resents the place with a considerable resentment. Especially, I think, he resents what it has stood for in his mind in years gone by. It has been commonly known as Olympus, and the gods on Olympus have been haughty. Even Englishmen can have that kind of feeling about Simla when they are not among those present enjoying its beauties and its benefits.

I remember that when I was in Mesopotamia with the British Expeditionary Force, whose operations were being directed by the general staff in residence at Simla, I heard the gods on Olympus referred to very frequently and with scathing disapproval. Everybody in Mespot was a victim of slaughtering heat, a withering desert glare, soul-devastating dust, sand flies and other pestiferous insects, war restrictions of all kinds and grilling daily toil. In addition to all of which they had occasion every once in a while to think that the gods on Olympus had forgotten them; or, having remembered them, did so only to make matters worse for them in one way or another or to issue a lot of idiotic orders impossible of execution. At that time I had never seen Simla, and, as a consequence of its remote and exalted relationship to my immediate scheme of things, I had implanted in my mind a very curious impression of the place.

All governments in India, as a matter of fact—provincial governments, that is, as well as the central government—have hill stations to which they flee en masse as soon as the hot season begins on the plains; so one can easily realize that, with the new, numerous and numerically consequential legislative bodies having to follow executive authority, the annual migrations are bound to be somewhat spectacular and exceedingly expensive. The Indians do not mind the heat; India is their native clime; and what with other reasonable arguments they are able to present, one is not at a loss to understand why they are sarcastic about the burdens imposed by the maintenance of the hill stations.

There can be no doubt, however, that the British are right in their contention that considerations of health are of first importance, and the Indians will almost certainly subscribe to this view when they have enjoyed for a while the benefits originally provided by and for the British communities.

Simla is too heavenly wonderful! One could more readily imagine the abandonment of Delhi as the capital of India. Nestling as it does among the giant deodars clothing the foothills of the Himalayas, and with the overwhelming magnificence of the snow-clad ranges dominating its broad horizons, it is beautiful beyond dreams of beauty. Incidentally, it offers peace and serenity with every breath of perfect air that soughs through its fragrant forests; it offers normal home life and social activities to normal white men; and though it is like no other city ever built by Britishers, it was built by Britishers upon no foundation save the hills to which it clings, and is therefore more British, perhaps, than anything else in all India.

Matters Reserved

When the governmental Reforms were inaugurated one of the objects was to enter upon the first stages at least of decentralization; so, with this object in view, the powers of the old provincial legislative councils, the former functions of which were limited to discussion and what amounted to merely advisory enactment of legislative measures, were considerably increased; but since this increase was not accompanied by any decrease in the prerogatives of the central authority, the provincial legislators can make the exercise of their enhanced privileges effectual only through their own self-restraint and a demonstration on their part of a sense of responsibility.

The most notable privileges conferred upon them were the privileges of voting or withholding supplies, of initiating legislation within prescribed limits and of framing their own rules of procedure in case they were able to do so in agreement with the provincial governor's ideas. But they were empowered to legislate in connection with certain subjects only—altogether of a provincial character—while other subjects, though closely connected with provincial interests in many instances, were regarded as being too important or too delicate for their immature political capacities and were therefore reserved to be dealt with by the higher and central authorities only.

Among these subjects are, naturally, national defense in all its ramifications, external relations and the relations between the Government of India and the native states. Then comes the subject of communications, under which heading are included railroads and extra-municipal tramways; inland waterways; shipping and navigation, both inland and oceanic; lighthouses, lightships, beacons, buoys and port quarantine; posts, telegraphs, telephones, wireless installations and aircraft of all kinds. After which customs, excise duties, income tax, salt and all other all-India revenues; currency and coinage; commerce, banking, insurance, trading companies, development of industries and mineral deposits; production and distribution; control of the production, manufacture and export of opium; control of petroleum and explosives, arms and ammunition; emigration and immigration; criminal law and criminal procedure; census and statistics; survey—geographical, geological, botanical and zoölogical; territorial changes ——

But why go on? The list of reserved subjects is a very long one; but even so, the provincial legislative councils have plenty with which to occupy themselves; and after all, the success or failure of such an experiment as is being made depends largely upon the spirit which animates the superior authority. That which was instituted under the Reforms to supplement the Government of India, otherwise the Viceroy-in-Council, was an all-India or so-called national legislature consisting of an upper and a lower chamber, the upper chamber being known as the Council of State. With that body I do not intend to deal except to say that it is a very distinguished body and that it functions somewhat after the manner of a Senate, though without constitutional prerogatives or any rights save rights conferred.

It was the Legislative Assembly, or lower chamber, in which I was particularly interested. The Council of State reviews and passes upon all its acts and resolutions, and stands, in a sense, between it and the executive authority; but it is the real expression of the new democracy in India, even though its function is limited to asking questions and expressing itself legislatively in connection with a few designated subjects of minor importance.

I have already described its environment, but I must refer again to the general tone of quiet exhilaration which I observed and which affected me definitely when I drove up for the first time in the midst of the flowers and the brightness and among the crowds of interesting strangers to attend in the visitors' gallery one of its morning sessions.

On the government side of the chamber were a number of Englishmen, including some official members. Among these were the commander in chief, the Home member of the viceroy's council, who has to do with the administration of the departments of justice, health and other internal affairs; and the Finance member, who deals with the budget. The contrast between them and their Indian colleagues need not be dwelt upon. It impressed me as being the utmost, and I could not help but feel that the Englishmen were there, not as overlords, but only as visitors and interested spectators from a foreign country. Out of a total of 103 elected members there are four Englishmen, elected by the European communities of Bengal, Madras, Bombay and the United Provinces.

The assembly is not authorized to elect its own president, though it is provided that at the end of four years it will be permitted to do so. For the time being he is appointed by the viceroy. When he came in, and, having performed the brief ceremony of opening the session, took his seat, my impression of the whole scene as a study in contrasts and contradictions was complete. Sir Frederick Whyte is a typical young Englishman of the tall, clean-cut and rather classic-featured variety, and in wig and gown is the personification of British dignity and reserve. He has been greatly praised by both Britishers and Indians for the masterly manner in which he handles the widely diversified elements that go to form the body over which he presides.

The Commander in Chief

I attended a good many sessions, but the two most important were devoted to official presentations of reserved subjects. Defense and finance are among these, as they are among the subjects withheld from provincial interference; and while they are, one cannot imagine any group of radical politicians doing irreparable damage to the immediate and necessary scheme of things.

His excellency, Lord Rawlinson, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., is commander in chief of the military establishment in India. He is known as the extraordinary member of the viceroy's council, while the six other members are designated as ordinary. This, of course, is because the commander in chief has nothing to do with the civil administration; but that internal tranquillity and border defense are among the most important considerations to be dealt with by the Government of India is not open to question. And you cannot be responsible for the security and general behavior of nearly a fifth of the human race and take many risks of a purely sentimental character, can you? Particularly if 90 per cent of that fifth of the human race happens to be a wholly uninformed mass of humanity hereditarily and constitutionally incapable of being responsible for itself. Lord Rawlinson was in the chamber that morning to make a statement with regard to the Indianization of the Indian army.

After a few preliminary routine questions and answers, he rose to his feet, while a hush of eager expectancy fell upon the audience he was to address. He spoke with an incisive but gentle persuasiveness, and he reviewed the question of Indian defense from beginning to end.

The necessity for his doing this arose from what a great many persons believed to have been a somewhat ill advised or rather premature decision on the part of the members of the imperial cabinet who were directly responsible—the Secretary of State for India, that is, and the Secretary of State for War—to appoint a committee which should go to India and investigate the organization and administration of the Indian army and make recommendations with regard to possible changes. This action

(Continued on Page 173)

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BETTY: *(with a superior air)* "*Luck? Nothing of the sort. Here—on my wrist—is the answer!*"
PHIL:—"*Does that tiny jewel keep time?*"
BETTY:—"*To the second! And isn't it adorable?*"

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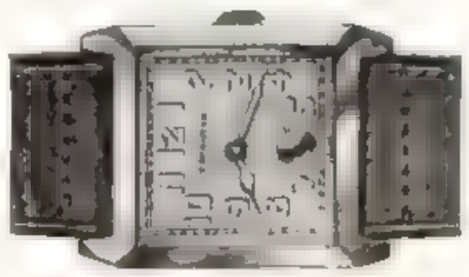

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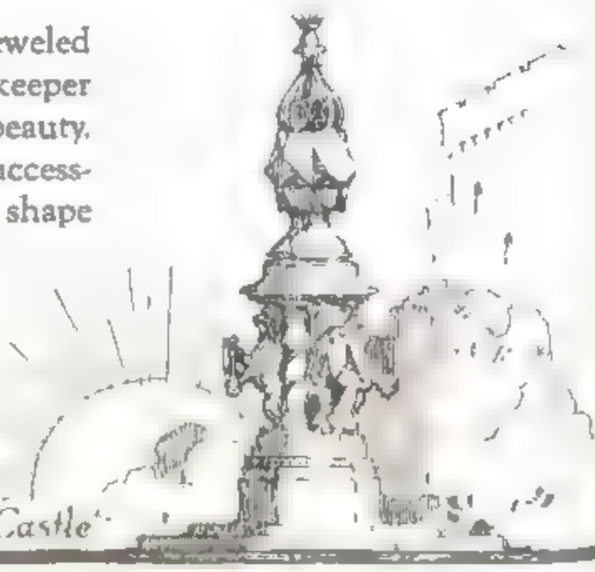

Sun-dial at Glamis Castle

TAVANNES

WATCHES (TA-VAN) ~ *right with the Sun*

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was undoubtedly by way of recognizing in as leisurely and conservative a manner as possible the discontent with army regulations which Indians had been expressing for a good many years; but also it was inspired by a fine appreciation of the splendid service of the Indian army during the war. In any case it was taken; the committee was duly appointed and authorized, and that the result of its labors was what it was only served to prove that it paid very little attention to popular clamor.

The principal demands of the Indians were, first, that the Indian army should be held as existing primarily for the defense of India against external aggression and for the maintenance of internal order and tranquillity, and not be considered as a unit of the imperial forces to be maintained for the general defense of the empire, and second, that Indians should be made eligible for King's commissions and admitted to the right of promotion to all ranks.

The report of the committee eventually forthcoming in voluminous form, not only negatived both these propositions but embodied various recommendations that were in direct opposition to public sentiment; the result being that the Legislative Assembly took advantage of its earliest opportunity to condemn the report in full in a memorandum to the government of India and to add recommendations indefatal for that august body's prayerful consideration. And then it happened that the commander in chief stood before the assembly for the purpose of making a statement with regard to the decision arrived at by the Viceroy-in-Council in connection with the Indianization of the Indian army.

As I have said, he reviewed the question of defense very thoroughly. He detailed the requirements both as to finance and efficiency and dwelt at some length on the quality of the military establishment that had been built up, and finished by announcing that it had been decided to Indianize eight units in the army—that is, create Indian officers to command eight units—and that this important innovation was to be undertaken at once. There were murmurs in the House, but I did not gather that they were murmurs of entire satisfaction and approval.

Then some member had the effrontery to ask, "How many units are there in the Indian army?"

Lord Rawlinson turned to his A. D. C., who was sitting directly behind him, and indulged in an earnest brief conversation. I thought to myself, "Don't you know?" But I imagined he was sparring for time.

He had to answer, however, and finally he said, "One hundred and twenty-four."

Whereupon there was a loud guffaw of derisive laughter punctuated by a few jeers. The assembly had asked that not less than 25 per cent of King's commissions should be given to his majesty's Indian subjects.

Another member then asked, "And how long will it take to Indianize these eight units?"

It was a leading question and called for an explanation that twenty-three years is the average time required for a British officer to rise to commanding rank, and that it would be necessary, of course, for Indian officers to get their training and experience in the usual order.

Another morning the finance member came before the assembly to discuss the budget, together with a deficit of £9,000,000, and the necessity for resorting to additional taxation in order that the budget might be balanced. There is a long and—to me, at any rate—interesting story connected with this case. It has to do with a commission appointed to investigate the financial status of the country and to make recommendations as usual. The commissioners investigated; they enveloped themselves in an atmosphere of deep dark mystery and nobody knew what the outcome of their investigation would be; there was a tremendous amount of talk, but no revelations; and so it happened that the morning the finance member appeared before the assembly was a most important occasion. He was to reveal all!

Sir Basil Blackett is nobody's orator, and in his official thinking processes he displays about as much emotion as a cash register but as he stood before that assembly of the almost wholly political minded and set forth in measured periods of extraordinary detail the whole fiscal situation in India, the thought occurred to me that he had a gift for figures and statistics. The final proposition which he had to make, however, in the form of a bill originating in council, was the most unpolitical proposition that anybody realizing the current circumstances could possibly have conceived. It was conceived by the investigating commission and indorsed by the government of India.

The salt monopoly was inherited by the British from the Mogul Empire, but it has always been exceedingly unpopular. Not that the tax imposed really amounts to much as regards the citizens either individually or en masse; but there seems to be a principle involved which gets down to the lowest intelligence. All of which being true, the announcement which the finance member had to make was that the government of India had decided that the only way to wipe out the deficit and balance the budget was to double the duty on salt. There were cries from the floor of the House:

"No! Never!"

"Infamous!"

"It cannot be done!"

"We will not consent!"

And in a storm of protest Sir Basil Blackett finished what he had to say and resumed his seat.

Shortly after this I left Delhi, so I failed to follow the subsequent arguments. But when I reached Calcutta I was interested to learn that the bill had been all but unanimously rejected by the Indian legislature and had been almost immediately certified by the viceroy in its original form. And thus does an autocracy maintain itself even as the party only of the first part in an established dyarchy.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

Indian Soldiers in the Khyber Pass

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". . . I had a lot of trouble getting comfortable shoes. Then I bought Glove-Grip Shoes. Man! the difference they did make! It was like slipping my feet into a bath of sunshine. They fit like a pair of gloves. And they are the smartest-looking pair of shoes I ever had!"

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Glove-Grip Shoes are made for both men and women, styled in all the latest shapes and leathers. Most models are $9 to $12.

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THE DERBY, *a new oxford for men. Wide, slightly squared toe, tapering tip, broad heel. In tan or black calf.*

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FOUR years ago we began the manufacture of Dayton Thorobred Cords---designed, engineered and built for low air pressure.

We recognized that only by means of lower air pressure could tires protect a car from roadshock and vibration. Only by means of low air pressure could motoring be made more comfortable. Only by means of low air pressure could tires be made safe from skidding. Only by means of low air pressure could tires be made to serve their full purpose in protecting both the car and its passengers.

One year ago, on March 17, 1923, the revolutionary announcement reproduced above was published in The Saturday Evening Post offering a new schedule of low air pressures for Dayton Thorobred Cords.

Motorists have called it the most welcome development in the history of the automobile.

During the past year users of Dayton Thorobred Cords have enjoyed a degree of motoring satisfaction heretofore unapproached. They have gotten greater comfort, greater safety and greater service from their tires. And because Thorobreds are *built* for low air pressure they have gotten these things without sacrificing the amazing mileage for which Dayton Thorobred Cords have always been famous.

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Dayton Thorobred Cords

Pioneer Low Air Pressure Tires

BUMBUMS IN BOXES

(Continued from Page 27)

customers until they disappeared beneath the swinging sign:

HOTEL
DAY AND NIGHT

Here, after some dalliance with Samuel Feltbinder, the proprietor of the ancient structure behind the sign, a bargain was struck. Samuel agreed to accept the rooster and the pullet eggs in payment for a bed that night, with the proviso that the occupants should be in said bed by nine o'clock.

"Fur if you ain't at by nine of the P.M.," warned Mr. Feltbinder, to whom guests were somewhat of a rarity, "ten cents exter off the lights it should fetch."

Mr. Feltbinder's eyes were blue and dreamy, but this hint of a romantic spirit was indignantly contradicted by all his other features. His nose was predatory and his narrow lips tightly fluted together. Moreover, this variety in facial expression was in conformity with his variety of profession. Mr. Feltbinder was not only the innkeeper of the village, he was also its postmaster, its druggist, its eligible bachelor and its expert absorber of news.

A canny use for this latter talent of their host occurred to Mr. Hulsebus.

"I hear where Loobliner's missus has left herself along back," he remarked offandedly.

Mr. Feltbinder's eyes widened from dreams to speculation. He scrutinized acutely the shaven jowls of his guests as he admitted, "They say, anyway."

"Well, it's put out Loobliner left her pretty good fixed off."

"Is that now true?" parried their host in a tone of surprised incredulity.

"Well, ain't it?" Hulsebus swung upon him.

"I ain't ast her, and ghosts don't talk none. Ho-ho!"

Mr. Feltbinder's lips crimped together over this unseemly hilarity with the protective decision of a wary oyster.

"The slink!" Hulsebus sputtered as he and Nehemiah tramped down the street. "He is after her hisself! But don't leave him make a discouragement fur youse with his blab. Soon it comes stylish dark on us; then we will go finding out fur ourselves."

But Nehemiah, though acutely aroused by the mysterious insinuations of Mr. Feltbinder, was by no means through with the financial aspect of their visit to the hotel. It took some language, ranging from delicate hint to indelicate epithet, to convince Mr. Hulsebus that he could by no stretch of the imagination consider one-half the bed his, since it had been paid for out of Nehemiah's produce.

"I wasn't ever astin' youse fur your goshdanged companies on this here trip," was Nehemiah's impregnable rejoinder to each of his neighbor's verbal squirmings.

An amiable arrangement was presently effected whereby Hulsebus purchased the evening meal for the two. With a bag of soda crackers and a wedge of cheese between them, the two sat upon the river bank and affably discussed the finer points of etiquette for the evening.

"Act free-handed," emphasized Hulsebus. "That there is what makes with the wealthier sect; with this here one in especial. I got mind of how Loobliner got her with his free hand when some such others—never."

Nehemiah's Adam's apple raised and lowered painfully as he gazed down the river. His thin, scraped face looked wistful and almost young again in the last rays of the setting sun.

"Free-handed," warned Mr. Hulsebus again. But he cast a haunted glance over his shoulder in the direction of the hotel and added equivocally, "but don't go makin' ower our joint inwestment there till we find out fur sure if she's feelin' fur second marriages with youse."

A query that had been vaguely forming in Nehemiah's mind found utterance when the two were finally traversing the stylish darkness toward their objective:

"It wonders me, if she is such a rich ketch, why you ain't puttin' in your jaw here. You're loose."

"I bet you I am loose!" Hulsebus' left foot jerked upward in the gesture common to foot-loose mankind the world over. "And I'm a stayin' loose. But that ain't savin'," he added hastily, "that there ain't no peculiar blessings onto the married state. That is. But my niece does me pretty good, and I git her fur just only her keep. And here's somepun else ag'in: I am a friend that much that I wouldn't be putting no monkey wrenches in the ways of your betterin' yourself, Brother Weist." He stopped and lowered his tone to a whisper: "That there white house acrost the street. I'll say youse good-by now. Don't go furgittin'—free-handed!"

A slight vertigo seized Nehemiah. The cottage swelled into an amorphous white balloon and tipped crazily upon the fir hedge surrounding it. He clutched toward his companion. He was alone! He dived after the retreating figure and pinioned its arm.

"What do youse want to make hurry fur? Why ain't youse going insides along fur mebbe a quatter of an hour or some such?"

Hulsebus peered at the disorganized Nehemiah.

"Well, if I have got to h'ist youse up the steps I will then!" he growled in some disgust. "But I ain't going to stay settin' a quatter of no hour. Here it's half past seven on us a'ready, and you have got to git yourself out of the house by a quatter behind nine. You mind of that dime Sam Feltbinder is aimin' to git off us."

"I guess if I couldn't do the biz in a hour and a half, I couldn't do it neither in two hours and a half," the reënforced suitor made bold to predict.

At such reckless remarks do the little gods laugh!

If Nehemiah had had any doubts as to the cordiality of their reception they were immediately dispelled by their hostess. For a second, owing to a slight nearsightedness, she stared at them glassily. Then she swung the door wide.

"Well, was this here you now, Henry? And Nehemiah Weist! Well, if it ain't! Come right along insides once!"

"Much obliged to meet you," grunted Nehemiah.

"We was passin' anyways," remarked Hulsebus airily. "So we conceited we'd just drop on in fur the sakes of old times that way. I got to be soon leavin', but Brother Weist here will stay settin'."

"Well, I guess anyway! Won't you spare your hats? Leave me take that there bundle off you, Nehemiah."

Nehemiah clutched to his ribs the box of candy.

"I ain't anyways ready to let it," he said hoarsely.

"A dozen eggs you was tryin' to sell me, I would bet," surmised the sprightly widow. "But come on into the room. I sure have glad to see you."

"Yes, I'm a wondering what you're buying eggs at," Nehemiah parried politely.

"Pick out our chairs once!" Mrs. Loobliner swept grandly before them into a sizable room with six chairs and two sofas spaced symmetrically against the walls. "But eggs, now. I couldn't tell you what they was sellin' at, because I don't feel fur 'em this here time of year. Yes, my constitution accommodates me that way. 'Till it comes spring now, and eggs is cheap ag'in, it is now awful the appytites I gits fur 'em. But him now—my dear departed. Two eggs I had got to make fur mister summer nor winter just the same. And three sides of bacon every winter hand running."

"Yes, I always heard Loobliner was much fur his stummick." Hulsebus rocked genteelly. "But I guess he could afford fur it," he added penetratingly.

"Yes, I give you he was fond fur his stummick," sighed the widow. "If you ast me, it was his stummick where took him off a'ready. He overet hisself at a stylish oyster supper; and then he went to work and ketched a cold fur me; and till nine days he was a corpse a'ready. Doc says lungs; but I hold, still, to his stummick."

"Well, anyways, he was a good purwider. And I guess, too, he never near used up his incomes. We hear, anyway, where he left you pretty comfortable off."

"I ain't gone hungry yet, anyhow," admitted the widow. "But then I was never so much fur my wittles."

Hulsebus stared bleakly at her after this barren admission.

"Well, anyways," he probed, "youse ain't got to go to work and support yourself none."

His hostess tipped a coquettish shoulder.

"There's some seems ready fur to take that job off me," she giggled. "But then ag'in I might mebbe go into some such little business fur myself."

Hulsebus turned slowly and gazed upon Nehemiah. Nehemiah, shriveled in the exact center of the high horsehair sofa, his hat and box upon the floor behind his heels, was staring glazedly at the widow.

"If you're got plenty to inwest," stumbled Hulsebus, "to be sure, there's plenty enough inwestments."

"Or a body kin take always in a partner," supplemented the hostess briskly. "Now if this here town had a up-to-dater hotel, the drummers would stop at, in place of flittin' to Danville ower."

Hulsebus started slightly. His voice dropped to its lowest ebb:

"Meanin' on the partnerships plan? Well, even that takes cash—unless you're referrin' to marriage."

"That there's the pity of it," sighed the widow. "But if you kin git the other party to raise the heft of it ——"

If the temperature had suddenly fallen half the length of the thermometer, Hulsebus could not have looked more thoroughly chilled. He cast a leaden glance upon the destroyer of his hopes and got stiffly to his feet. His very tone sounded frosty.

"Well, I'll be leavin'. Youse might as well come along, too, Weist." Nehemiah dazedly shook his head. "Well, anyway, give me the package to take along back," suggested Hulsebus heavily. "Youse won't find no use fur that there, I should guess, anyhow."

Nehemiah's heel feebly kicked the box, but he sat still, breathing hard.

"But, land sake!" the widow protested heartily, "don't all both of youse be leavin', just when we git to speakin' so comfortable about inwestments and whatever. It's some hard fur a lone lady to put out her incomes to the best adwantages."

A spark flickered to feeble life in Hulsebus' orbs.

"You wouldn't be referrin', I should suppose, to two farms and a dairy?"

"Three farms and a dairy," corrected the hostess. "But the more farms, the more taxes yet."

Mr. Hulsebus sat down. He sat down so promptly that his chin quivered from the jar. His eyes rolled toward Nehemiah as though seeking corroboration for what his ears had seemed to hear.

But Nehemiah betrayed no animation at the surprising turn the conversation had taken. The years had been rolling back so swiftly for him that he was in fact somewhat dizzy. Before him sat not the Widow Loobliner but Mattie Shreier; in his ears were her well-remembered tones; in his heart was growing the old-time ache.

Sixteen years, indeed, had not made great changes in the idol of his life. Her hair was as black as ever; she wore it as tightly crimped and as snugly drawn into a knot upon the top of her head. She was still built upon the isosceles pattern, widening steadily from the top to the base. She still scratched one elbow and then the other as she talked.

The first shock had passed and Nehemiah was feebly rallying himself at the time she confessed to the ownership of the third farm. He was dully surprised at Hulsebus' reaction to this revelation. Should that not have been the signal paramount for him to leave? Nehemiah began to feel annoyance. He became aware that he felt warm when Mrs. Loobliner smiled upon him; that he felt cold when she smiled upon Hulsebus.

A clock in the adjoining room clanged eight. Nehemiah started and surreptitiously verified the hour by his own cheap timepiece. Watch in palm, he gazed inquiringly at Hulsebus. Hulsebus caught his eye and immediately averted his own. He lolled at ease in the largest armchair, his prominent eyes luxuriating upon his hostess and her possessions; upon the voluminous lace curtains at the windows; upon the row of enlarged Shreiers and Loobliners crowding along the walls in rich frames; upon the rug before the fireplace displaying a haughty mastiff with tail rampant; upon the marble-topped table supporting a glass dome and a large gilt-edge Lives of the Saints. He even seemed to gaze upon these chattels with somewhat of a proprietary air.

From gazing dreamily upon the widow, Nehemiah now directed the full force of his attention to Hulsebus. When, compelled by this steady gaze, the latter finally darted a nervous glance in his direction, Nehemiah surreptitiously held up the watch and pointed to the hour hand. Thereupon Hulsebus gazed at him fishily and deliberately hitched his chair about so as to assume a more confidential angle to their hostess and a chilling broadside to Nehemiah.

"Yes, I give you," Mrs. Loobliner was saying, "I been through awful high society since I was a young single girl a'ready. But it didn't suit me just so good. And when mister up and fell off fur me, I moved myself back ower. It does now pleasure my eyes fur to see old friends like youse a settin' so sociable alongside. It does now."

"Yes, but," struck in Nehemiah loudly, "it's gittin' late on us. Leastways, on Hulsebus there. This side of fifteen minutes he passed his promise fur to set, and here it's —— "

"Gittin' late, he puts it!" Hulsebus laughed easily. "That there feller goes to bed with his chickens still. And gits up with them too. Now me, the night ain't har'ly in its beginnings fur me yet. Course, I hire a girl fur to make the fires and cook me; so I say, what's the use anyway? What's money fur but to git quick spent? I says. If I want to lay, I'm a goin' to lay, I says. But Weist here! Well, course, we'll have to excuse him if he wants fur to go. Ain't not?"

Nehemiah's ears strained at their moorings. He all but slid off the steep tufts of horsehair.

"But we ain't anyways tired of you," The lady flashed him a smile of one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. "Couldn't you stay settin' a while yet a'ready?"

"You bet I'm a-goin' to stay settin'," gritted Nehemiah.

It was but too evident that Hulsebus had succumbed to the lure of luxury. He ignored Nehemiah entirely and devoted himself blatantly to the widow. He threw back his coat and toyed expansively with the horsehair guard of his watch. Occasionally he thrust a hand into his pocket and jingled his keys. He crunched his heels into the Brussels carpet. Each attempt of the hostess to include her other guest in the conversation was frustrated by a fulsome interruption on the part of the traitor.

Dampness exuded from Nehemiah's palms as he rubbed them helplessly against the horsehair; bitterness exuded from his heart. But no words exuded from his tongue. The fountains of his speech, puny at best, were completely dried up, presumably by the fire of rage within him.

Beneath him reposed the amatory confectionery; beyond him the widow, including the farms and the dairy; and between them, growing larger each minute, the perfidious Hulsebus; to say nothing of those dim shapes about them, unseen but powerful, an encompassing swarm of bachelors and widowers whom the widow now and again invoked as "some such others." Saint Lawrence upon the bars of his griddle was never more tormented than was Nehemiah upon his tufts of horsehair. Another quarter hour passed—a half.

"Yes, I live still by the same house where I was fetched up," his treacherous neighbor was saying. "But I'm thinking some serious of making a change. I'm a feller that's funny that way. You can't keep me down. I could as sooner, fur instinct, be a managin' three or four places as what I kin this one. Not that I ain't pretty good fixed a'ready."

Nehemiah grabbed up his hat and the box and leaped off the springs.

"I'm a goin' and you're a goin'!" he cried somewhat wildly. He danced before Hulsebus as though the carpet was hot under his feet. "It's ten minutes behind nine a'ready, and you have overstayed yourself by ——"

Hulsebus reared back before the battle flames in Nehemiah's eyes, then rose.

"Well, don't git anyways excited ower it," he mumbled; and to the surprised Mrs. Loobliner, "But mebbe I might as well be goin'. I ordered me a room at the hotel a'ready and Sam Feltbinder is a waitin' up to see me on some such business. Not"—he swung upon her with emphasis—"that I would adwise anybody to have much dealing with that there feller. His kind ain't my stripe. A nickel is more bigger as . .

(Continued on Page 179)

The
WECO Product
Patents allowed in United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Numerous other patents pending. All rights will be fully protected.
Dr. West's

Secret Revealed!

Healthy Gums—Good Teeth—Good Health!

WHEN the Sphinx first smiled across the sands of Egypt some five thousand years ago—good teeth glistened in the mouths of those ancient people. Only about three out of one hundred had decayed teeth. Today the appalling ratio is ninety-five out of every one hundred.

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We will send you a remarkable book by a New York business man telling in full detail how he did it last summer. Read the first half page and you won't go back to the same old place or drive the same old roads this summer. ' ' Apply direct or through our local office or agent.

Automobile Department
CUNARD AND ANCHOR LINES
25 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

CUNARD LINE
ANCHOR LINE

(Continued from Page 175)

what a dollar is with some such, not mentioning no names. But me, I'm some different; free-handed by nature."

As he trod before them into the hall he groped in his pocket and brought forth a small round object between his thumb and forefinger.

Nehemiah, eying his every move with nervous distrust, saw him drop it directly in the path of the widow.

"Now don't let it go long till youse come again," she was saying hospitably. "But—what's that there, now? Did youse, now, bust a button?" Her defective eyes strained toward the round object that had proceeded from the general direction of Mr. Hulsebus.

"It's a nickel," said Mr. Hulsebus distinctly. "But don't trouble fur to pick it up. A nickel makes me nothing. When it happens me that way, I just leave it lay."

"Land sake!" gasped Mrs. Loobliner. "I never in my life seen nobody so loose-handed as that there!"

"No, I guess not, too, mebbe!" Hulsebus laughed loudly. "But you'll find out that's me, sooner or later. And you're goin' to find it out sooner than what you are later," he added significantly.

Nehemiah, shrinking along behind, picked up the nickel.

"Skunk!" hissed the betrayed suitor when, the door having closed behind them, they felt again the pavement beneath their feet. "Weasel! What do you mean by somepun like this here anyhow?"

"Hold your whiskers!" retorted Hulsebus, still in glow from his recent triumph. "Couldn't you anyways see how I couldn't git loose from her? She kep' a-holdin' on and a-holdin' on. I can't help it if the females ——"

"Skunk!"

The seared Nehemiah strained from him in the darkness. Clutching the box of candy, he whirled from the other like a surcharged top into the middle of the street. With his free arm he flailed the air from him as though it were poison and shunted off rapidly in the opposite direction.

He may have been scarcely conscious that his outraged limbs had carried him about the block three times; but he knew when they brought him to bay once more opposite the house he had recently quitted. He leaned against an elm tree and stared at it.

He felt empty and small and cold. He had always felt empty and small and cold. Life had cheated him again; life had always cheated him. Why must the Loobliners and the Hulsebuses always crowd him out of the way? Mattie Loobliner had smiled at him tonight—Mattie Schreier had smiled upon him years before.

A window in the upper story suddenly flashed yellow and warm, full upon him—like a beckoning eye? A moment later it was eclipsed by a descending shade—like a derisive wink?

Nehemiah drove hard across the street, churned up the steps, rapped feebly.

The window crashed open above his head. A voice in the imperative mood demanded, "Who is down?"

"It's me." Nehemiah wove one agonized leg about the other. "Weist."

"Weist, oncet! Weist? Well, I say!"

The surprise in the tone was so flavored with saccharine that the caller's legs convulsively straightened and as convulsively braided again in the opposite direction.

"You ain't went to bed, or anything, was you?" he inquired, his chaste eyes upon the floor, as the door opened before him.

But the widow was still fully dressed, her only concession to the god of night being a single metal curling pin that protruded from the middle of her forehead. By some obscure psychology this informal decoration heartened Nehemiah so that he followed her with unexpected masculine firmness into the room he had recently quitted.

"Was you leavin' somepun, or whatever?"

Mrs. Loobliner peered toward the sofa where her guests had been ensconced a few moments before.

The rarefied height of the moment pitched from Nehemiah's tongue the single glib remark of his lifetime.

"No, I'm a-fetchin' somepun."

He extended the box and oozed down into the nearest chair.

The metal spike palpitated coquettishly.

"Now ain't you the wit, though? Just a real comic! You was leavin' me the eggs after all! All packed in this here cute little box."

"Not eggs, exactly. No, I wouldn't say eggs. Somepun more expensive. Twicet as dear as what the A1 pullets is."

Mrs. Loobliner removed the lid. Her smile vanished. Something of consternation cramped her tone.

"Well, I would guess too!"

She set the box upon her knee and stared at it.

"Eat it oncet!" beamed Nehemiah. And added rakishly, "There's plenty more, still, where that there come from."

"Yes, I guess, too," the recipient again remarked vaguely. She hoisted her little finger delicately and edged a piece from the corner. "Ain't you goin' to sample it?"

"I don't gener'ly pick a piece between meals."

Nehemiah's tone was suddenly pinched; his face was pinched; his arms tightened across his meager chest as he watched the progress of the momentous bite. The momentous bite! He gazed down upon the cavity in the ruined box. The ruined box! Ruined! No chance for a refund now! How had it happened? What had he done? Why had he done it? He had no chance with the widow. Feltbinder—Hulsebus —— And yet he had handed over the box!

An elbow cracked as he pitched forward and breathed hoarsely, "I got somepun pertikler to speak to youse."

The widow licked her fingers and glanced at him in a manner curiously unsympathetic. Nehemiah rose, shook down his trousers legs and sat down again.

"What I'm about to inquire into," he husked, "is what you think anyhow of this—well, of this here second marriages."

"I don't think nothing at all." Mrs. Loobliner eyed Nehemiah coldly and smacked her lips over her succulent bite. "I ain't fur 'em. Not anyways till I find me a feller where suits me perfect."

Nehemiah swayed slightly backward. Mrs. Loobliner swallowed and reached for a second piece. The nonchalance of the gesture was to Nehemiah as the straw that wrought the tragic dénouement of the camel. All the torturous indecision of the past three days, all the ignominy of the evening, the traitorous conduct of Hulsebus, the ache that had sprung unexpectedly to life in his bosom, and now the rape of the box of candy, burst with full force within Nehemiah, exploded him out of his chair and thundered in broken phrases from his lips.

The excoriated one sat in stricken silence, holding the piece of candy and gazing upward at Nehemiah. Such a smile as he had dreamed of sixteen years before slowly curved her lips as he climaxed bitterly:

"And now you've even up and et me the dollar-fifty fur the box! I can't git no refund fur it no more!"

"Was that now how you fixed it," queried the widow softly, "Nehemiah?" Nehemiah sat down. "Nehemiah"—and her tone was even more soft—"you're the perfect feller I was speakin' about."

Nehemiah groaned. His fingers felt dizzily for his head. Still with that transcendent smile, Mrs. Loobliner continued:

"One spen'thrif' husband is plenty enough fur one woman in one lifetime. A chicken dinner oncet every week of his life Loobliner would have, that I give you. Not that I am unfaithful to my dear departed"—her metal horn vibrated piously—"but it was many a time I was thinking on you, Nehemiah, when he was plaguin' me fur a third helping of the rich expensive cake or whatever."

"And you up and felt down on me fur the candy!" fumbled Nehemiah.

Mrs. Loobliner caressed him with her eyes and nodded.

"Eggs I could have stood fur. A one-pound box I might mebbe have got ower. But a two-pound—well, when I seen the two-pounder it brang up all the extrawagances I lived through these sixteen years back a'ready. It turned me cold to my bosom." She placed her palm against that afflicted region.

"Then you wasn't anyways took with Hulsebus?" pondered the bewildered Nehemiah.

"Hulsebus!" scorned the widow. "That dopple where throwed a nickel and wouldn't even to stoop fur it!"

"But, Feltbinder—ain't he — "

"I ain't sayin' I ain't had my chancet at Feltbinder," coyly affirmed his companion. "The sun ain't setting this afternoon yet till he is hustling the front steps up, a-packin' that there." She pointed to the Lives of the Saints. "But he don't make nothing with me; nur neither his book yet." Her eyes hardened as they rested upon it. "Some profane, I call it, fur mere folks to write the saints out while they're wrote fur us a'ready in the one and only Word. But, to be sure, I'll leave it settin' fur the gilt edges."

Nehemiah's knees clinched in ecstasy.

"Oh, Mattie!" he breathed. Words failed him for a moment. Then, "What we kin both together of us save still!"

"Ain't it is wonderful!" sighed Mattie Loobliner, *née* Shreier. "The future, now, looks all gold that way."

"Some silver," corrected the literal Nehemiah. "Not furgitting the greenbacks neither."

Indeed, it appeared as their gold, silver and green future began to unfold that they were not liable to forget anything that pertained to their adopted color scheme. Bank books in hand, they sat close upon the horsehair sofa and dreamed such dreams as only three farms and a dairy may inspire.

Nor did they neglect the chicken yard, for as the future Mrs. Weist affirmed:

"Them chickens is just so much welwet fur us. We kin feed 'em from the scourin's of the farms; and when we make corpses out of them, they kin be a side line fur the dairy products. But what's that now?" For a resolute fist upon the front door had crashed discord in her rhapsody. "Such a tellygram, mebbe," she faltered as she rose.

However, it was no thin envelope that was thrust upon her as she peered into the night, but a thick box and above the box a gallant voice that panted:

"Sweets at the sweets oncet! Three pound. And I would have fetched it quicker if that there dopplig girl hadn't a-went and shut the bakery up a'ready. Yes, I had to pack her off her house yet. But I'm a feller where's funny that way. When I up and set my mind onto somepun, it just sets. And I says to myself, 'Now that there's an awful sweet little lady,' I says; 'so if I'm took with her, what's the use of wastin' time?' I says."

Mrs. Loobliner clamped the box under her arm and pointed over her shoulder with an icy finger nail.

"I've just picked my second."

Her visitor gave an astonished snort and launched into a prolonged hop that landed him upon the threshold of the room indicated. His triumphant mustache lost a curve as he stared within. Indeed, the whole of Mr. Hulsebus seemed but one curve, and that a backward one, as he clapped an agonized palm against his middle and backed toward the door.

"I'll anyways take my property," he heaved, his eyes rolling upon the recently tendered box.

Mrs. Loobliner decisively plucked his hat from the shelf of the hatrack and decisively extended it.

"I'll give youse good night then," she said firmly.

She opened the front door and all but closed it upon a baffled coat tail.

The bride-elect was not, indeed, in the languorous mood common with those so recently affianced. The metal spike upon her turret emitted revolving rays as she rushed again into the lighted room and thrust the three-pound box upon the blissful Nehemiah.

"Make quick the back door out and git to the bak'ry till the girl outens the lights! This here will fetch us the dollar-fifty refund—and seventy-five cents exter fur a bonuses, or what you call it!"

Never again!

—said the man from Ohio, as he recovered his composure

DID your garter ever come *unhooked?* In public? How public? The man from Ohio waited under the clock in Grand Central Terminal in New York in full view of the commuters for half an hour—*with a pink garter trailing out of trouser leg!* Silk hat, Prince Albert, patent leather shoes pink garter. Great!

Then he became an E.Z. user. E.Z. garters are as free from hooks as your socks. They are self a fastening. There is just one continuous circle of w-i-d-e soft elastic. They come with either one or two grips to fasten onto your sock, as you prefer. When E.Z. garters are on your legs you simply can't feel them. No binding of veins or muscles. Yet they stay up till you take them *off with your socks.*

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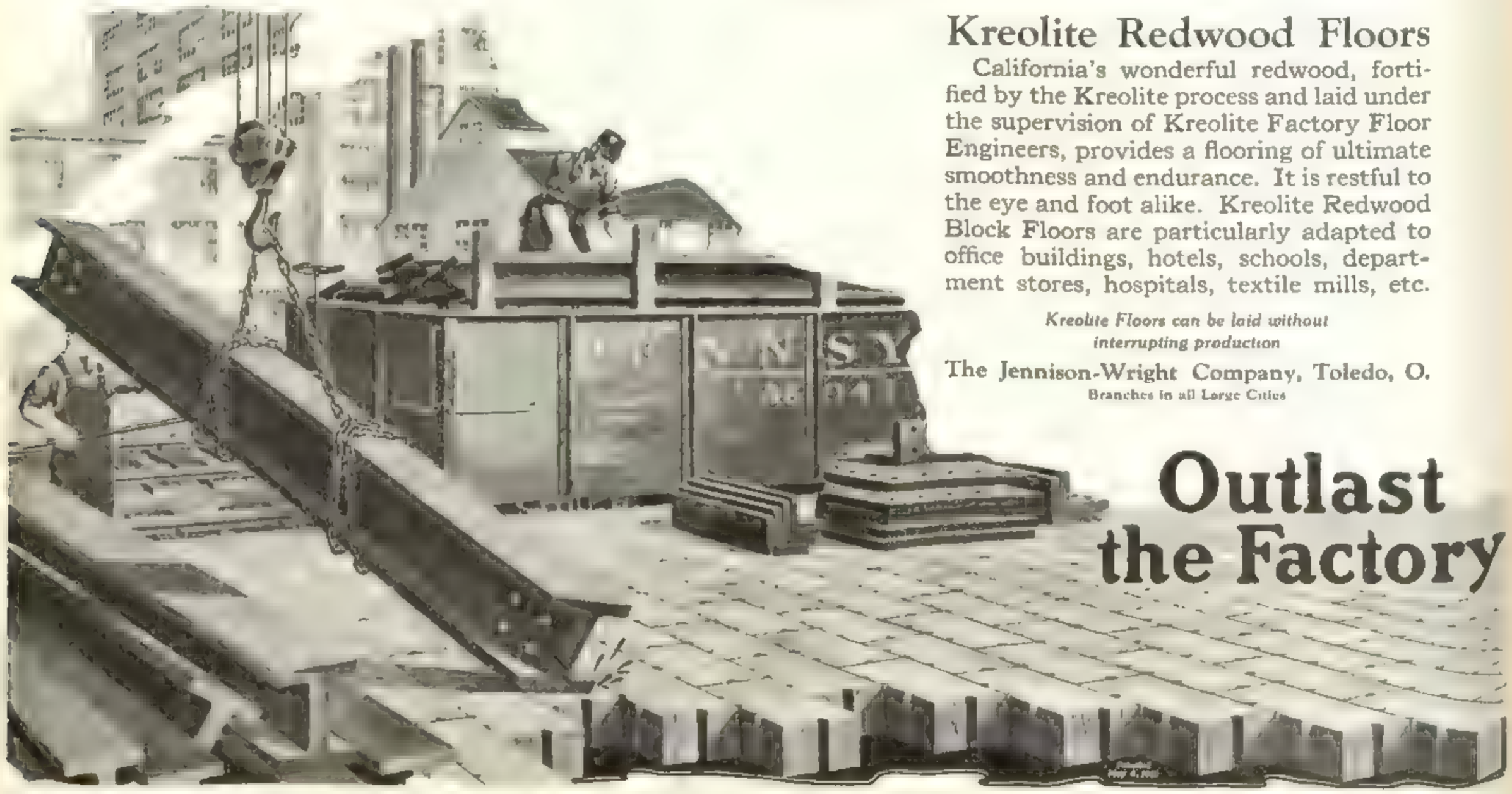


Outlast the Factory

WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

THE CRIMINAL AS A HUMAN BEING

(Continued from Page 20

even though but a youth, a specialist in traveling thieves. They showed me their rogues' gallery—hundreds of photographs, all the same size, with only numbers to identify them. I began calling them by their road monnikers, coined names: Bill the Brute, The Postal Kid, The Schwindler, Windy Dick, Gold-Tooth Kid, Mollie Matches, Mickey Gleason, Dan Cherry, Twinkler, Albany Kid, Owls and Yock Hughes, and many others. I was a find to them, but did not realize it, so they suspended the rules and hired me. I spent several days alone, reading the book of rules. I remember the pictures on the wall of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Gladstone, and old Allan Pinkerton with his smug countenance and Scotch cap. There was a photograph of several husky detectives struggling with a crook. On the walls were also mottoes in frames After Clouds, Sunshine; The Character of the Detective Must be Without a Blemish; Honesty is the Only Policy; and a number of others.

I was being paid for sitting there, but wondered what it all meant. Every night a young man, Joe Smith, poked his head in the door and told me, "Report at 8:30 tomorrow morning in this room." This probationary ordeal was quite severe. The mental and physical examinations were exacting.

One day a shrewd-looking, smart-talking, clever little man with gray hair examined me at great length.

"Can you do tail-end work on a street car?" he asked.

Conducting? Of course I could, I replied.

After complete instructions, he sent me over to Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, to apply for a job as conductor on Deacon Richardson's horse cars. There were no elevated trains in that district then, and trolley cars were not dreamed of. The cars had little stoves in them. It was the conductor's duty to keep a good hot fire on cold days; but on medium cold days this was unnecessary, as the car floors were always covered with nice straw, and by autosuggestion the passengers were jollied into the belief that they were enjoying all the comforts of home. A lighted candle in the stove would have the same effect, with isinglass doors.

Spotting Conductors

The fares collected were rung up by the conductors on a small apparatus that resembled an alarm clock. It hung on a strap around the conductor's neck. Every time a passenger paid the conductor pressed a lever and a tiny bell rang, which was intended to signal that the company was getting the nickel. The passengers, hating the company for bad service and cold cars, didn't care who got the nickel, but hoped the conductor got it. It was nip and tuck who was getting the most the company or the conductors. It looked as though the conductors had a shade the better of it, because quite a few resigned and went into business—banking, saloon keeping and the like. One conductor took his car home with him and asked the company to send for it, as he was through. One street car disappeared altogether, and was found in Coney Island several years later, occupied by a German family who had purchased it from a real-estate speculator.

My job was to find out who was stealing, and how much. I was told to go as far as I liked on the job, to graft as much as the next one, but get the evidence.

I had no difficulty in securing a conductor's job in this, my first detective assignment. I was soon on good terms with my driver, an Irishman, and learned that it was part of the game to hold out enough fares on the first trip from the car barn in the morning to buy a pint of whisky at the ferry terminal of the line.

"I'll put you onto all the right ones," said my driver. "When a right one gets on the car, I'll ring the bell twice. When a Chinaman gets on with a big basket of wash, or a Hebrew with a bundle of pants, they don't ride for a nickel—they're supposed to pay a quarter. Live poultry and dogs are extra too."

We carried practically the same passengers in the rush hours. A stranger in Brooklyn was a curiosity those days. I was not long in discovering that many conductors on the line had a "brother-in-law"—a little bell concealed in the palm of the hand to ring and sound the same as the register. They were made by a manufacturer of burglars' tools in the Bowery. He always warned his buyers that he was only making chestnut bells for them. At that time everybody carried a chestnut bell to ring if a poor joke was sprung.

The evidence I secured led to the breaking up of this system, the arrest and conviction of many conductors, and the installation of clock registers.

My next assignment was at a race track to watch for professional criminals and counterfeit bookmakers' tickets. Here my experience in the printing office came in handy, for I had a knowledge of paper and printing that made it easy to spot a counterfeit on sight.

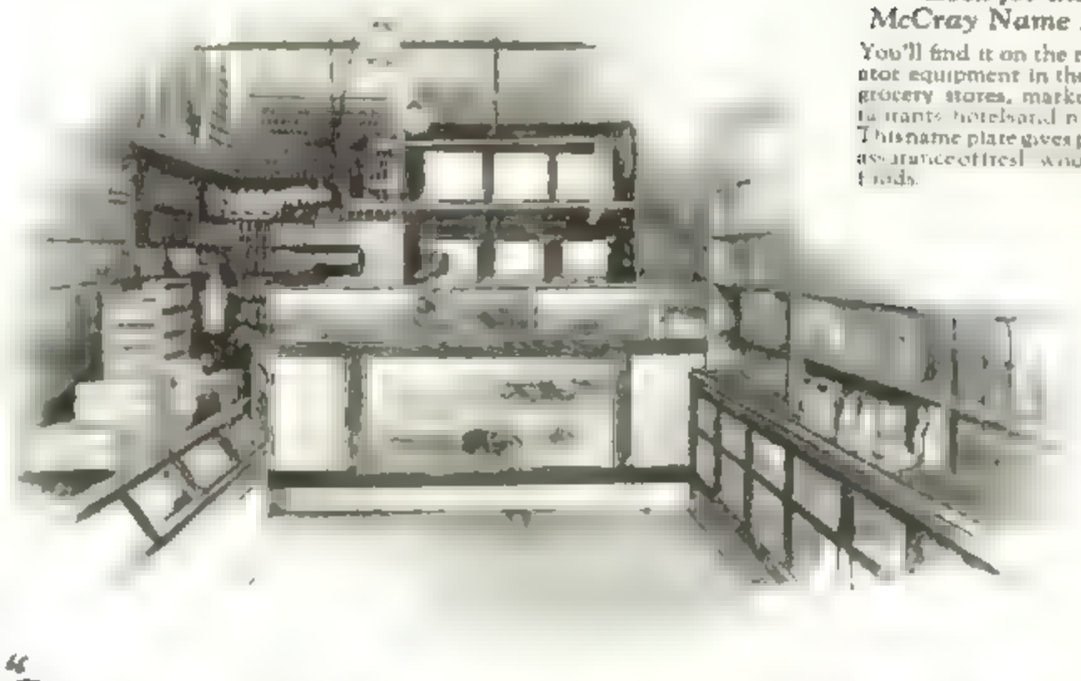
Work Among the Radicals

Then followed some interesting work among anarchists. Revolutionary agitators were very busy in this country as well as in England and Europe. There had been numerous bomb outrages, and the German Government began the investigation of political offenders and anarchists in this country from the standpoint of possible designs upon that government. I mingled with revolutionists here, and personally knew the Chicago anarchists who were executed, as well as living revolutionists like Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. Later I was sent to London, and under Superintendents Shore and Melville, of Scotland Yard, worked around Hyde Park, even becoming a soap-box orator. There I stayed until 1895, and upon coming home found that the American Bankers' Association, then having about 1000 members, was taking steps to combat the forgers and yeggs who were defrauding and robbing banks all over the country. Funds had been raised to finance a campaign against bank criminals and a protective department was being established in New York. I was chosen to supervise this work, and held that job from 1895 to 1907.

Here began my study of criminals through records which were an improvement upon those of the time, though they would naturally seem crude in comparison with the present-day information and identification systems of the police. Remember, we had no Bertillon system of measurements then, much less anything like Commissioner Henry's fingerprint system, which I afterward introduced into America, but had to depend upon photographs and good descriptions—and, as I will show presently, the description of criminals or people of any kind is a fine art. The police officer no less than the novelist can, with one or two happy strokes, not only make you see a character in your imagination, but enable you to identify him in the flesh.

Up to that time rogues' gallery records had been kept in books. We started a card system which had more than one advantage. James O'Brien, bank forger, might be known by half a dozen aliases, such as Pittsburgh Jim, Dandy O'Brien, Jim the Penman, and so forth. The card system made it possible carefully to cross index O'Brien under all these names, where his record in one place in a book under "James O'Brien" might escape the investigator looking for Jim the Penman. By the history system, too, it was possible to cross index other and more important facts about criminals—their relatives, haunts, methods of working, prison records and the like. A criminal's method of working is often more significant than his name, aliases or record. To illustrate:

In the state of California criminals are carefully recorded and indexed in a state identification bureau. Sometime ago a burglary was committed and detailed information about the method of working was sent to the state bureau. Some burglars are neat in their work, others careless; some respect property not taken away, others are destructive; some are skilled professionals, others obviously amateurs or beginners; one man will take food or a drink of liquor if there is any on the premises, while others will touch nothing. The



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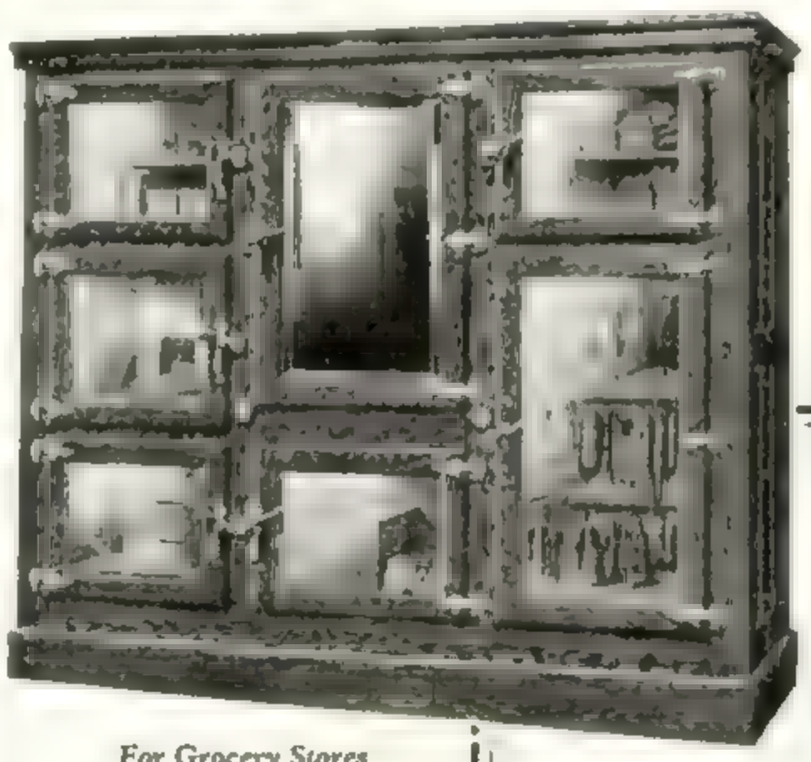

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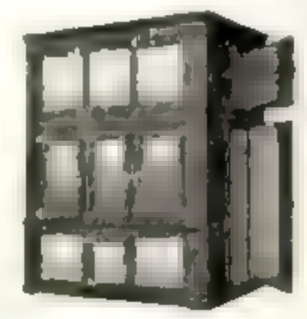

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for Style for Service

FRANK SCHOBLE & CO., Philadelphia

California records are kept on punched cards so that, given a report upon a burglar who has done a job in, say, three or four characteristic ways, it is possible to run rods through the punch holes in several thousand cards and select maybe the half dozen pertaining to criminals who work in those particular ways. Well, in this case, when the rods were run through the cards, only one criminal was found who worked in that particular way, and the police knew where he was and brought him in—and he confessed to the job.

In the bank work, I compiled a systematic Who's Who of yeggs and forgers. Taking two copies of a police publication in which criminal portraits were published, I mounted them on cards and kept them before me until they became familiar. We segregated the criminals according to the class of crime they were best known to operate in. Every morning I went to police headquarters to see criminals in the line-up, constantly visited the police courts and journeyed to other cities when criminals of importance were in custody. Such a criminal might be an old yegg or a new forger, or even that extremely rare character, the skillful bank burglar. I had carte blanche to travel, and willingly went half across the country for the opportunity of seeing some particular person in the criminal world who was important in my branch of detection. I never lost a chance to interview a crook, and most always got valuable information from him.

My system of records required so much information that some of it could only be supplied by the criminal himself, or his associates, and the only basis upon which it could be secured was through friendship, by treating him as a human being. Psychology plays a very important part in the detection of criminals, and in the examination of suspected persons and the securing of confessions. The most successful detective is the one who frankly pits his wits against those of the criminal or suspect

With thieves of all kinds, from the petty sneak thief to the yegg and hold-up bandit, you are first of all, ninety-nine times in a hundred, dealing with a weak or warped personality that has seldom been treated fairly by police officers. If encountered soon after arrest, this type of criminal is usually perplexed in addition. These remarks do not apply to the forger or swindler, who is a higher type of personality, with education or training in some craft. The true thief is not all there mentally or physically. His environment from birth has usually been wrong and against him. He may be a child of thieves, for there are families of thieves, and families of families of thieves, all families of families of families. One such family formerly operated from Ohio, where a father and mother, both thieves, lived on a farm which was a training school for their own children and for children they adopted and turned into criminals. Besides the destructive influence of such a heredity and home, those children were denied the association of normal children. They never learned to play children's games or belong to the sand-lot baseball nine as they grew older, and the results of such up-bringing are all too plain when the criminal is brought before a police examiner who recognizes the value of sympathy and psychology. Simply to address a criminal kindly may win his confidence.

Fair Treatment for the Accused

"Why, you're the first bull I ever met that I could talk to!" many a criminal has confessed to me.

Inquiries about a suspect's family touch responsive chords. "Have you a father? A mother? No sisters or brothers? If you are an orphan, then you are all the more entitled to sympathy, because you have never had advantages enjoyed by other boys and girls." Constant discussion of a prisoner's family almost invariably inclines him to talk freely.

Several years ago in an upstate New York city, the home of a prominent family was broken into and jewels valued at $40,000 or $50,000 were stolen. Whoever did the job left hurriedly, and must have been injured, because bloodstained tools were left behind, and several rags showed that efforts had been made to stanch blood. Through two words of good description my suspicion was directed to a known criminal. Interviewing people in the neighborhood of the house that had been robbed, I found two quite humble persons who had seen a man around there shortly before the crime had been committed. One was an old apple woman who said she would know the stranger again because he had smiling eyes, and the other a street cleaner who spoke very little English, but who, without knowing what the apple woman had told me, said the stranger's face looked like that of a hard guy, but his eyes were laughing. Among my criminal acquaintances in that particular line of work was a thief who fitted these descriptions so patly that his mental picture came into my mind while the apple woman and street cleaner were telling me what they knew. This thief was arrested and brought to the town where the robbery had been committed, but I had very little evidence except proof that he had been seen in the neighborhood. The prosecuting attorney felt sorry for me.

"Dougherty, I don't want to hurt your feelings," he said, "but there isn't one chance in ten that the grand jury will indict your prisoner, because you have found no evidence of injury or where the blood came from."

"In that case I want to tell the prisoner before anyone else," I requested. Going before the grand jury, I laid what little evidence I had before them.

"Did you examine this prisoner carefully?" asked the foreman.

I said that my examination had been very thorough.

"Did you find any cuts upon him?"

I was compelled to admit that he had no cuts anywhere upon his body. The jury refused to indict. I hurried over to the jail and asked the prisoner what he would do if he were released.

"Go back to New York on the next train," was his answer.

"Well, get ready to go this afternoon, for you will be released."

The Secret Told

We went back together on the same train, and were thoroughly intimate and friendly. But he was shadowed from that time for several months. Early one morning he was seen to go uptown to a sparsely populated neighborhood, dig in the ground, take out something and cover the hole he had made with earth. When we dug after he had gone the missing jewels were found. He was immediately arrested and admitted the robbery.

"Billy, how about that blood?" I asked.

"Well, I might as well tell you, chief. You know, I've never gone in for any job where there'd be bloodshed, because I dread the idea of killing or hurting anybody. On this job I was pressed for time. There was a last 12:40 A.M. trolley car out of town on which I intended to make my get-away. I worked so fast and got so nervous that my nose began to bleed and I couldn't stop it."

In its dealings with criminals, society has generally erred in two directions. First, by violence, severe punishment and treatment of the criminal as nonhuman; and at the other extreme, overflowing sentiment for the lost sheep.

As an example of sentimental treatment, I recall a benevolent woman of wealth in an Eastern city who some years ago established a home for discharged convicts who promised to go straight, and sincerely tried to help them lead honest lives. Suddenly an epidemic of thievery and robbery broke out in the neighborhood of that home, and investigation showed that this good lady's protégés were using the institution as a base for such operations.

Stop and think a minute. Suppose you know no other trade than that of a pickpocket or safe robber. These are highly interesting vocations, full of chance and variety. You were probably attracted to them in the first place, and away from a humdrum factory or office job with a time clock, because they promised adventure. At some time in his career every criminal sees that crime, though exciting, is bad business, measured by the things honest men do to earn a living. At such a time every criminal is hospitable to the idea of switching over to something on the square. Many criminals make the resolution themselves. But you cannot take a man or a woman who has been leading the thrilling life of a criminal and make either of them happy at a colorless job. Nine times in ten that is why efforts to reform criminals fail. This good woman tried to reform her crooks by teaching them bookkeeping. Besides the uninteresting nature of their studies, they were well fed and did not have enough work to blow off steam, and so they just naturally

(Continued on Page 186)

When You Build or Repair

Time to Think of Hardware

If you are planning to build during the spring and summer, learn in advance the proper hardware to use, and its cost. See the McKinney retailer now. Learn from him about the hinges, butts and other hardware you'll need. He can give you points you'd never think about. Discuss with him the various finishes. Know metals from the standpoint of permanence. Do that before you set aside any arbitrary sum for hardware. It won't cost you a cent for the information—and you have everything to gain.

For the winter-built structure, finishing time is here. Most likely your woodwork is about all in place and the hanging of doors is in order. If you *have* set aside an arbitrary sum for hardware, be sure it is adequate. Go over your figures with the good hardware merchant who sells McKinney Hinges and Butts. He knows his subject and is competent to advise you. Decide *now* on the hardware you should have. Keep your hardware budget flexible, so that the hardware selected will be in keeping with the rest of the house.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH PENNSYLVANIA

McKINNEY HINGES

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YOU will revel in the charm of rooms finished in Luxeberry Enamel. . . . as white and soft toned as newly plucked cotton.

Picture your home refinished in pure white. . . . colonial-like in its simple dignity . . . . immaculate, sun-flooded and inviting.

Luxeberry possesses rare purity of tone. It has not the slightest trace of blue, gray or yellow. It never cracks, peels or chips. It may be used inside or out, so porcelain-like is it in durability.

Pure white and mellow toned. . . . not harsh or cold . . . . you'll love every inch of your Luxeberry woodwork.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.
Varnishes Enamels Stains
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont

"Save the surface and you save all . . . ."

Luxeberry
ENAMEL SPREADS CONTENTMENT

(Continued from Page 182)

fell back into the old ways like a lot of kids kept indoors on a rainy day.

Take an ex-criminal who wants to go straight and put him in the movies, where one day he is a Turk and the next day a motorman and the next day a general, and you have given him a job that he will thoroughly enjoy. It is hard to run steadily in low gear after you have been speeding along in high.

The effort a criminal will make to go straight himself is much greater than reformers suppose, and if they left off coddling him and sentimentalizing over him, and simply found him the right kind of chance, there would be many more lasting reforms. The greatest satisfaction I have had in my work is not that of successfully detecting crime and convicting criminals, but in helping them go straight after they have done their bit and paid their debt to society. After all, the greatest person in the world is the forgiver.

I could name a number of so-called hardened criminals—world's outcasts—for whom I secured honest, decent employment, and who are now a credit to the community. I could mention a few who are well-to-do. It is a violation of all decency to recommend an ex-convict without revealing his history. There are men—good men—who help the criminal, knowing his past, back to manhood. One of the largest automobile manufacturers in the world has done more to reform these unfortunates than anyone else. The moving-picture industry has done much for the criminal who wants to reform. The occupation is a pleasant and lucrative one, and does not require credentials or references. I often see some of my old-time friends of the underworld in mob scenes on the screen at picture theaters. Occasionally I see one made up as a general or a sheik. They are employed as extras, moving from one agent or producer to another, and find steady, decent employment. It is one of the only places they do not suspect that anyone guesses their past. The legitimate actor and actress in or out of pictures are not morbid or suspicious. Their sympathy is always with the unfortunate, as is that of their audiences. Hence the feeling of freedom by the man of the underworld working as an extra in pictures or plays.

The difficulty encountered would often tempt an honest man to turn crooked. A criminal friend of mine, coming out of prison, resolved to go straight and got a job with an express company. He liked the work and was proud of earning an honest living. He did so well that his very effort was his undoing, for the company promoted him until he had in prospect a job paying $160 a month. But to hold such a job he must be bonded, and there were years missing out of his life—years which he could not account for because he had been in prison. The express company discharged him. Still determined to go straight, he went into the wheat fields during harvest, worked at hard manual labor and saved a couple of hundred dollars. Coming back to town in the fall, he was gypped out of his money the first night.

"You ain't cut out to be no square man," he then said to himself despondently, and returned to a life of crime.

A Case of Injured Pride

Not long ago I wrote a story about Wainwright, a celebrated criminal. I gave him quite a send-off. In conclusion I wrote:

"I wonder, since his release from prison, if he is traveling the straight and narrow path."

After the story was closed I wrote:

"N. B. I have just read in an evening paper of the arrest of a desperate criminal for hold-up robbery and murder in Boston. It sounds like my man back on the job again."

After the story was printed, Wainwright read it and wrote a letter of protest for what I had said in the last paragraph, stating he was leading a strictly honest life and was no longer engaged in crime of any kind. But he made the mistake of asking me to write him to a post-office box near Boston. It was from a state prison. Wainwright was serving a life sentence for the very murder and hold-up I'd read of. True, he was now leading an honest life!

I had helped an old crook named Hod Bacon a lot. He was the image of Gen. Joe Wheeler. In his early days he had been a student of theology. What a preacher of the gospel the world lost when Hod became a criminal! He was principally a high-class hotel thief. How adroitly he turned them off! He robbed Denman Thompson, of Old Homestead fame, Lillian Russell, Anna Held, senators, congressmen. I found legitimate work for him. He liked it. At least he said he did. One day he disappeared. About a week later the chief of police of Pittsburgh called me on the telephone and said he had a prisoner he did not know, who had been arrested, upon the arrival of a Pennsylvania train from Chicago, for the theft of a trunkful of jewelry samples from a salesman's room in the Palmer House. Did I know who he might be?

"Put him on the phone, chief," I requested. He did. It was Hod.

"Commissioner," he said, "I am the world's most famous boob. I stole this salesman's trunk clean, and why the devil I done it I don't know. I also stole his overcoat. Went to the Pennsylvania depot in Chicago, bought a ticket for Pittsburgh, checked the stolen trunkful of jewelry. Then I reserved and occupied a lower berth, and who was in the berth opposite but the salesman I robbed? He recognized his overcoat and here I am on the way to limbo forevermore."

He was. He died in Joliet prison. Talk about coincidence! He would not answer when I asked him why he quit his square job.

"You've sent a great many men away, chief," people often say to me. "Don't you have to be constantly on your guard against men you have convicted when they come out of prison? If I were in your business I couldn't sleep at night!"

Modest Wants Supplied

Again failure to understand the criminal as a human being. Every criminal fully understands that he is pitting himself against the law and the forces of society. In the very nature of his calling, he must take chances. When he wins, he gets gain and the thrill of adventure. When he loses, he blames his detector and judges for only two things. One is cruel treatment and the other unfair treatment. Violence and an unjust trial, or framing for some crime he did not commit. Given decent treatment, he is almost never resentful towards those who have apprehended and convicted him. The law is the law, and he knows that detectives and police officers are enforcing something as impersonal as the law of gravity. If he is treated like a human being and the term of punishment fits his crime in his own estimation, far from being resentful, he is more likely to be grateful to the officer who saw that he got a square deal.

"Well, commissioner, I got what's coming to me, and now I'm going away to do twenty-five years," said a convicted criminal to me, after his trial. "All I want is your friendship, a World Almanac, a pair of suspenders and a pair of slippers." He got them.

I have always slept very well nights.

The best possible proof that criminals are human is their vanity. Like everybody else in life, they like to be told that they are the best, the greatest, the cleverest in their line the headliner. Newspaper headlines like King of Safe Crackers and World's Most Adroit Swindler are meat and drink to them. I remember one expert professional who, until the day of his death, considered it an outrage that Inspector Byrnes had left his picture and criminal record out of his well-known book. It was absolutely worthless as a book on that subject, he considered, without his picture and record.

"You call that a good job he done?" the vain criminal will protest, nettled by praise of some rival's work. "Say, listen! I can tell you fifty better jobs that I done myself." And he opens the gates of revelation.

My acquaintance with criminals satisfies me that they are devoid of many of the senses of the honest man. They have shortcomings that lead to their making blunders, and their eventual arrest and conviction. Yet at the same time, in certain directions, they are precociously clever. Ninety per cent of the good criminals who go to prison—and by "good" I mean capable in their particular field of crime—become eager readers and students. They read not only current magazines and novels but the classics, history, biography, science and, particularly, technical books and magazines showing how things are done. The editor of a popular scientific magazine tells me that he has subscribers in practically every prison in the United States, and I know at first hand from one of the best safe blowers

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There is no motor truck built that will give more years of service at less cost than the Federal

From the records of thousands of Federal trucks in operation for six, eight, ten and more years—it is apparent that long life is ingrained in the very fibre and fabric of every Federal Motor Truck manufactured

Investigate these important facts before you buy your next truck

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1-Ton	$1675	5-6 Ton	$4750
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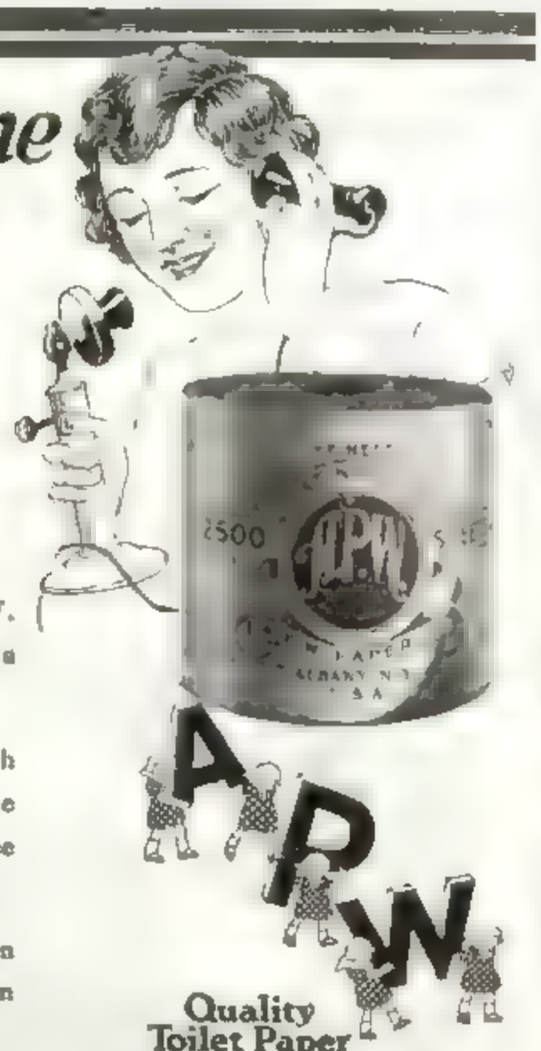
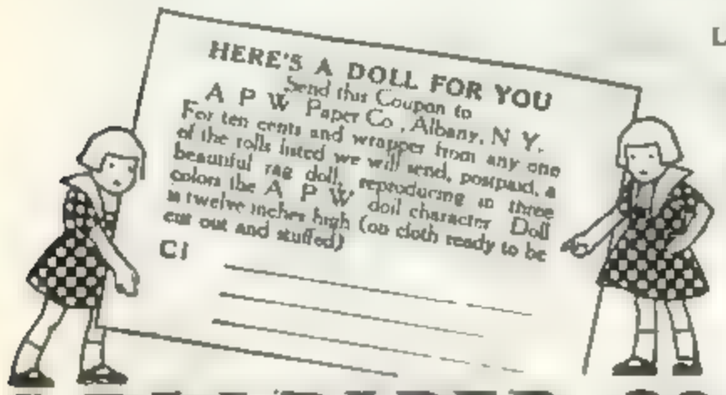


Four of the solid tightly wound rolls of A. P. W. Satin Tissue packed in a small carton constitute a year's supply for the average family.

There are 2500 extra large sheets to the roll, each sheet being 5 x 5¾ inches, and the paper is fine and strong in texture, made only from new spruce pulp and clear, tested well water.

Send $2.00 for a four-roll (year's supply) carton of A. P. W. Satin Tissue, if you can't get it from your dealer.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Send this Coupon to
A P W Paper Co., Albany, N Y.
For ten cents and wrapper from any one of the rolls listed we will send, postpaid, a beautiful rag doll, reproducing in three colors the A P W doll character. Doll is twelve inches high (on cloth ready to be cut out and stuffed)
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of the last generation that he learned how to use dynamite by reading the scientific articles in this editor's magazine.

Criminals are often marvelously clever in their knowledge of people, for close study of human character is indispensable to their success and safety. The bank robber planning a job gives far more study to the character and habits of everybody likely to be in and around the bank at the time the crime is pulled off than the paying teller gives to the stranger with a check or the loan man gives to the business and character of the applicant for money. A woman blackmailer, highly successful in swindling elderly business men whom she encouraged to make love, once told me that the fun of putting it over on some of her doddering victims meant as much to her as the winnings.

Criminals have almost invariably a sense of humor that proves their humanity. They especially relish a laugh when it is on themselves.

A rope-ladder thief had successfully finished one of his difficult jobs. Fastening a rope ladder to a chimney on a roof, he had to climb down to a window below, force an entrance, climb up with his loot and make his get-away. Coming out of the door he saw his own shadow in the yard and was so nervous that he fired at it, thereby bringing about his arrest. A mishap of that kind will cause great mirth in criminal circles.

A pickpocket worked all summer without an accident. Every week he sent a good proportion of his money home to his sister and mother. Coming home himself, after warm greetings, he wanted to know what had been done with the money.

"Why, Jim, I'll tell you," said the sister, a little hesitating. "You're in such a dangerous business that we often feel worried about you, so we gave the money to buy a stained-glass window in the church."

After his arrest, a skillful counterfeiter told me how his undoing came about. He had been a sign painter and was decidedly artistic and skillful. Coming to New York he took a downtown office, painted Real Estate on the door, and used it as a workshop for painting imitation bank notes. He said that though it took no more time or work to imitate a $100 bill than a twenty, he had to make five twenties to get change for $100 because the twenty-dollar bills were more easily passed. It was a $100 counterfeit that led to his downfall. Finishing it late one afternoon, he started for home, but stopped in a lower West Side saloon to buy a drink and a bottle of whisky. Laying his $100 imitation bank note on the bar, it came in contact with a little spilled whisky and the colors ran, leading to his arrest.

Some years later I saw him in a penitentiary and said, "Well, Emanuel, I see you're still working at the old line." He was plying a brush, whitewashing a prison wall.

The End of the Chase

It was in those days when I traveled about the country to see bank criminals that something occurred illustrating the humanness of criminals. I've told the story before, but it will bear retelling in this connection.

A bank had been robbed by yeggs in a little Southern town. One of the criminals had been caught with the money and I went down there to see him. Excitement and suspicion prevailed in the only hotel the place had when I arrived there late in the evening.

"We're mighty careful about strangers here," the landlord explained as I washed up in a tin basin. "Our bank was burglarized night before last."

The sheriff took me to a little jail with a mud floor, and there I found one of the best bank burglars in the business—the kind of man I'd willingly go half across the country to see. We knew each other, and he told his story. Everything had gone according to plan at the bank two nights before, and he was just about to blow the safe with soup, or nitroglycerin, when one of his pals outside reported that a woman upstairs had been aroused and was telephoning.

"Shall I croak her?" asked the outside man.

"No; cut the wire. I'll be done here in a minute."

The wire was cut, the safe blown and the gang made for the railroad, where they intended to escape on a hand car. But the woman had got part of her message through and aroused the town. Greasing the hand car with soup, they ran a couple of miles down the track and then scattered for safety. The safe blower had the money and kept on walking down the track in the dark. Suddenly he fell over a pile of ties that had been placed there to ditch the hand car, and officers and citizens began shooting promiscuously in the dark.

"Can that stuff!" he shouted, and they got him and the money.

"After they got me over in this calaboose," said Buck, "they brought in a bullet-riddled coat full of blood, said he was one of my partners, dying—breathing his last in the hospital. Would I confess on the others?" they asked me.

"According to that coat," I said, "that guy needs a sky guide"—preacher—"more than I do. Get him to confess."

Of course it was all a fake.

The Criminals of Melodrama

Some years ago the late Nat Goodwin played Fagin in a stage version of Oliver Twist, and the part of Bill Sikes was played by Lynn Harding. I was invited to attend a performance and decide whether the actors were true to life in their portrayal of criminals, and also whether criminal methods had changed since Dickens' day.

The play was fine melodrama and the acting left nothing to be desired in thrills and strong characterization.

But if Fagin or Bill Sikes had stepped off the stage into Broadway the first traffic officer they met would have arrested them on sight. They looked too much like criminals. And present-day criminals don't.

For stage and movie purposes it may be necessary to make criminals crooked to the point of being inhuman; otherwise drama would be colorless and many people in the audience fail to follow the story. But in real life the present-day criminal is generally human enough to pass among honest people as one of themselves. This is, in fact, one of the devices of his trade. The thief who goes through your suburban bedroom while the family is at dinner, far from being a stage Bill Sikes, is the quietly dressed, decent-spoken young fellow in the same seat with you riding out on the 5:15.

To the officer accustomed to criminals, there are certain earmarks in their general make-up. The man who has served a term in prison is recognized by his measured, mechanical tread. He feels that an injustice has been done him, is conscious that he has served a term, and it shows in his contemptuous, cunning, evasive expression.

But with all his shortcomings the criminal may be more human than the law-abiding citizen sunk in his rut of respectability more human in his emotions, his resourcefulness, his sympathies.

It is through understanding of his humanness that he is most often inspired to effect a genuine reform, either by his own initiative or the help of others. And I have always felt that taking into account the many obstacles to be overcome, within himself as well as outside, the wrongdoer who has succeeded in gaining a place for himself among honest men is perhaps just a little more human than most of the rest of us.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Dougherty. The second will appear in an early issue.

"with only the firelight for companionship"

RAIN against the window panes, quick and sharp. Dead branches creaking in the wind. A still, dim-lighted room, its silence broken only by the crackle of the burning log, the rustle of a turning page.

Flickering flames lighting up the big davenport. You curled up in its soft, deep cushions, with a book that holds you heedless of the howl of the wind, the slap of wet leaves against the pane, the monotonous striking of the hours.

A final turn of the page, a hasty glance at the clock. Scarcely fair to disturb the other occupant of your bedroom at this hour. So off come the cushions from the davenport. Smoothly it unfolds with one easy motion. Here is ready for you, covers trimly in place, a wide, soft bed. Who would have guessed that in this low, richly upholstered davenport is concealed a luxurious bed, with springs that yield gently beneath your weight and a soft mattress that brings infinite restfulness to your weary body? What a delight it is to drop off to rain-lulled slumber in its comfortable depths, with only the firelight for companionship!

And, when morning comes, a few moments' smoothing of the covers, a quick folding of the bed, restore the room to its daytime order—return the handsome davenport to its rightful place as an aristocratic piece of living room furniture

No home need be without the beautiful Kroehler, that serves so gracefully as davenport and so comfortably as bed—gives the convenience of an extra bedroom, without its cost and care. Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell Kroehler Davenport Beds for cash or on easy terms. There are overstuffed and period designs, with chairs to match; luxuriously upholstered in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, in leather or Chase Leatherwove. Look for the name plate on the back. Write for our booklet and the name of the nearest dealer.

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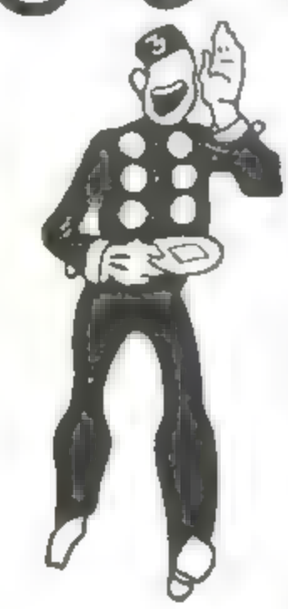
A call for a name



$2000.00 in cash prizes

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$500

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$300

Fourth Prize	$200
Fifth Prize	100
10 Prizes of	25
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for a name for the Carter Call-boy

THIS little chap pictured above has been on the job now for over a year. Multiplied millions of times, his peppy little personality has been "Calling for Carter Inx Products" from the pages of periodicals in every corner of the country.

But to-day he is calling louder than ever. He's calling for someone who has $500 coming. What he wants is a name—a name that is as clever, as distinctive as himself—a name that fits his personality and his business of "Calling for Carter's."

It certainly ought to be easy to name him. Some happy thought may be worth $500 to you. Just follow the simple rules printed here. Send in as many names as you like.

Even if you don't hit the nail right on the head, there is a second prize of $400, a third prize of $300, forty prizes in all, totaling $2000.

Get your slip from your dealer to-day and send in your names. The contest closes the 15th day of May, and the results will be published just as soon after that as the judges can come to a decision. Send your names to the contest department—

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

If you do not get an entrance slip from your dealer, remember to:

1. Write your answer in ink
2. Give, in 25 words or less, your reason for choosing the name or names entered
3. Give the name and address of the dealer where you usually buy your ink.
4. Give the name of the kind of ink you used in writing your entrance paper
5. Write your own name and address in full and plainly

Rules of the Contest

1. All names must be written in ink.
2. The contest will officially close the 15th day of May. It officially opens the 15th day of March.
3. In case of tie, all of the tying contestants shall receive the full amount of the prize.
4. Names may be written on the slips given away free by stationers, druggists, etc
5. The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who submits the name that is the most appropriate in the opinion of the judges The other prizes will be awarded to those next most appropriate in order.
6. All names must be written in English.
7. Everyone is eligible except employees of The Carter's Ink Company and their families.

Contest Judges

PROF. DANIEL STARCH, *Harvard University School of Business Administration*

J. S. WICHERT, *Advertising Manager Mellin's Food Company.*

FLETCHER W. TAFT, *Advertising Manager The Carter's Ink Company*

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REPUBLIC OR BUREAUCRACY

(Continued from Page 33)

disease—the morbid passion for legislation—and pointed out the elementary fact that law has its province and limitations, as everything human must have; and that economic law or any ordinance of Nature cannot be repealed by statutory enactment.

Out of volumes of such exposition by persons preëminent in the academic field, consider these informing sentences from an address by one of the foremost legal authorities in the contemporary world, Prof. Roscoe Pound, dean of Harvard Law School:

"Today in the wake of ambitious social programs calling for more and more interference with every relation of life, dissatisfaction with law becomes universal. . . . The causes of nonenforcement of law . . . for the most part grow out of overambitious plans to regulate every phase of human action by law, they are involved in continual resort to law to supply deficiencies of other agencies of social control, they spring from attempts to govern by means of law things which in their nature do not admit of objective treatment and external coercion."

There is the root of the evil—is it not? the attempt to put all human activities into statutory strait-jackets; and these strait-jackets constructed, too, by those who know little or nothing of the industry or business they would thus incase.

We suffer from a plague of laws. Nobody knows the number of state and national laws and municipal ordinances that our legislative bodies have ground out; and it is impossible to keep track of the myriads of enactments and ordinances that pour from every lawmaking machine in America. We know only that there are hundreds of thousands of these products of the busy activity of our lawmakers; and that the number of these statutory shalls and shall-nots constantly increases.

For instance, within two weeks after the convening of the present Congress 6023 bills and 88 joint resolutions were introduced; and a like activity is displayed by most state legislatures. Though, of course, comparatively few of these proposed laws are enacted, the aggregate of those that are crowded into our statute books, municipal, state and national, is stupendous.

Indeed, to grasp the extent and multiplicity of them is beyond the power of the human mind. The most accomplished and best-informed lawyer in America does not and cannot know the sum of even national legislation, to say nothing of the legal cascades that incessantly spout from our state legislatures and city councils; and there are thousands of statutes to get at the meaning of which requires careful study and delicate judgment.

An Overworked Explanation

Yet the citizen must observe every line of them. Is it not possible that here is one cause of that general indifference to law which is the most forbidding development of the times? May it not be that our excess of laws so harasses the public that a mass psychology is produced, impatient of all restraint and tolerant of those who overstep legal requirements? How else are we to account for the leniency of juries, popular sympathy with those accused of lawbreaking, and even sullen antagonism to courts?

Is it sufficient to attribute all this to the after effects of war? Have we not overworked that explanation of law resentment? Did such resistance to law follow the awful four years of our terrible Civil War? Or any other war we ever waged, from the Revolution down to our war with Germany?

War taught millions of our young men discipline, order, respect for authority, obedience to directions, and the absolute necessity of concerted action according to rules and regulations. Can it be that the result of such schooling is the reverse of its natural effect?

On the contrary, was it not the habit, formed during the war, of unquestioning obedience to all kinds of government orders and exactions, regardless of the legality, reasonableness, usefulness or intelligence of them, that produced the terrorized submission by business men to similar bureaucratic demands in these days of peace and civil supremacy?

So is it not more just and accurate to lay to the after effects of war only a part rather than all of our frame of mind as to law observance; and to assign some portion of it to that mystification and perplexity of citizens which superfluity and complexity of legislation might naturally create?

Be that as it may, what caused the prodigious multiplicity of laws which now cover the land like a tropic jungle? Was it not, perhaps, the result of wrong thinking? Did we not allow ourselves to become hypnotized by the false idea of government as an omnipotent and omniscient being which can do everything—stop all evil, give all good, make everybody prosperous, happy and righteous?

Have we not come to regard government as a sort of mundane providence which ought to and can take the place of human nature, and direct all the activities of man more wisely and beneficently than human beings themselves can manage their affairs? If so, have we not been under a malign spell which we must throw off—in an erroneous state of mind which we must correct?

At any rate, all of us will agree that we have too many laws and that some of them are too intricate and rigid for human uses—even for human comprehension. We can see, too, albeit vaguely no doubt, the limitations of law as defined by legal scholars.

The functions of the church are of paramount value to the individual and community; and legislative halls cannot take the place of pulpits, nor statutes supplant sermons. Each has its appropriate field of action, and legislative invasion of the domain of religion is injurious to both.

Matters Beyond the Law

For instance, several of the Ten Commandments can, ought to be and have been enacted into statutory law, as those forbidding theft, murder, perjury, and the like; whereas other Commandments are beyond the sphere of human legislation, as those forbidding covetousness and commanding love of God, honoring of parents, and the like.

The Sermon on the Mount is a good illustration of supreme truths with which human legislation cannot deal.

Also none of the laws of Nature can be reversed by statutory enactments. We can for a short time modify the law of exchange, of prices, of supply and demand, of diminishing returns, and the many economic laws which exist in and flow from the nature of things, but such experiments, all of which have been tried hundreds of times in the long course of human history, have, when pressed to extremes and long continued, always ended in disaster.

We can suppress initiative, shackle enterprise, discourage invention, but we thereby only slow down progress and diminish prosperity or destroy it altogether.

These simple and familiar illustrations make plain that we cannot do everything by law. Even if all of us agreed that water ought to run uphill instead of downhill and Congress passed an act accordingly, the Mississippi would still flow to the Gulf and the Columbia to the Pacific. Yet we can dam streams, impound waters, harness Niagara and employ the forces of Nature for the uses of man.

So we see the province and uses—and, so, the limitations—of man-made law. To determine the extent to which legislation is beneficial and beyond which it is hurtful is the task of statesmanship. It is the application of common sense and sound judgment to immutable principles.

The science of government is to strike the balance, within the domain of government, between good and bad effects of legislation and administration, and to adopt that which, on the whole, will best serve human needs.

Here, then, is the source of our excess legislation and the reason that so much of it is harmful. Perhaps the majority of us have known this all along, but our civic inertia and political indifference have kept us silent and inactive, and thus permitted minority groups to secure the enactment of unworkable or injurious statutes. For the fact is that a comparatively small number of men and women, if sufficiently ardent, active and compact, can procure from Congress or legislatures almost any law they demand. So comes that anomaly in a republic, of minority legislation affecting a whole people. Nor are these minority groups to be blamed; they are sincere, earnest, and perfectly sure that their particular notion if

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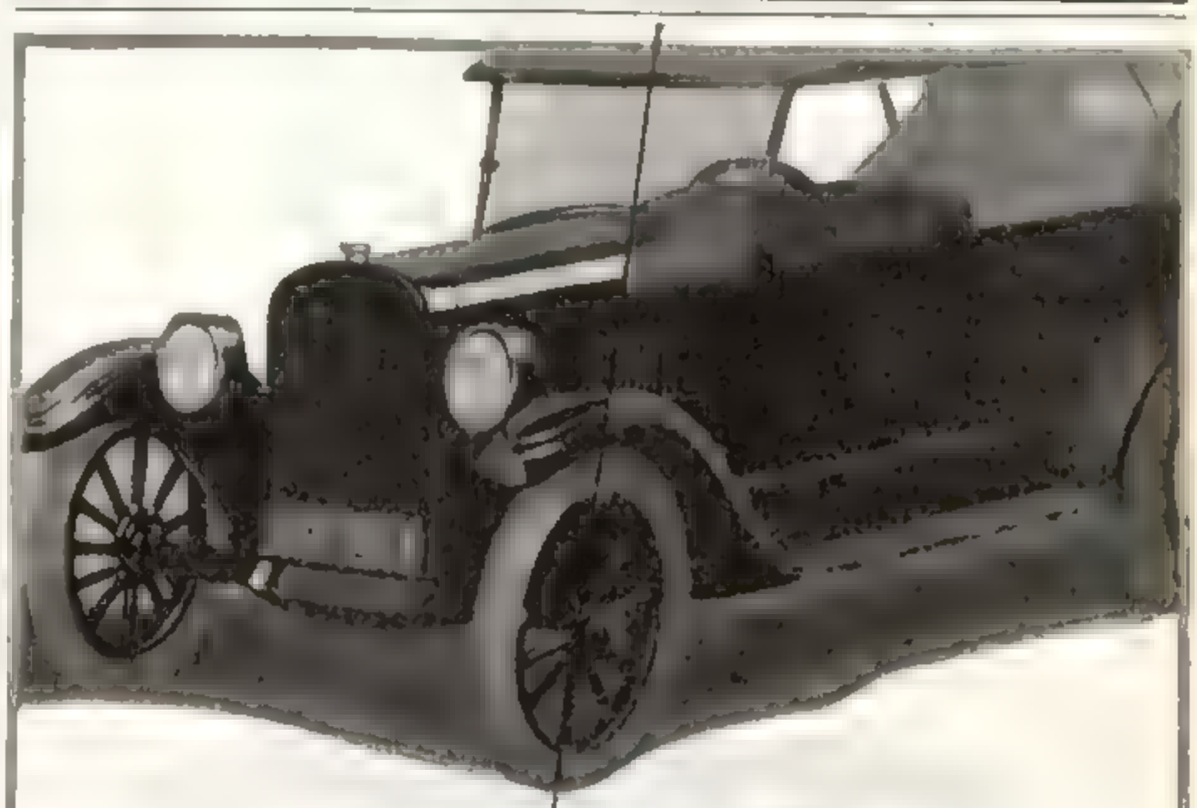

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put on the statute books and enforced will do the country a great deal of good.

If the Constitution stands in the way, let it be altered, say these honest, well-meaning but sometimes impatient champions of novel methods of human welfare. The nature and purpose of a constitution are of small account, in their eyes, compared with the immediate necessity of the plan they want adopted forthwith.

Thus we have been swept into an era of constitutional amendment comparable only to that in France during the period of the French Revolution; all of us remember the answer of a French bookseller when asked for a copy of the French Constitution: "I do not deal in periodical literature." Since the present session of Congress opened, seventy-seven resolutions have been introduced proposing additions to or modifications of the fundamental law of the Republic. Only a few of these are duplications. Some of them would overthrow the central idea of our distinctive American system of government.

So much legislation as the quantity that burdens us could have been produced only in great haste. It would have been a physical and mental impossibility for our legislative bodies to study thoroughly, in all relations, the subjects on which they have legislated so abundantly, to consider maturely many of the multitude of laws passed, or to test them by seasoned and informed discussion. Yet it is obvious, is it not, that much study, consideration and debate are indispensable to sound and helpful legislation?

Some time ago I made an attempt to examine acts of Congress and state legislatures passed within the last few years. The task could not be done within reasonable time—it would take years. But even piecemeal and superficial reading disclosed a jumble of laws wise and absurd, sound and fantastic.

Seemingly every fleeting public mood and emotion has been preserved by statute, like photographs of passing clouds and shadows. The mass of bizarre legalities found in state statute books reminds one of the situation in Rome at the beginning of the breakdown of that mighty structure of law and administration when, to quote a great scholar, "the Roman prætor sought to make legal duties out of gratitude, out of reverence for parents and out of moral obligation."

Too Many Boards and Bureaus

But the outstanding feature of all legislation, state and national, which this cursory review revealed is economic restraint government regulation of productive industry, government supervision of active trade, government interference with business. The idea of government as directing overlord of the industrial and commercial activities of the people is the dominant and dominating element of present-day legislation as shown by national and state enactments.

There are few if any states that do not have elaborate laws governing the conduct of business; and of course this is conspicuously true of acts of Congress, as everybody knows. Any business concern—manufacturing, mercantile, insurance, transportation, agricultural or what not—that does country-wide transactions must submit not only to national regulation but also to regulation by as many states as it enters.

The thought that seems to have inspired these directive, coercive and repressive laws is that production and exchange are inherently dishonest and that those who engage in these economic functions of civilized society will rob everybody else unless the Government prevents them. Or, to put the best face on such legislation, it can be explained only on the theory that to anticipate wrongdoing by some all must be spied upon and checked in order to circumvent the misdeeds of the few.

Here is where bureaucracy comes in. These regulatory statutes do not merely define wrongs, prescribe penalties, and leave prosecution to officers of justice informed by injured parties of law infraction, nor yet leave to courts and juries the trial of civil cases between litigants. Such statutes also create administrative machinery to operate their intricate provisions; and this, by a perfectly logical process, becomes an enforcing agency.

So every such law means a bureau, board or commission—and sometimes more than one such administrative and enforcing agency for a single law. And these contrivances mean a vast increase of laws; for the statutes creating them usually give them power to make rules and regulations of their own, to require reports, to impose exactions, to make interpretations of the laws they administer.

In practical effect all these bureaucratic outgivings have the force of law. The number of them is unknown and probably never will be known. But taken all together throughout the whole country, national, state and municipal, these bureaucratic ukases are well-nigh innumerable. They probably outnumber even the prodigious sum of enactments by Congress, state legislatures and city councils.

So it comes down to this: We are largely governed by a bureaucracy. Bureaus investigate business, bureaus direct productive industry, bureaus prescribe commercial methods, bureaus require elaborate reports from all sorts of enterprises—in short, government bureaus have become the commanding element in the economic life of the American people.

All this means a gigantic enlargement of the public pay roll. The Civil Service Commission states that at the present moment there are 548,506 employes of the National Government, and thinks that by June 30, 1924, the number will be 555,607. Yet in 1916 these Federal employes totaled 438,057. The late figures do not include more than 50,000 other officials. To the whole must be added 157,362 employes who are not in the classified civil service.

A Staggering Salary Bill

The lowest estimate places the number of government employes, including those of all political subdivisions, at one out of every twenty adult persons. Other studious and trustworthy computations recently made fix a still higher proportion. The National Industrial Conference Board says that, all told, there are 3,400,000 in the public employ, municipal, state and national; every eleven workers over sixteen years of age support one government employe. The aggregate salaries of this vast army of public servants are $3,800,000,000 annually.

Scores of thousands of these government employes are made necessary by the creation of government bureaus, boards and commissions. Some of these agencies of government, particularly those of states and cities, are frankly political—at least capable of being made and perhaps sometimes actually made parts of factional party machines.

For instance, while running through the acts of various state legislatures I came across a law authorizing a state director of oil inspection to employ as many local oil inspectors as he pleases and to dismiss them when he likes.

But let that pass; perhaps it is inherent in human nature when functioning under democratic forms. The main point is the tremendous increase in bureaucratic arms of government, national, state and municipal; the corresponding multiplication of government employes, with the attendant swelling of government expenses; and, above all, the immense and ever-widening field of bureaucratic activities in the whole life, and especially the economic life, of the people.

Many consider the increase of bureaus, boards and commissions as the natural and desirable result of our complex civilization. Yet the historical fact is that the bureaucratic idea and practice were offsprings of autocracy. For example, bureaucracy was one of the many causes of the French Revolution. Under the *ancien régime* there were swarms and hosts of government officials and agents. There were even inspectors of cattle and inspectors of calves, inspectors of swine and inspectors of sucking pigs. In short, government intruded into every transaction of life.

Nobody could live except as the government directed. And since the government made itself responsible for everything, it was blamed for everything. For the most part the French Revolution was the overthrow of special privilege and autocratic oppression, but it was also, to an appreciable extent, a protest against overgovernment. We see then that bureaucracy is not a modern development, but, instead, the result of excessive centralization with negligent lawmaking and administration by proxy.

But regardless of the autocratic origin of bureaucracy, let us have more of it if it is good for us. We certainly have a great deal of it now. Washington is cluttered up with offices of government bureaus, boards and commissions.

(Continued on Page 193)

Far more important than your bath

WE could not do without bathing. It keeps the body clean and fresh, and thus promotes our comfort. But although external cleanliness is necessary—how much more important is *internal* cleanliness! More than bodily comfort, health—even life itself—depend on it.

What does internal cleanliness mean? It means freedom from clogged intestines—regular and thorough elimination of food waste. Poisons breed in clogged intestines and soon cause such ailments as headaches, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. As these poisons continue to flood the system, your power of resistance is lowered, and the body becomes prey to serious diseases. In this clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

Thousands of healthy men and women have learned to prevent illness by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a medicine. Nujol prevents intestinal clogging by *lubrication*, the method now employed by medical authorities throughout the world. Nujol lubricates the food waste and thus hastens its passage.

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome intestinal clogging, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol is prescribed by physicians and is used in leading hospitals.

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For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

Everywhere physicians are sounding urgent warnings of the growing menace of faulty elimination. In an address before a leading Medical Society recently the medical director of one of the principal insurance companies stated that the lowered vitality caused by faulty elimination made the entire body a prey to dangerous germs. He further declared that if the absorption of poisons from clogged intestines was stopped, it would largely do away with the numerous untimely deaths that occur during middle age.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Medical science through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation has found in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant Nujol softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables nature to secure regular, thorough elimination

Complexion Troubles: Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood, they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched, or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes! It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull

Nujol keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles Nujol is thus the most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin

Elderly People: In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement. In advanced years this natural lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years

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(Continued from Page 190)

All told there are in the national capital several scores of different bureaus, boards and commissions—it is difficult in the extreme to determine the exact number—and they deal with all kinds of subjects.

For example, there is the National Screw Thread Commission, the Alaskan Engineering Commission, the Women's Bureau, the Bureau of Efficiency, the Veterans' Bureau, the Bureau of Industrial Housing and Transportation, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the Bureau of Home Economics, the Bureau of Education, the Federal Trade Commission, the Children's Bureau, the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Board for Vocational Education, the Federal Power Commission, the Federal Labor Board located in Chicago, and a large number of other agencies of the National Government.

Those named are but a few and the least important.

Taken together, state and city bureaus, boards and commissions are, of course, far more numerous. Indeed, some states have shown greater bureaucratic fecundity than the National Government itself.

All these bureaus, boards and commissions do some good, several are indispensable, and there is not one that cannot show plausible excuse for continuing it and giving it more money and power. But if a thousand new bureaus, boards and commissions were created tomorrow, each of them would also give service of some value, and after a year or two could and would present swarms of reasons why we could not get along without them.

This fact shows in striking fashion, does it not, that there is a limit to the manufacture of government bureaus? If so, have we not reached that limit? Have we not passed it, indeed? If we keep on producing bureaus—which seems to have been our favorite pastime for several years—will anything worth while be left to individual initiative, energy and enterprise? Will not everything of account be controlled, regulated and directed by government? And is that good for us as individuals or as a nation?

As a matter of everyday living, would it not be better to leave most economic and social regulation to voluntary organizations of citizens—that is, so far as the ordinary conduct of business and maintenance of ethical standards are concerned? For example, almost every branch of business has such an association, both national and state: Grocers and druggists, builders and supply men, farmers and bankers, laborers and physicians, hardware dealers and potters, merchants and manufacturers of various kinds, and so on throughout the hundreds of specialized activities of our infinitely complex and diversified, yet interwoven and interdependent industrial, commercial and social system.

Business Morals High

Meetings of each of these bodies are held every year and are attended by hundreds of members from all over the country. Subjects of interest are formally discussed with fullness of knowledge enriched by up-to-date practical experience, and with marked ability. Resolutions are agreed to expressive of the latest opinion on improved methods and requirements, which become standards of conduct to be observed by everybody doing business in that particular line.

Outsiders present at these gatherings are mostly impressed by the high sense of business morality that inspires the discussion of business problems and by the spirit of public service that animates the proceedings. It is plain that these men and women are intent on promoting the prosperity of all the people as well as on advancing their own material interests.

Here is the normal and wholesome regulative force, is it not, of American industry and trade—flexible, informed, progressive, efficient? It is vital, not mechanical; a natural growth, not an artificial makeshift. It is self-regulation, indeed a form of self-government, and by men and women who know what they are about—men and women who are good citizens, too, devoted to the upbuilding of America, of which their special line of business actively is a part.

Aside from the influence of business ethics which controls them, it is to their interest to root out scoundrels and scoundrelism from their section of the American business world. And they do; the dishonest lose caste among them and are given the cold shoulder. In actual results, about the worst thing that can happen to one of them is to get his associates down on him for immoral or dishonest business practices.

Yet the whole bureaucratic theory ignores this beneficent and powerful force in our economic life. So, as is inevitable, all these voluntary organizations of American men and women engaged in every form of industry and trade are opposed to government control of and meddling with their business. That they should object is inherent in the nature of things; but also they are prodded to resistance by government agents, inspectors and officials who continually try to make them toe the mark chalked out by bureaucrats who know little about business, acting under statutes that are often passed in disregard or ignorance of economic law or business custom.

As a practical matter it is probably out of the question to abolish any of the national bureaus, boards and commissions we now have; each has its group of ardent champions whose loud and passionate protests against the demolition of their favorite Congress would be likely to heed. Also it is only human nature that hostile action against any one bureau would bring to its defense the combined forces of all other bureaus—a power, a very great power, which few politicians would oppose.

But we can stop creating more bureaus, boards and commissions. We can check the lust for larger power and wider authority which these bureaucratic bodies constantly show and which it is in the very nature of bureaucracy to show. We can simplify their functions and, perhaps, even reduce the more harmful meddlesomeness of a few of them.

Schools for Government Workers

Of course the inherent defects of some of these bureaus may work the disintegration of them or at least lessen their activities. For instance, in the annual reports of several of them sharp complaint is repeatedly made that enough competent employes cannot be secured; that new employes must be educated and trained; that as soon as they are thus equipped and acquire experience they quit government service for private positions which pay better salaries; and that the resulting turnover of bureau personnel impairs bureau efficiency and diminishes bureau power.

So bad was the situation that a Bureau of Efficiency was created to speed up, coordinate and generally look after bureaucratic performances in Washington. The Senate asked its advice about establishing schools for government employes. In compliance, the efficiency chief officially reported that of the 11,253 employes in the War Risk Insurance Bureau in 1920, who he says are typical of the whole service, nearly one-third had never attended high school, a little more than one-half had got no farther than high school, only 8 per cent had gone through college, and 2 per cent had actually not even completed the common-school course.

Out of 100,000 such government employes in Washington this official report states that 11,797 declared their intention of enrolling as students in government schools for government employes, if such schools were started. And started they must be, argues the report, because "it is impossible at present to secure in Washington, or, indeed, anywhere in the country, instruction which would be of direct assistance to government employes in the performance of their duties."

Constant change of personnel takes place, thousands of resignations occurring every year; and the average cost of securing a new employe and training him to do his work as well as the old one is fifty dollars. Laments of these turnovers come, for the most part, from the very government agencies whose particular province is the regimentation of productive industry and business in general.

For instance, the annual reports of the commissioner of internal revenue repeatedly complain of the serious problem of recruitment and training of income-tax-unit employes. Very few field agents, he says in 1919, thoroughly understood the complex provisions of the law and had to be brought to Washington for intensive courses of instructions. The stream of resignations rose so high that in 1922 a total of 1150 new appointments were made, compared with 1087 separations.

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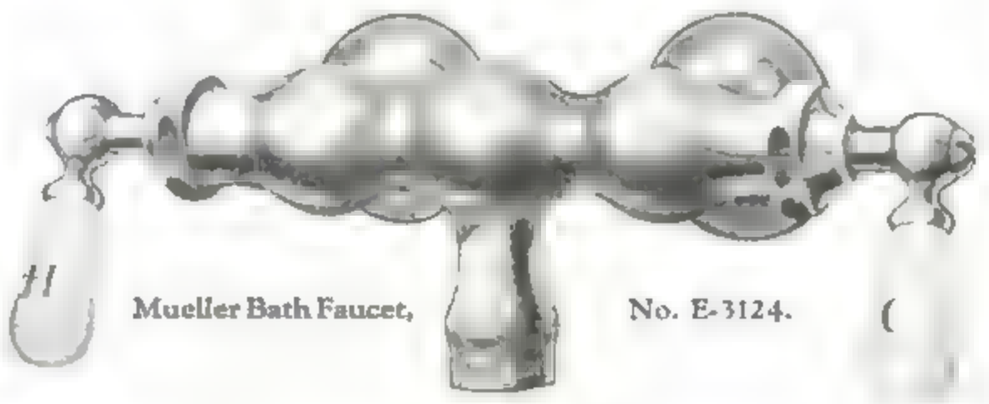

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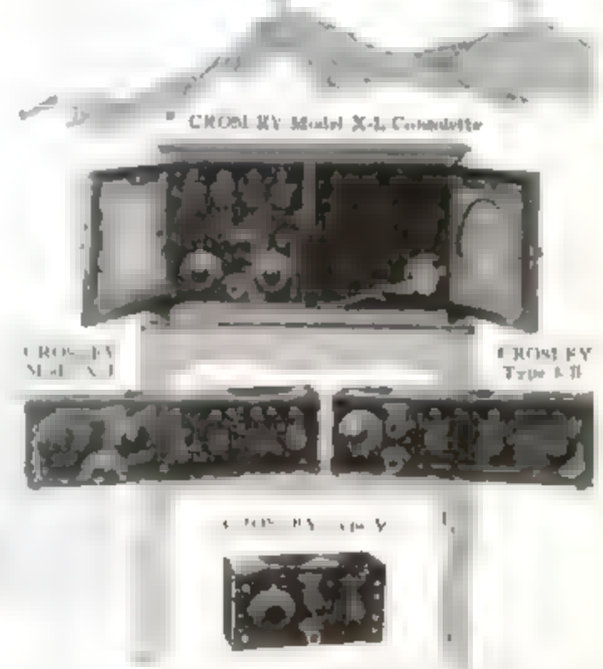

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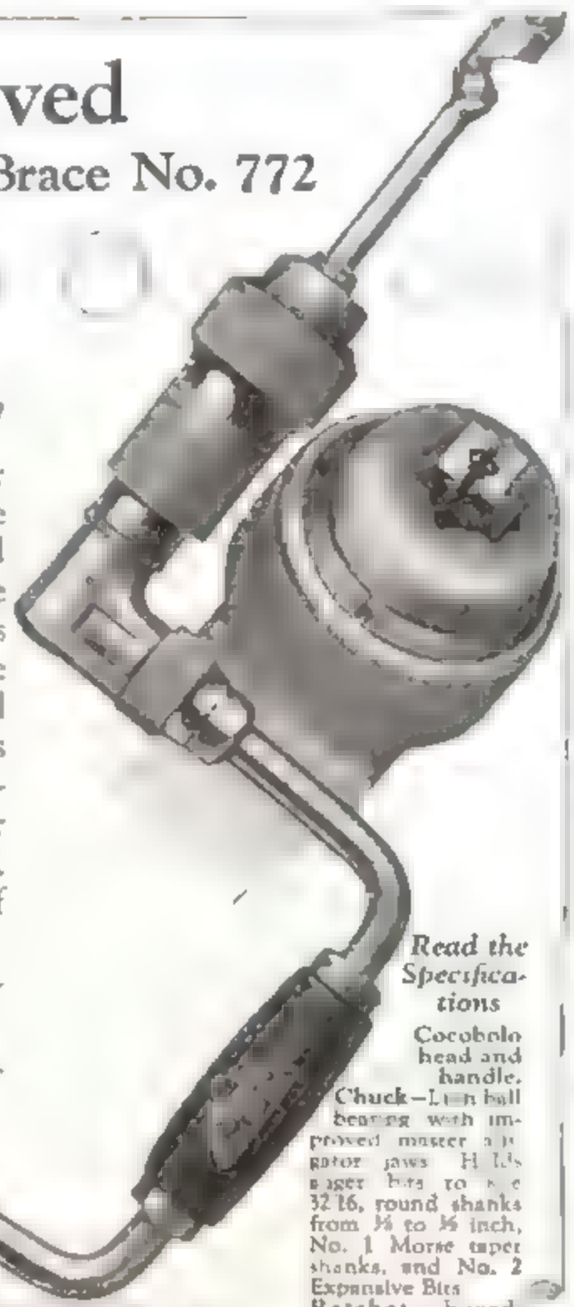

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WE'VE made this fine brace for years. It's been hard to improve but we've done it—with an improved chuck with square opening in the hood. It now holds larger bit shanks—everything you would care to use in a brace. One of the strongest and sturdiest of twenty styles of braces manufactured by Millers Falls Company for 50 years. You can't ask for more in a ratchet brace than No. 772 offers. You owe it to yourself to have one.

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Millers Falls, Mass.

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Cocobolo head and handle. Chuck—Ball bearing with improved master adjustator jaws. Holds auger bits to 32/16, round shanks from ¼ to ½ inch, No. 1 Morse taper shanks, and No. 2 Expansive Bits. Ratchet—Boxed. Head—ball bearing. Square opening in hood. Handle—Inserted metal rings. Sweep—10 in. Made in four other sizes, with sweeps from 8 to 16 in.

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He "Fashions" these Oxfords to Fit Snug at the Ankle

FROM the hands of the Nunn-Bush craftsman came a new ankle-neatness in oxfords—*no gaping, no slipping.* How many Nunn-Bush ankle-fashioned oxfords he creates has nothing to do with his pay. How well he fashions them is the measure of his reward. In no other way that we can conceive, could an oxford be thus hand-fashioned to preserve that Nunn-Bush trimness now so synonymous with "well dressed".

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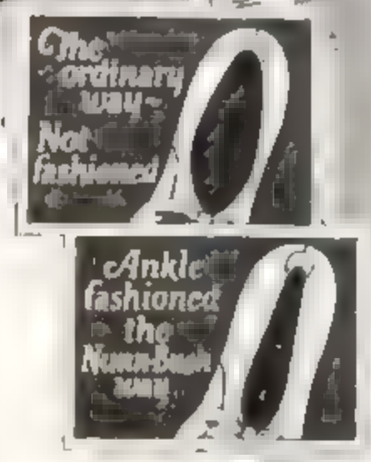

Nunn-Bush

"Faithful NUNN BUSH to the last"

the salaries and that the better equipped resign upon offers of more lucrative employment from business organizations. So the bureau is making desperate efforts to educate employes by means of voluntary schools within the department.

Yet this force administers our income-tax laws, the most intricate fiscal legislation ever enacted. They audit millions of extensive and complicated reports, examine books, records and papers of business concerns all over the country, pass upon depreciation of plants, goods, material and upon business methods everywhere.

A distracting and well-nigh incomprehensible mass of rules, regulations and interpretations is constantly piling up. Thousands of these are unpublished and often conflict with those that are published. Yet in some way or another, all must be enforced by the thousands of officers, agents and employes of the bureau. And all is done in, to or from Washington, notwithstanding the enormous extent of the country and the infinite variety of American business.

Of course this bureau is necessary to the operation of the income-tax law and must not be weakened. Mention of the condition of the force as reported by the commissioner is made only as an illustration of the difficulty of running even the most indispensable government bureau. Naturally the same is true of bureaus, boards and commissions which, perhaps, are not so essential.

The Federal Trade Commission

Thus a like condition is found in other government regulative agencies of business and industry. Take, for instance, this informing statement from the annual report of the Federal Trade Commission for 1922:

"The commission is still seriously affected by the constantly occurring turnover in its force. The attraction of the outside business world with the higher salaries obtainable therein for the same character of work has caused the commission to lose a large number of employes."

When this commission was only two years old several members of its staff resigned to accept work with private corporations.

The trouble is, explains the commission in 1919, that "many of our employes are attracted by opportunities in the business world, both in the matter of positions and salaries which the commission cannot afford to pay them." Two years later its special examiners were so few that the commission "could not handle many large investigations concurrently and at the same time take care of its current work."

The extent and variety of these labors are thus indicated in the report for 1923:

"The work of the commission covered the entire scope of the trust problem and related subjects. It reached from the simplest forms of unfair competition on through all phases of the more complex question of trust dissolution. These activities touched the whole range of commerce."

A fairly large order, is it not? Yet the law creating this overseer and disciplinarian of American economic life seems to give it well-nigh unlimited authority. For instance, the commission is empowered to prevent unfair methods of competition whenever it thinks the interest of the public requires interference by the Government.

Whether any business custom or method is unfair is made solely a matter of the opinion of commissioners who refuse to define that term; so that in practical effect the immeasurably vast and infinitely complex and delicate economic system of America is at the mercy of five excellent gentlemen in a Washington bureau.

And think of this all-inclusive and well-nigh autocratic power: When a President "requests," the commission must "investigate and report the facts relating to any alleged violation of the antitrust acts by any corporation." It does not take a lawyer to see what a President could do to most industrial organizations under this sweeping provision. He could, by intolerable investigations, punish any business concern that had incurred his displeasure; indeed, if so minded, he could terrify the business world into his political support, or at least into political stupefaction and desuetude.

Moreover, the commission must make investigations whenever Congress directs. Here is an ideal method of passing the buck, as the popular saying goes. A member of Congress wants something investigated, general consent is given because other members are fearful of being pilloried as defenders of bad practices; but all want a bureau to do it; they really have no time themselves. Good! The Federal Trade Commission is at hand already armed with full powers for just that sort of thing.

The courts have frequently negatived the commission's orders, which led the commission, in its latest report, to complain that the Supreme Court, "in defining the term 'unfair methods of competition' stated that it was clearly inapplicable to practices never heretofore regarded as opposed to good morals or against public policy, and thereby tended to restrict the jurisdiction of the commission to precedents established under common law and judicial decisions"; that the "ready development of the law of business practices under the commission's rulings" has thus been retarded; and that the court requires strictness in the commission's procedure "comparable to that governing a criminal indictment."

Seemingly the commission is out of humor with the Supreme Court. But what would you? Is there, then, to be no certainty as to legal methods? Are business men to be denied the privilege of knowing what they can and cannot do under the law? Is productive industry to be chilled by fear that even long-accepted and approved methods of production and exchange, always considered both moral and legal, are likely to be banned by a government bureau in Washington? The commission thinks so, it would seem, in view of its resentment of Supreme Court decisions.

While Congress was in the power-giving mood it gave aplenty, as witness this:

"The commission shall also have power to gather information concerning, and to investigate from time to time the organization, business, conduct, practices and management of any corporation engaged in commerce, excepting banks and common carriers . . . and its relations to other corporations and to individuals, associations and partnerships."

Sweeping Powers Broadly Construed

Also the commission by general or special orders can require all corporations or any one of them to make annual or special reports in writing and under oath; it can investigate the execution of court decrees; it can classify corporations; it can examine all books and papers of any business organization and compel testimony by witnesses who may be fined and imprisoned; more than all—and this is typical of the whole bureaucratic system—the Federal Trade Commission can make rules and regulations for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the law creating the commission.

These are only illustrations of the powers of this one Washington bureau.

As was to have been expected, since the same is true of every bureaucratic body ever created, the commission construes its powers as broadly as possible. It says that its duties involve both legal and economic aspects of trade problems. The reason for not telling the business world what constitutes unfair competition is that the principle is "sufficiently elastic to cover all future unconscionable competitive practices in whatever form they may appear, provided they sufficiently affect the public interest."

Because its proceedings against business concerns are "primarily for the purpose of protecting the public interest . . . and not contests between individuals" and because the commission "may institute proceedings on its own motion," it will not inform those accused who their accusers are. It sometimes feels that a particular case involves such large questions as to "demand specific investigation of conditions in the country as a whole."

There you are. Broad enough, one would think—yet the commission hopefully avows that its work "is capable of expansion." So, later on, it "intervened to prevent suspected projects" which, if real and carried out, would, in the opinion of the commission, have violated the Clayton Act.

Small wonder that the commission soon found its task "almost overwhelming," since it says that in a single branch of its domestic labors, that of preventing unfair competition, its "work touches every phase of trade." Nevertheless Congress actually extended its powers to foreign countries; it must now prevent American exporters from "unfair competition toward each other" when selling American products abroad.

In large numbers of cases actually tried the complaints are found to be without merit

(Continued on Page 197)

Natural *continuous* cleaning —not merely occasional brushing

This tooth paste increases the natural protective fluids of the mouth—the surest way to keep your teeth clean

The glands of the mouth furnish natural protective cleansing for the mouth and teeth.

Brushing the teeth, even though you do it thoroughly several times a day, gives only a temporary cleansing. The acids of decay start forming again as soon as you hang up your toothbrush.

But the mouth glands neutralize the acids as fast as they form—flushing the mouth and teeth thoroughly all the time. This is the safest and surest cleansing your teeth can have, for it is the method Nature provided.

It is necessary, however, to give the glands help. Our soft modern diet does not require sufficient chewing to exercise the glands and keep them working.

The gentle stimulation the salivary glands need

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Pebeco cleans and polishes your teeth as thoroughly as any dentifrice can. It cannot scratch the enamel, or injure the edges of the gums or delicate membranes of the mouth.

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Children are entitled to pleasing style, as well as to perfect comfort, in their shoes. Here they get them both.

Buster Brown Shoes are made in many modish styles; from a variety of fashionable leathers; in sizes to fit correctly every child, from 2 to 16 years old; and they outlook, outwear and outvalue ordinary shoes for children.

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These are the only shoes built upon the Brown Shaping Lasts—which insure the proper protection for each bone and muscle, and thus save the growing feet from present and future ills.

They combine correct styles and genuine values, with true health-protection. Good stores everywhere sell them at $3, $4, $5 and upwards.

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For Women—and for Men

These shoes meet all requirements for well-dressed men and women—style; variety; quality. Easy to look at and easy to wear, they are the best shoes that forty-five years of experience have taught us how to make, to retail everywhere at $6 to $10.

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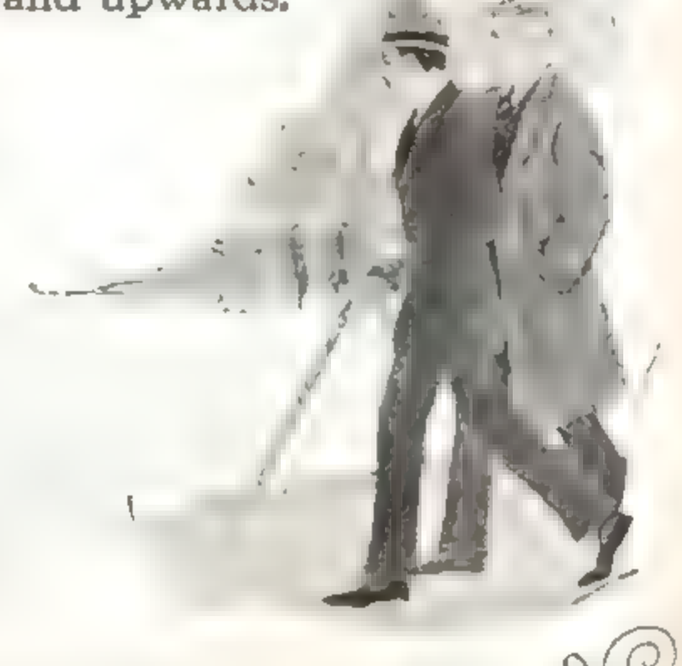

(Continued from Page 194)

and "the whole matter is dismissed"; but meanwhile the business man thus acquitted of violation of business law, ethics or morals, as understood by the commission, has been put to expense, worry, interruption of his affairs, and branded in the newspapers as a lawbreaker. For when the Federal Trade Commission makes formal public complaint of a business firm or company the public is widely informed of the accusation, but acquittal is sparingly published if at all. The loss thus caused—impairment of good name, disorganization of business, distraction of mind from business duties, cost of all, attorney's fees and traveling charges—is beyond computation.

Last year the work of the commission was gigantic—it was called upon, it says "to handle 2273 separate legal matters in domestic and foreign commerce"; disposed of 1352 of them, leaving 921 unsettled "by reason of inadequacy of funds." We are again reminded that the way to reach the commission is by "a letter from the general public through an individual or corporation" telling of "some alleged illegal or harmful practice in foreign or domestic commerce."

During the year ending June 30th of last year, 1169 separate requests from "the public" of this kind were received; and 144 complaints were issued, directed to 2384 separate respondents, and involved a wide range of products and industries.

The commission has, of course, done some good things, albeit every one of them could have been handled by courts or the correction of the evil would have inevitably resulted from the normal operation of economic law and natural business forces. But, on the whole, has this widespread and incessant though fragmentary and spasmodic interference with American industry and trade strengthened or weakened American business and advanced the well-being of the people as a whole?

How Much is Waste?

The entire bureaucratic field cannot be covered in a single magazine article or in many of them, but let me suggest one more item—that of the tremendous burdens which these Washington bureaus place upon our mail service. For instance, in 1921 the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce wrote 170,000 letters in this country alone, distributed 20,000 individual copies of commerce reports, sent 100,000 confidential circulars, 126,000 copies of selling letters, and 176,000 copies of trade lists. During the first full year of its existence the Federal Trade Commission sent business questionnaires to 289,166 individuals, firms and corporations, and, when answers were not sufficiently elaborate and explicit, mailed thousands of follow-up letters. Millions of letters, forms and documents are sent through the mails by the Bureau of Internal Revenue alone.

This is but a tiny part of the prodigious volume of matter sent out by Washington bureaus; the quantity of printed material is almost beyond estimate. A list of the reports, studies, brochures, and so on, would fill a solid page of this magazine. All are carried by the Government free of charge, the cost being borne by American taxpayers.

The items above given, huge as they are, are trifling contrasted with the stupendous magnitude of the total bureaucratic output. Moreover, mind you, all this matter—letters, forms, circulars, pamphlets, documents, books, and so on, many of them huge volumes—is printed by the Government at Government expense. It is doubtful whether any private book-publishing house in the world prints so many pages as are thus turned out by our government printing office.

Perhaps it is all worth the money it costs American taxpayers—provided these bureau publications are widely read. But are they? It would be interesting to know how many members of Congress, even, have read so much as the annual reports of every Washington bureau, or any of them. Yet these annual reports are scarcely foothills to the mountains of literature produced by these bureaus and printed at public cost.

But to return to the bureaucratic drill-mastering of American business: all of us will, of course, agree that if the industrial and commercial activities of the people are to be supervised and directed by the Government, such regimentation should be by persons as competent as those who manage the myriads of concerns all over the country thus subjected to government orders and control. That is obvious, is it not?

Very well! Speaking by and large, American business men are resourceful, energetic, enterprising—and honor is the very foundation of our whole business system. It sometimes is said that, since ours is preëminently the age of business, our strongest and most ambitious men are devoted to industry and trade. This is, of course, an overstatement, but there is some truth in it.

Certainly the inconceivably vast and multifarious business transactions which take place every day all over America are conducted by men of much intelligence, great industry, wide experience, and for the most part a high sense of morals and ethics. Moreover, business advance, like all other forms of progress, requires constant experiment, the trying out of new methods, incessant readjustment, the devising of simpler processes. That is the formula of improvement.

So initiative, courage, judgment, invention, foresight, persistence and all the well-known business virtues must have as free play as possible. To try to standardize them is as wrong as it is futile. It is this liberty of thought and procedure which largely—very largely—has brought about the miraculous economic development of the United States and caused the amazing success of American business.

The Power of Low-Salaried Men

Even if the principle of bureaucratic control of industry and trade were as right as it is wrong—it is the principle of paralysis, utterly hostile to progress and freedom—still the benefit of its application to active business would depend, would it not, on those who administer the bureaucratic system? Should they not be at least the equals in business experience, knowledge and ability of those whom they discipline? But are they? Can they be?

The official reports already quoted answer that question, do they not? Or freshen your mind by these additional facts:

Since its creation more than eight years ago, 2112 original appointees were made in the Federal Trade Commission service, and it had but 308 employes on June 30, 1923. Of these 129 are not under the civil service, and include attorneys, special examiners, economists, and so on, whose salaries average less than $2500. This is the force which in this bureau does the actual work of supervising American business as above described.

What has been said applies in greater or less degree to most administrative and enforcing agencies of government, city, state and national. Is it not unreasonable—even absurd—to expect good results from restraining, regulating and directing the most capable men in the country by such bureau agents and employes as can be had at meager government salaries? This question is on the assumption that the principle of bureaucratic government is consistent with republican institutions, which it is not.

At the very best, meddlesome interference with the natural process of industry and trade is, as yet, an experiment among free people. All will agree to that fact. Very well! If continued, should it not at least be made with care and moderation? After all, it is a kind of government competition with private enterprise, is it not, in the sense of a matching of the bureaucratic mind, stiffened and formalized by routine, with the business mind, made inventive and flexible by necessity?

But should it be continued? Is it a good thing to compress private initiative within forms prescribed by government bureaus? Will better results to all the people be secured by placing in bureaucratic straitjackets the intellect and energy of the millions engaged in the private management of production and exchange?

Republic or bureaucracy—in those three words is the issue and our choice.

Author's Note—In my second railway article an inadvertent error was made that The Traffic World is the organ of the National Industrial Traffic League, whereas that journal is wholly independent as between shipper and carrier

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Armstrong circuit, licensed under patent 1,113,149

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THE Superdyne, one of the most widely discussed successes of radio, exemplifies the constant creative work of Tuska radio engineers. For astonishing range, volume and clearness, especially on distant stations, the Superdyne is outstanding among the finest radio sets. It operates a loud speaker with a short indoor or any outdoor aerial. And being Tuska-built, it gives *lasting* satisfaction.

A radio with such splendid entertainment possibilities deserves the honor place in your home. So the Superdyne, like all Tuska Radios, is built with an eye to beauty as well as efficiency. In superb design, construction and finish, Tuska Radio establishes a high mark in radio manufacturing.

All Tuska models, ranging from $35 to $125, are built with scrupulous care, under the personal supervision of C. D. Tuska, noted radio pioneer, with thirteen years' experience in producing expertly made radio equipment. Your Tuska will give you years of uninterrupted radio pleasure.

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New York"

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YOUR milkman exerts every care to protect your milk all the way from the cow to your doorstep. If you will only be as careful as he is, you can keep every bottle uncontaminated until used up.

But if you open bottles with a tarnished fork, or the ice-pick, or even your thumb, you open a doorway for germs; and in they will swarm. And after you have crumpled or punctured a milk bottle cap, you never can replace it tightly—the partly-used bottle of milk is constantly in danger of contamination.

Perfection Milk Bottle Caps will protect your milk. Easily lifted off by a tab which will not tear off, and can be replaced as often as you wish.

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How about you? We can tell you, with a certainty born of years of experience, just what to do and say to make extra money. No matter how busy you are or what your age, a remarkable cash offer is yours for the asking. Let us prove to you that there's money in it. Send the coupon.

The Curtis Publishing Company
777 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

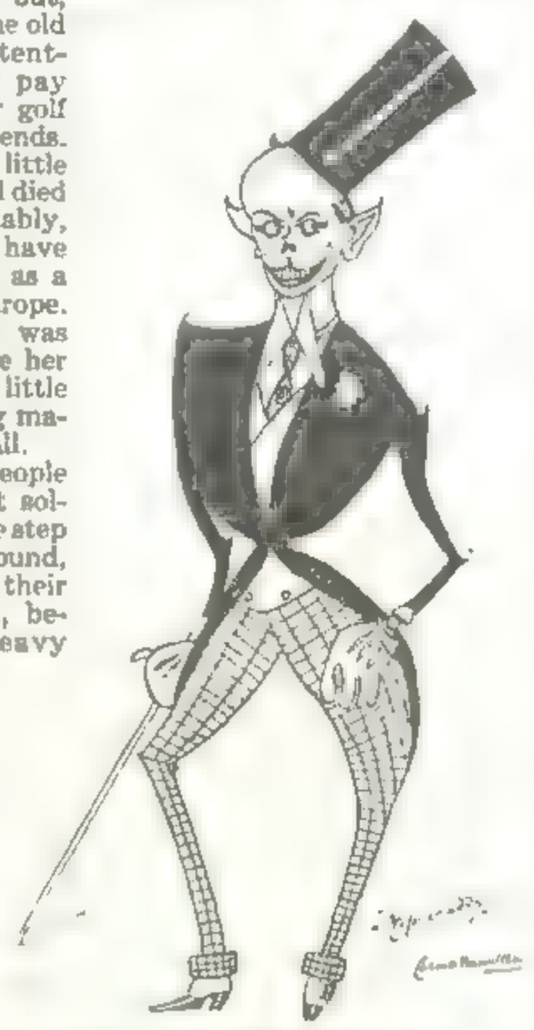
UNWRITTEN HISTORY

(Continued from Page 42)

the proof sheets, always a job that brings with it a series of deep disappointments; but when, later, I saw it as it had been adapted to the screen, with all its faults magnified a hundredfold, it became almost amusing in its frightfulness. There is nothing so well calculated to take all the conceit out of an author as to see something that he has written turned into a moving picture. The artlessness that is brought to bear, in most cases, upon these transplantations defies description, especially when a hardened scenarioist is given a free hand and the author is not consulted. And he isn't, ever. But there is a good day coming.

We were at home once more in June, to find London in its most happy-go-lucky mood, with the craze for dancing brought to the extreme limit of the grotesque, with an outbreak of night clubs in which unpetticoated flappers gave almost too realistic imitations of West African natives, to a newly imported jazz, with Mr. Asquith rather nervously engaged in watching Lloyd George, Lloyd George laying new schemes to win votes when the time came for him to jump Mr. Asquith out, and all the rest of the old political gang contentedly drawing their pay and improving their golf over pleasant week-ends. The nasty echo of the little affair at Algeciras had died away very comfortably, and there might not have been a cloud as big as a man's hand over Europe. Dear old Germany was merely about to give her vast war machine a little annual oil by holding maneuvers. That was all.

How those naïve people did adore to play at soldiers and do the goose step and turn up their round, bland faces towards their Zeppelins and thrill, between frequent heavy meals, at the rumble of their artillery! After all, you know, every country, like every man, should have a hobby. Uniforms and the discipline that went with them were, indeed, a most admirable antidote to socialism, what?



George Grossmith. From a Caricature by Mr. Hamilton

The intelligentzia of the British Government, a body nearer perhaps to the zenith of civilization than any other in the world, with Mrs. Asquith cracking jokes, wore a supercilious and complacent smile. Lord Roberts had been shamed into silence. Poor old Maxse was, of course, still popping out of his weekly corner, in the guise of a bogy, to frighten children! Poor old Percy Scott, silly fellow, persisted in his idiotic talk about obsolete warships. Didn't everybody know they were obsolete and that navies were merely kept from the scrap heap in order to strengthen the physique of those of our dear boys who were unable to obtain enough exercise on shore? Then, too, it was rather nice for the First Lord of the Admiralty to enjoy a little trip to sea from time to time without being out of pocket.

The whole cabinet, indeed, was happy except Mr. Asquith, who had always felt just a leetle bit nervous about David.

Stirring Times

But the happiest man in London, by all odds, was Prince Lichnowsky, because he was able to send his messengers from the German Embassy to the German high command, to say, over and over again, what he kept on having on the highest authority—that in the event of a regrettable rush of blood to the German financial and Junker head, quite unbelievable, Mr. Asquith's government was far, far too intelligent to join in a brawl of any sort, though they would be perfectly willing to supply their friends with ammunition. And so we had the Derby, Ascot, Henley in lovely weather, and, by the grace of God, Prince Louis of Battenberg in charge of the naval maneuvers, so that when the long-prepared-for-and-eagerly-looked-forward-to *Der Tag* came at last, the British War Fleet, at least, was ready to bark "The day after." their toast of many years.

On the first Sunday in August, 1914, I bicycled down the hill from my cottage on the Chilterns to the station at Prince's Risborough, torn between feelings of awe and excitement. Already the town was alive with wild rumors of a naval battle, and during the whole of that day aëroplanes, like lonely crows, flew intermittently towards London. The tiny village of Whiteleaf, up there under the White Cross, met and talked. Well, here it was—war at last. After a period of the most ghastly and humiliating hesitancy on the part of the paralyzed government, it was war. One man gave it a month, another three months. No one knew why or how. Yet another said that he was off by the first train in the morning to get into something if they would have him, but that he was going to leave a revolver with his wife with instructions to keep the last round with which to blow out her brains when the Germans swarmed up the hill—his little hill in the heart of England. And so we all knew what he thought might happen at the end of that month, or those three. And there was a silence that could have been cut with a knife.

What Next?

A few stultified days during which morning, afternoon and evening papers were fetched from the trains. The gray wave breaking on Belgium; the Russian steam roller already beginning to move; French, appropriate name, in France; business as usual. Stories from mouth to mouth of the secret departure of English regiments, uncheered, unsung; of young Guards officers sending messages to their friends to say "Good-by, we shall never see you again"; of spies at work; of strange lights flashing in the night; of trainloads of bearded Russians passing on the Great Western to London; of gallant men being turned away from the War Office, while others, less mentally and physically fit, were ordering officers' uniforms; strange and horrible whispers; stranger predictions by an ever-gathering body of our special experts, with maps; rushes to recruiting offices; and impotence; business as usual.

What on earth to do, and how to get it? Where to go to, when to go there, whom to see? Those were the questions that tortured the fit and fairly fit, the young and the no longer young, the unmarried and the much married population of all England, who did not say, as one of the shopkeepers in Prince's Risborough said, when asked what his son was going into, "Nothing. Me and his mother have decided to remain neutral." Engineers and chemists were being put to clerks' work; clerks were being put to the work of engineers and chemists; ex-sailors were being enrolled into the army, ex-soldiers were being sent to sea. Muddle, muddle and chaos was the inevitable order of the day, but what remained of the British Army was living up to its glorious tradition in France, and the British Navy was cleared for action.

My wife and I and our two small children, boy and girl, gave up the cottage on the hill and went to London and took a furnished house—a tall, narrow, melancholy house in a long, narrow, melancholy street in Bayswater, filled with stuffed penguins and chilly photographs of Iceland, and white bearskins which had been collected by one of the officers of an expedition to the South Pole. It was the first that we could get, and I wanted to be in things like everybody else, and on the end of the telephone for a call. And on the afternoon of

(Continued on Page 201)

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(Continued from Page 198)

digging up our roots and a first acquaintance with those stuffed reminders of the great white silence, I heard of something and rushed for it, was enrolled in the Anti-aircraft Corps at the Admiralty as an able-bodied seaman and was ordered to report for night duty to the officer in charge of a searchlight mounted on the Arch at Hyde Park Corner. The crews here were called the Duke of Wellington's Own, because, before the last night watch, supper was served in his house a few doors away, which came in very handy.

A new and fascinating bird's-eye view of London was to be had from the top of that nice old bit of masonry. The searchlight was a good one and already very efficiently worked. I saw George Grossmith in that dusty room in the Admiralty, and a host of other men I knew—Sir Bootle-Wilbraham, Wilson Taylor, Chiozza Money, Sir George Newnes—peers, bankers, doctors, dentists, artists, illustrators, architects, stockbrokers, sportsmen, gentlemen of independent means, none of whom was in the first or even second flush of giddy youth. Aircraft—which, in face of all skepticism, was going to revolutionize warfare, work as the eyes of the artillery, make a laughingstock of the Channel and lay the most inland cities open to destruction. Anti-aircraft, a vital arm of defense therefore; and although a new type of gun has still to be invented for the corps, here, at any rate, were the men, and good men too.

Snapshots of those early war months fill an album in my brain. All sorts of men, surmounting absurdities and humiliations by a sort of ecstasy, drilling in Hyde Park; no uniforms, no rifles; going through the rudiments of drill in back streets from which they marched away, with their chins in the air, singing, "'Old yer 'and out, naughty boy." More men, partly in uniforms and farther forward, bayoneting fat sacks with the blood lust in their eyes, or being made physically fit, watched by children and their nurses, to become gun fodder by Swedish exercises; everywhere the old parade rasp of pucka N. C. O's, back to the army again; men singing, singing, but never a band.

Kitchener, who refused to recognize in men anything but machinery, great soldier though he was, of absolutely unsparing energy, putting a cold and heavy foot on imagination—such imagination of the requirements of the human spirit at such a time as lifted France upon wings. Everything proceeding with the dull, unemotional, colorless commonplace of a public holiday in Scotland. What, for instance, could have been more deliberately and cruelly uninspiring than the arrival of the first contingent of Canadians, who, instead of receiving a welcome from the old country which would have warmed their hearts and shown them England's sense of gratitude, which they doubted, were plumped down upon the damp lines of canvas on Salisbury Plain without a cheer and with too much money in their pockets? No wonder they broke loose and swarmed on London and worried the War Office into a perfect stew.

Too Much Jam

The secrecy that hung like a pall over everything never for an instant prevented the German spy from obtaining all the information that he needed. It merely succeeded in quenching ardor, creating a general feeling of disappointment, a sense of injury, a lack of confidence, and it gave a million tongues to rumor. Until the huge mistake was discovered, everything was done drably and in the middle of the night.

The Anti-aircraft Corps received its first knowledge of the ugliness of air raids in Dunkirk, discovered the utter uselessness of rifles, and was taken seriously in hand by Commander Murray Sueter and Lieutenant Pink, and two finer officers and better organizers could not possibly have been found. One after another, gun and searchlight stations were built on the roofs of various buildings and taken over by officers and men who were becoming rapidly more and more efficient—the officers commissioned to H. M. S. President of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and attached, as the corps was, to the Royal Naval Air Service, giving their whole time; the chief petty officers and men every other night on light stations, every other day and night, in watches, on the guns.

Prepared to give all my time and as much over as could be squeezed out, I was commissioned sublieutenant and attached to two stations on the Thames above Westminster, and on one of these the smartest C. P. O. was a man who wrote very successful books for musical comedies, and one of the most efficient A. B.'s a handsome actor whose photograph probably lay under the pillows of innumerable flappers. We worked there with blazing enthusiasm under the ironical handicap of a sickening aroma of jam.

To me, at any rate, it was an irksome and amazing thing suddenly to have to begin to learn lessons like a schoolboy, with a brain completely out of the habit of such a process, and inelastic. In a great hurry we crowded in lectures on drill, signaling, electricity, gunnery—firing rounds at floating targets out at sea—and I confess that I frequently felt suicidal at my stolid dullness and inability to learn. Drill I had known backwards. It was only necessary to rub that up, and I very quickly got the chance to do so by practicing on the raw recruits of our mobile section in the courtyard of the Duke of Buccleuch's house in Whitehall Gardens—the only place not occupied by drilling men.

Captain Lewis Waller, From a Caricature by Mr. Hamilton

Promoted

I was then promoted to the charge of the four inner stations, two guns, two searchlights, with three and sometimes four officers and somewhere about three hundred men, and it was the whole and sole ambition of every man jack of us to achieve and preserve the last inch of efficiency and smartness; the stations running as though they were gunboats; discipline and etiquette naval—and one cannot say more than that. The longer and harder we drilled on the guns and lights, watch by watch, day in, day out, fathered always by a naval rating of long years' service who lived on the stations and generally kept canaries, hung out washing and played poker like the heathen Chinee, the more keen we were that every alarm should develop into action so that we might prove our mettle.

Every night we had evening quarters, when unloaded guns were drilled on imaginary Zeppelins that were picked up and held by all converging searchlights, to which London and its surroundings very soon grew callous—especially when Mr. Balfour, sitting in the Admiralty in September, 1915, issued a statement to the effect that people might sleep peacefully in their beds. He could not have touched wood when he made that confident and epoch-making remark, because the following night every gun from the East Coast to the heart of London opened fire on a Zeppelin which dropped bombs as she sailed along in perfect comfort, and there was a red blaze behind Saint Paul's Cathedral by which one could almost see to read. I shall never forget the thrill of the moment when we picked up that long silver fish and let fly at her.

But long before that hopefully expected night, which found us ready, but our guns of too short range, the comic side of things cropped out in many places. There was, for instance, an epidemic of recruiting posters all over England, grossly comic and humiliating, devised by people without the smallest knowledge of British temperament and spirit, and those awful women whose contribution to war work consisted merely in

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the presentation of white feathers to men who seemed to them to look like slackers No one will ever know or care what were the feelings of the one who handed a snow-white quill from the fantail of a pigeon to a man in mufti in the Savoy Hotel, received his courteous thanks and was told that that was the third decoration with which he had been honored that day, the two others having been pinned on his chest by the King.

I never had the luck to win a feather; but one morning in the Tube, when, after several nights of alarms, I was going, heavy-eyed from want of sleep, to my tailor's in civilian clothes to try on a new uniform, one of these women spoke to me. She was placed on the opposite seat between a very fat man and two pretty girls. A large, hard-bosomed woman, with imitation cherries dangling from her hat, she eyed me vindictively for many moments, waited until the train drew into a station and said, not knowing me from Adam, "I am surprised not to see you in uniform."

"And I'm surprised not to see you in underclothes," I replied, for want of a better answer; but the sight that she, overplump soul, obviously would have made in such garments in such a place was too much for the people who had heard these idiotic remarks. The two girls uttered screams of derisive laughter and the fat man nearly fell under the seat.

And one afternoon I had orders to report at the Admiralty, urgent; and did so, nippily, with childlike thoughts of promotion, and found what was apparently a court-martial in process, and was finally dealt with by a very angry old sea dog who demanded to know what the devil I meant by writing a disgraceful attack on the president of a neutral country from whom we were receiving great assistance in money and ammunition—an article which had appeared in a London evening paper and had subsequently burned up the cables. I was dumfounded, aghast. Yes, I had written it, to keep my pen oiled before the outbreak of war—a mere piece of light satire—but I had never intended that it should appear in print, nor had I authorized its publication by an agent in whose hands I had left everything that I had written before retiring from the game.

"Then how do you explain the fact that here it is, having given all the greater offense because your name appears as lieutenant, R. N. A. S.?"

An Official Reprimand

I couldn't, but I asked for an hour in which to make a defense, dashed off in a taxi to the office of the newspaper and brought back a subeditor who would swear that the article was not sent in by me and that he himself had added those words to my name in order to make it more interesting. All the way back I pumped into this pale person a horrid picture of a man with a wife and two children standing in front of a firing party with his back to a wall. He told his story, was ordered to get out, got out like a rabbit, and I was left under the cold blue eyes of that fine old sea dog. I then listened to an unprintable lecture on the iniquities of all you writing men, was informed that I had saved my skin by the fraction of an inch, commanded to put my —— pen away for the period of the war and ordered back to duty. I took a deep breath, saluted, turned about and achieved the door.

"Come here!"

I went there. What next? There was a different expression on that weather-beaten face. Was it a smile?

"A damned good bit of writing," he said. "I enjoyed it very much."

It was an altogether new, refreshing and astonishing experience for me during all that time to find myself without the necessity of thinking out plots, worrying about dates of delivery, discussing ideas with editors, managers and publishers—transplanted as suddenly and completely into another life as the overworked Mr. Barnstable in Wells' Men Like Gods. Not that these gun stations of ours seemed to me remotely to resemble Utopia, with the responsibility they entailed of protecting an unrecognizably darkened London and the long, long days and nights of routine, the irregular meals, the broken sleep, the constant waiting for the alarm, the anxious hope of longer-range guns. And when I paced up and down in the small hours, having seen the midnight watch on board, it was curious to find how quickly a mind which hitherto had run so closely in one groove was now in another diametrically opposite.

The old sea dog need not have warned me to discard my pen, drink my ink and eat my paper. I never gave a thought to any of them. My new job held me completely. I might have been born into it. Nothing seemed to have mattered until I took it on. And it was the same with other men—all of them, I think, whatever had been their work before the war; even those, younger, and fitter than the members of the A. A. C., who were in the thick of it, doing the real work, sitting in familiar juxtaposition with death.

It was in January, 1915, that I received orders to make a list of picked men to leave at once on a mysterious expedition with searchlights mounted on motor trucks, under the command of Lieutenant Pink—Pink by name and in the pink of condition and efficiency, a born leader of men, a typical naval officer and a gentleman. I was to go as second officer. In field kit and with as little gear as possible, we entrained at Euston, almost before we knew it, for a place near the East Coast, of which I had never heard, with sealed orders which were not to be opened until a certain moment after our arrival there.

Guarding Royalty

Drawn up in the courtyard of a small, smart country station, we first heard the steady marching of infantry and then the heavy rumble of artillery wagons. A detachment of the Grenadier Guards hove in sight under the command of Lt. Col. Gilbert Hamilton, hardly recovered from a nasty dose of shrapnel, with Lord Stanley and young Eaton, and then two R. A. guns and their crews in charge of two officers, one of them so Scotch that I could hardly understand a word that he said. What on earth did it mean? If the Germans intended to make a landing somewhere near, and Kitchener had got wind of the fact, how could so small a body of men and arms push them off again? We asked ourselves a dozen equally fantastic questions, read the orders at the appointed time, found that we were to mount guns and searchlights round the King's cottage at Sandringham—and functioned quick.

It appeared that the King and Queen, after many months of ceaseless and unsparing work and deep anxiety, had felt the need of a short holiday, and had slipped away, unparagraphed, to the charming house, with its wonderful racing stables, of which King Edward had been so fond, but which was, by an unfortunate coincidence, within a comparatively few miles of the point on the coast that was aimed for by the Zeppelins.

It was very certain that although England knew nothing of the fact that the King had retired to this place to shoot his birds and obtain a brief respite from his arduous duties, Germany did. In fact, bombs had already been dropped on near-by fields, and Kitchener had another worry to add to his daily pile. It got about among us that he had said that we were "to sit on the King's head in case of a buzz." This was probably a very free and colloquial adaptation of his orders to try to persuade the King to keep well under cover in the event of a raid, which we all knew was easier said than done. As a fine shot, a born sailor, and a man who eagerly and gladly would have given ten years of his life to be in the thick of fighting, we knew jolly well that if there was to be a buzz the King inevitably would be with us, acting in all probability as gun layer, and having an excellent time.

Colonel Hamilton took charge, and with a map of the place in front of him, and Pink at his elbow, very quickly allotted the positions for the guns and searchlights, which were to be connected by telephone. He and his officers and Pink were to be billeted in the guests' quarters of the cottage, I in the vicar's house, the artillery officers in other houses, the Grenadier Guards and our men in comfortable places. And then we set to work and had everything ready before it was dark.

I need hardly say that we all felt under a heavy load of responsibility and saw nothing romantic in the fact that this was the first time in the history of England when a king and queen were to be protected in time of war from an enemy attack by airships—the most uncanny and diabolical of all attacks, at that. Neither is it necessary to say that, like everybody else in the country, we held the King and Queen

(Continued on Page 205)

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THE SAFE-CABINET preserved contents perfectly for the Construction Division of the Japanese Government. Two other safes failed badly. They have placed new orders for more SAFE-CABINETS.

C. Minoda is owner of many enterprises in Japan. His office in Kanda was completely destroyed, but his SAFE-CABINET brought his records through intact. Two safes of another make lost all their contents. He has ordered five new SAFE-CABINETS.

The Tokyo Electric Bureau had one SAFE-CABINET, which preserved its contents perfectly, while four of another make failed. This Bureau will use SAFE-CABINETS exclusively in its new building.

Ajinomoto Shoten, manufacturers of extracts, had two SAFE-CABINETS, both of which saved their contents. One safe of another make lost all its contents. They have ordered three new SAFE-CABINETS.

The Minejima Estate had one SAFE-CABINET, which saved its contents, and one safe of another make, which failed. Two new SAFE-CABINETS have been ordered for immediate delivery.

The Shanshodo Book Store and Publishers had one SAFE-CABINET, which saved its contents. Two safes of another make failed. They have reordered SAFE-CABINETS.

THE SAFE-CABINET preserved contents perfectly for the Main Office of the Japanese Government's Home Department. Ten safes of another make lost everything.

The Hozen-Sha, representing the Yasuda family interests, drove into the devastated city to inspect the performance of various safes in the fire. After inspection they placed an order for thirty-nine SAFE-CABINETS.

Other instances, too numerous to mention, might be cited, proving that THE SAFE-CABINET *has won the right, by sheer merit alone, to bear the title of "The World's Best Safe."*

(Continued from Page 202)

in deep personal affection and respect, and that the mere thought of their being in danger filled us with an indescribable sense of anxiety and anger.

It is difficult, perhaps, for people who belong to democracies and republics, and are under the wholly mistaken impression that kings are ciphers and figureheads of out-of-date constitutions, to understand the sentiment with which we of England regard our royal family. It is, however, true to say, and never was the truth of it more definitely proved than in that time of war, that King George and Queen Mary are not the heads of an aloof family living behind the high railings of a palace, but the heads of every family in the country, that they belong personally to every household, are essential to our well-being, and are deeply and truly loved. We are, in short, a democracy that maintains a monarch because we need him rather than a democracy that is obliged to put up with a dozen monarchs because they cannot be shaken off.

Hamilton and Pink dined with the King and Queen that night, with whom were Princess Mary and Prince Albert, with Sir Charles Cust, the Hon. Sidney Greville and Lady Eva Dugdale in waiting, and I was left in charge. The night slipped by peacefully, but for one most amusing incident. It must have been about ten o'clock when a sergeant major of the Grenadiers loomed out of the darkness, waggled his hand in the inimitable Guards' salute and informed me that the park was filled with "frank tirrers," armed with rifles.

If they loosed off suddenly there might be a nasty mess, so what did I think he ought to do about it?

Out to Protect the King

It took me a moment or two in which to grasp the fact that he meant francs-tireurs, and then I ordered him to bring up a file of men and lead me to one of these people in order that we might discover who they were and what was their reason for being out. We stalked our game warily, and came suddenly face to face with an elderly and distinguished gentleman with a large mustache who was prowling about in an overcoat with a double-barreled sporting gun. When I snapped out a request to know what on earth he was playing at he burst into an indignant flow of words. He wasn't playing at all, sir. In grim earnest and imbued with the most loyal feelings, he was out, sir, to protect the King, and who was to prevent him he would like to know. I would, I said, and I asked him if he had ever heard of the stupidity of hiring a dog and barking himself. He had, but let there be as many dogs to bark as there were spots on the sun, no one was going to prevent him from doing his duty by the King, who was a lifelong friend.

This was awkward, especially as it dawned upon me that he was only one of an organized party of equally loyal but mistaken men, including probably the peace-loving but sporting vicar, butlers, footmen, gardeners and the like, ready to shoot at any long, thin cloud which their imaginations turned into a Zeppelin. There might be shots in reply from young and high-strung sentries and the nasty mess to which the sergeant major had referred.

An Amusing Sequel

I didn't argue. Lifelong friend as he was, and his emotion proved it—he had been, in fact, the King's schoolmaster—I simply said that if he didn't immediately deliver up his weapon and go home I would put him under arrest and tie him to a gun carriage to cool his ardor. And this he did, but not before a tall, slim figure walked into us who, turning out to be the vicar, was concealing a rifle beneath his overcoat. Eventually the two gallant gentlemen retired together, only half satisfied that our small protecting force was well able to do what was required without their assistance. I was then wholly unaware of the eavesdropping presence of two or three maids from the cottage who had memorized every word of this brief encounter from behind the near-by bushes.

The sequel was equally awkward and amusing. When, next night, I was commanded to dine at the cottage and had the honor of taking the Queen in to dinner, duly prompted by Sir Charles Cust on certain points of etiquette, I found that the story had got about, and there was something a little sheepish in the expression of the footmen. With the arrival of the fish, and carefully choosing her moment, the Queen, greatly amused at the whole affair, asked me to tell my version of the story, which I did as I have told it here. There was so much laughter at our end of the table that the King asked if he could share the joke; and desiring to spare the blushes of the servants, the Queen said, "Presently, George."

Later, when the Queen, whose blue eyes had danced all through dinner, went into the drawing-room to knit socks for soldiers, I repeated the story to the King, who was as much touched, I thought, as amused. The other guest that evening was the Scotchman; but being overcome by nervousness, he never opened his mouth, and so it devolved upon me to earn our dinner. That was easy enough, because the King told many most interesting anecdotes, especially of his visit to America as Prince of Wales and his experiences on American warships, of which he had a vivid remembrance.

There never was a buzz, much to our relief. The days were occupied with drill, an inspection by the King; a visit to the racing stables; Sunday morning church, during which the vicar never referred to barking dogs, as I thought he might, having an excellent chance; a long, chilly motor ride to the coast to inspect and report upon a deadly looking unexploded bomb which lay in a potting shed at the officers' quarters of a regiment of coast artillery, having been very tenderly dug out of a field into which it had been dropped before our arrival; long talks with the Queen and Princess Mary when they came to sit on our gun platforms, and a game of golf between the army and the navy with clubs collected from the cottage, during which Pink swung himself off his feet into an artificial lake and the Queen sat down in the mud with laughter. The nights, cold and raw and luckily misty, were spent in watching, ears tuned to catch the humming of an airship and sometimes quickly distended by the distant and not unsimilar sound of a motorcycle. The vicar and his mother gave afternoon tea to our crews, picked men, indeed, and finally the whole force lined the road, stuck caps on bayonets and cheered when the King and Queen left Sandringham to return to London, to carry on.

America's Son-in-Law

When the Queen asked me to write an account of that unique episode, of which three copies should be printed, I was tempted to do so, with Pink's illustrations. He wielded a remarkable pen. But when I came to think how it could be done I found it as difficult to write as I now find this, because there were so many intimate, charming and personal things to which no possible justice could be done in words of mine—things that the King said that were not meant to be repeated—his emotion at the casualty lists, his great pride in the courage and endurance of his men, by whom he was affectionately called G. V., his intense desire to be on active service at the Front—he was on active service enough as it was—and his great kindness to us individually.

I could have written freely, of course, of the delightful relationship between the King and Queen and their son and daughter, but that had nothing to do with the point. And so the account was never written and I can do no more than touch it briefly here.

And here, so far as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is concerned, these rambling reminiscences come to an end. I cannot and must not wind up here, however, without expressing my deep gratitude for the great kindness and hospitality that I have received always in the United States, where I have been privileged to make many everlasting friendships, and to whom, from the fact that I have had the good fortune to marry one of her most charming daughters, I have the honor to be related as a son-in-law.

My duty to America, like that of other Englishmen who have received similar kindnesses at her hands, as well as to that of my own country, which rightly regards the good will of America as essential to the peace of the world, is to do all that I can, with a very humble but hard-working pen, to solidify the kind feelings of both countries toward each other, so that we may together light a torch of sympathy and understanding which will show the way through a rather dark world to the brotherhood of man.

Generations of travelers in Europe have seen women washing clothes, like the woman in this illustration, on the banks of rivers

Shall the river work—
or shall you?

Too many women, abroad, are still washing clothes like this.

They go to the river. Our American rivers are being trained to come to *us*. Water-wheels drive electric generators—thus water is supplied to your home, and electric current runs the washing machine which has banished so much toil.

Back of every great step in woman's progress from a drudge to a free citizen has been some labor-saving invention. Back of most inventions in electricity's progress from a mystery to a utility has been the research of General Electric Company scientists and engineers.

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BEST RESULTS
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Clark's Around the World and Mediterranean Cruises
Jan 20 and Jan 31 1925; 122 days $1250 up; 62 days $600 up. Chartered steamers, ask for either program
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"Say, Daddy, why don't you get hooks on your shoes like I have?"

Ask for shoes with shoe hooks—insist on having what you want!

Speed Way

1/4 in.
only 18.75

A revolutionary price for a high grade Portable Electric Drill. So good that we say "try to steal it"

This SpeedWay 1/4 in. Drill will make money for thousands of artisans, repair men, and contractors

Little 4 in. in steel. Universal motor. Trigger type starting Switch under operator's finger. Weight [illegible]

Our Heavier Drills, Concrete Hammer Drills, Grinders etc., are all money makers. Write for catalogue

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Sales and Service in all principal cities

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Saxophone Blues

Drive away the blue devils, turn the world to gladness with a Lyon & Healy Saxophone! Give your musical longing free expression with this monarch of instruments!

Easy to Play!

No other wind instrument is so easy to learn as the Lyon & Healy Saxophone. You need no knowledge of music to start. You don't have to sacrifice your other interests. A few minutes' practice in odd moments—before you know it you're surprising yourself and your friends.

A New World Open for You!

The result—a wonderful new popularity—companionship in hours of loneliness—constantly *increasing earnings* as you quickly qualify for orchestra positions. Above all, the satisfaction of being really able to *"play something."*

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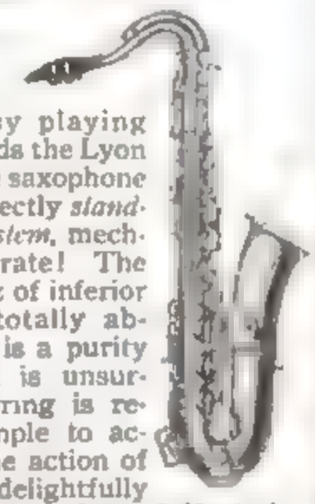
"True to Pitch as a Master's Violin"



Above all others in sweetness of tone, in easy playing qualities stands the Lyon & Healy—the saxophone with the perfectly *standardized key system*, mechanically accurate! The rasp and buzz of inferior makes are totally absent! There is a purity of tone that is unsurpassed. Slurring is remarkably simple to accomplish. The action of the keys is delightfully easy and quick. A Lyon & Healy is always in tune. The finish is unusually handsome.

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Write for our FREE Catalog describing all the famous Lyon & Healy band instruments. Many other types, equally fine, all guaranteed quality—Cornets, Trombones, Trumpets, Mellophones, etc. Select your instrument. Then a week's FREE Trial in your home! Easy monthly payments will make you the owner while you play it. Mail Coupon Today!

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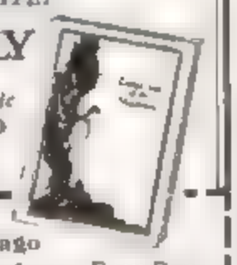

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☐ Lyon & Healy Saxophones
☐ Lyon & Healy Band Instruments

Name

Address

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE GAME

(Continued from Page 25)

"I always picks on the gentlemen," he said, "that looks like they wanted something for nothing. Them that appears like they think they can beat the game."

In an Eastern city not long ago the proprietor of a large specialty store made a disastrous failure, the event coming as a surprise both to his creditors and to the other business men of the community, for he had done a live business and was seemingly on the way to Easy Street. He had a prominent location, a well organized sales force, and ran his place in most up-to-date fashion. It was not until the committee appointed by the creditors to invoice the stock made its report that the secret of the situation came to light.

The merchant thought he had discovered a short cut to prosperity. He had a reasonable amount of capital, but not enough, he thought, to take entire advantage of his opportunities. Someone had told him that the way to make money was to work on the other fellows' capital; and before he had been in business long he began to try it out. Certain wholesale houses solicited his business on the basis of extra-long credit; the ordinary terms offered by standard houses in the trade were sixty days, but these long-credit wholesalers offered the merchant anywhere from four to eight months, and in some cases a full year.

It was this seeming liberality that proved the merchant's undoing; for, as it appeared to him, such long terms would enable him to carry the large stock he wanted without extra capital.

With a whole year in which to pay for purchases, it seemed indeed like working on the other fellows' capital, because the goods would be sold and the money in bank long before the bill fell due.

This was the way the merchant reasoned, but there was a bad flaw in his reasoning, which was that he expected to get something for nothing. The standard houses in the trade sold their goods strictly on sixty days' time, not because they were unduly grasping, but because long experience had shown that they could not give longer terms and still sell their goods at the lowest prices.

On the surface it did not appear that the long-credit wholesalers charged unduly high profits; but as they never handled quite the same lines as the standard houses, there was never an exact basis of comparison. The creditors' committee, after going through the merchant's stock, estimated that he had regularly paid 10 per cent too much for his goods, which in itself was an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of his success. There was also another fly in the ointment. The long-credit wholesalers never offered quite so salable merchandise as the standard houses; quick-selling, desirable goods do not have to be put out on long terms. And so, in addition to paying too much for his stock the merchant never had so attractive selections as his competitors. The whole situation was pretty well summed up by one of the members of the creditors' committee, himself a merchant of long experience.

"It's no wonder this fellow busted," said the veteran; "he thought he was buying merchandise, but he wasn't. He was only buying terms."

A Coming Citizen Goes

Another retailer in the same city recently came to grief from a desire to beat the game, but manifested in a somewhat different way. This retailer was at one time looked on as one of the community's coming citizens—popular, active, and with a host of personal customers. At the time of his failure he was only a little over thirty years old, but he had already built up the leading business of his line in the city.

This young retailer's troubles arose from a very common failing, according to the referee in bankruptcy, who told me the story. It was that he was almost too careful about little expenses, but often let the big things slide. He would, for instance, in the midst of important work at his desk, spend five minutes looking for a half-used sheet of paper to figure on, so as not to waste a clean sheet. He paid $1200 a month rent for his store, but never quite got his money's worth, because he balked at spending enough money on his window decorations to make the displays most effective. Although he carried a $100,000 stock of merchandise, he kept his own books, so as to save a bookkeeper's salary.

These idiosyncrasies, although expensive, were no more serious than those practiced by thousands of other business men, and would not alone, probably, have caused the young retailer's downfall. Where he really fell down was in the trips he made to New York twice a year to do his buying. On these trips he enjoyed the sensation of being entertained at other people's expense, and there was always someone in the wholesale trade to accommodate him. Bright young salesmen took him to lunch, to dinner and to the theater, which was certainly saving money for the retailer. But being at heart a good fellow, it was hard for him to act hard-boiled in his buying toward a salesman who had just played the part of generous host and frequently he bought far too liberally and with too little discretion.

It was in fact, the referee in bankruptcy told me, an incident of this sort that brought about the actual proceedings resulting in the young merchant's failure. It seems he had called on a certain wholesale firm during one of his trips to the metropolis; the firm had a job lot of goods on hand amounting to several thousand dollars and offered it to the young retailer on what seemed favorable terms. He considered the proposition carefully and turned it down, believing it was too big a thing for him to handle. The salesman who was waiting on him said nothing more about the big deal, but took his order for a few items he actually needed and then suggested that they have lunch together. It was an elaborate lunch at an expensive downtown club and took a long time to get through. Then the salesman suggested a ball game. After the game he said they might as well make an evening of it, so they went to a Broadway hotel for dinner and then to a theater. It was not until about midnight, when they were enjoying an after-theater supper, that the salesman again brought up the subject of the job-lot purchase.

Expansive and Expensive

"Why don't you let me ship you that bunch of stuff I was showing you this morning?" he said. "A man who does the big business that you do can sell out a lot like that in no time."

By this time the young retailer was in an expansive mood, quite different from that of the morning, when he had been so critically businesslike. The atmosphere of the restaurant was that of easy prosperity. He had beaten the game to the extent of three good meals, a ball game and a theater ticket, and the distributor of these blessings was opposite him, cordial and optimistic.

"All right," he said, "I guess I can use that job lot. You can have your people ship it out right away."

The shipment arrived in his home town almost as soon as he did. Already overstocked from other purchases, he did not have the money to pay when the bill fell due, and a suit resulted. Other wholesalers, alarmed at this turn of events, did likewise and the young retailer's business was toppled over.

Promoters of promiscuous industrial stocks have found that sales are helped immensely if they can make prospective clients believe they are getting something for nothing. A couple of years ago a corporation was formed in a Southern town for the announced purpose of manufacturing automobile tires. At first the promoters attempted to put over the sale of stock through appealing to local patriotism, but the livewire chamber-of-commerce members had just gone through the sad experience of having an automobile factory die on their hands that had promised to make a second Detroit out of the community, and so the tire promoters had little luck in selling stock on a basis of local patriotism. The promoters were in fact even refused membership in the chamber of commerce.

Less determined men might have given up and gone to some other town, but these merely changed their plans to suit conditions. They announced that, although the big men of the community did not appear to possess the vision through which great cities were built, yet this would in no way affect the progress of the enterprise.

"Instead of selling our stock to those already rich," the announcement stated, "we are going to give the plain people a chance—the people with $100 or $200 to

(Continued on Page 208)

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Hilab V-type has hard rawhide case, waterproof-cemented to oak leather. Always right depth in pulleys

Like in everything else, it's easy to believe that the coolest thing in motors is the one you got in your car. And if you got a Hilab Leather Fan Belt drivin' the fan, you're safe in bettin' a bit on it. But if you haven't got a Hilab on the job, you got a treat ahead of you.

It's sure freedom from a hot motor and hot language, because when you need it most, it's workin' hardest, hangin' on and gettin' all the breeze the fan's got. You just try one and see.

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Ask for "The Loom of Nature." It tells the story of Hilab superiority interestingly and convincingly

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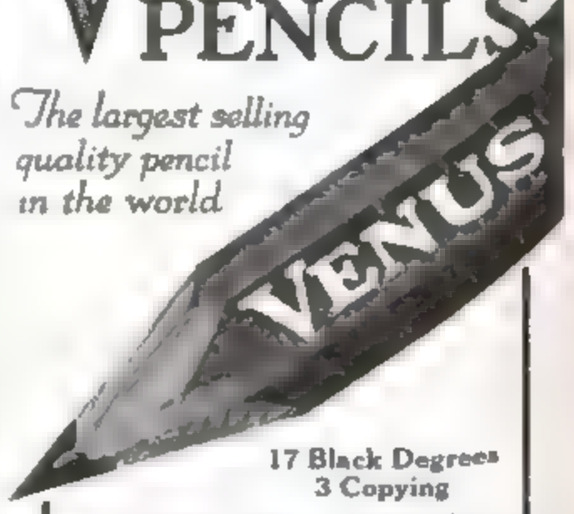

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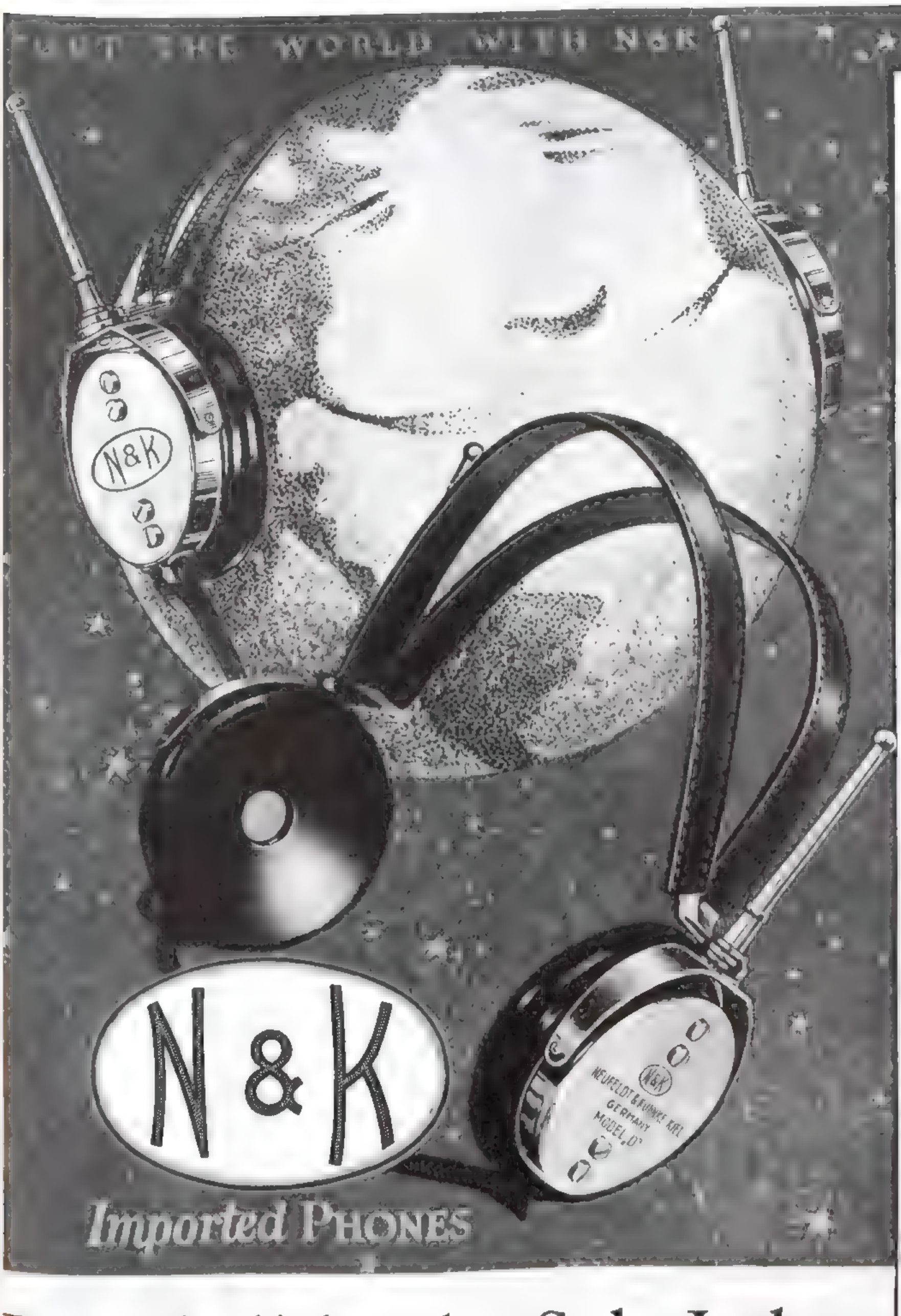

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	A. I. Namm & Son
	Royal Eastern Elec. Sup. Co.
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	J. Goldsmith & Sons
Milwaukee	Gimbel Brothers
Minneapolis	L. S. Donaldson Co.
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New Orleans	D. H. Holmes Co.
New York City	Davega (13 stores)
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	David Killoch Co.
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	J. L. Lewis, Inc.
	Haines-Zener Co.
	Haynes Griffin Radio Service, Inc.
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Omaha	Oakford Music Co.
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Peoria	Block & Kuhl Company
Philadelphia	Gimbel Brothers
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You shall be the Sole Judge

A Most Unusual Offer

TEST N & K Phones on your radio set alongside *any other phones made.* If the N & K Phones do not reproduce both high and low tones more perfectly, if they do not give a clearer, more mellow tone, if they do not fit more comfortably on the head, send them back to the store within three days, and your money will be promptly refunded. No obligation whatsoever will be incurred. *You shall be the sole judge.* The N & K Head Set, Model D, 4000 ohms, is the imported head set that the radio "fans" are all talking about. Larger diaphragms. Nickeled brass sound chamber. Leather covered bands. $8.50 at leading stores. Ask for descriptive folder.

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So easy to repair broken walls –and it costs so little

THE patch will stay. It will not shrink, crack, crumble or fall out. Have a package handy in the house.

It comes in handy cartons like prepared flour. Just add water. If your paint, wall-paper or hardware dealer hasn't it, mail coupon below. We will send you a 2½ lb. carton and you can pay the postman 30c plus the postage, on delivery.

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Rutland, Vermont

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Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B., Rutland, Vt.
Send by mail, collect, a 2½ lb. carton Rutland Patching Plaster. I give my dealer's name below.
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"Old Town Canoes"

A canoe that responds like a thing alive

ON QUIET waters the "Old Town" glides at the whim of your paddle. Swift, light, easy thrusts send it cutting through the glassy surface. Slow, lazy strokes keep it pointing on its course.

For "Old Town Canoes" are patterned after real Indian models. The red man's lore has given grace and speed and steadiness. "Old Town" construction has added sturdiness and great strength. "Old Town Canoes" are low in price too. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1924 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Send for your free copy to-day.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
403 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$1,000 to $4,000 investment required. Responsible company offers

[illegible] Kel-Lac Kompany, 120 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from Page 206)

invest and we are going to make it worth their while."

Just how good a chance the plain people were to get was divulged in the next statement:

"Every person who buys $100 worth of stock in our tire factory will be granted the privilege of buying tires for his or her own automobile at exactly half price!"

This sales plan proved a decided success. Flivver owners for miles around bought stock, lured by the prospect of getting something for nothing. Unfortunately they never had a chance to cash in on their bargain, because the tire factory never made any tires. The money ran out about the time the building was completed, and it now stands, an abandoned derelict, beside the railroad tracks, with all the windows broken.

"But," someone objects, "the fact that the promoters of the tire factory offered to sell tires at half price to their stockholders had nothing to do with the failure of the enterprise. Perhaps the promoters were poor business men and wasted the money; or perhaps they were crooked and stole the money; or perhaps the town was not suitable for such manufacturing; any one of a hundred things could have prevented the tire factory from succeeding. So why pick on a little thing like a promise to let stockholders have their tires at half price, and make out that to be the cause of the failure?"

The answer to this natural query is that the promise to let stockholders have their tires at half price was in itself pretty good evidence that the promoters were either poor business men or crooked business men, either kind having the same effect on any enterprise in the long run. It was a promise to give something for nothing, which can't be done.

There is no line of business where profits come large and easy. If by chance such a business should be discovered, so many people would rush into it that in no time the profits would be forced down to normal. Competition automatically makes it impossible for any enterprise to succeed if it is carrying a handicap. In the case of the tire factory the sales of tires at half price to stockholders would have been a handicap; it could not have afforded to do a part of its business at a loss and still keep up with competition. Either the promoters did not know this, in which case they were not competent business men, or else they knew it and didn't care, which was worse.

If in doubt about the desirability of investment in the stock of some new industrial enterprise, a pretty good idea is to inquire how much of a commission the promoter is getting on his sales. Competent authorities are agreed that 15 per cent is enough to cover the organization expenses of any enterprise that really expects to do a legitimate business. In some states there are laws forbidding organization expenses of more than that figure.

On a Fifty-Fifty Basis

This, of course, can only apply to corporations organized in the states where such laws are in effect, and cannot cover those chartered in other states. Manifestly the individuals who come to town and rent a storeroom in the business section to sell stock in some far-away corporation that promises huge dividends cannot do business on a very close margin. Recently I made the acquaintance of a couple of gentlemen who were operating a place on a principal business street in a large Eastern city, selling stock in a corporation that was preparing to manufacture a new mechanical device.

Their selling arrangements were first-class. On a platform in the middle of the storeroom was a model of the machine, and a handsomely dressed man delivered lectures on its merits and possibilities as a money-maker. His lecture contained frequent allusions to the profits that had been made by the fortunate persons who had first invested in telephone stock, in typewriter stock and in the stock of certain popular makes of automobiles. The familiar way in which he mentioned these things rather gave the impression that the gentleman had himself been personally interested in them all. During the lectures a dozen salesmen circulated among the crowd, and every once in a while one of them would separate some individual from the crowd and lead him back to the office at the rear to sign on the dotted line.

It was a lively scene, but one could not help wondering how the expenses of such an establishment could be met by a legitimate profit on the sales, for the rent of the storeroom was $100 a day, and other expenses ran the daily expenditures up to more than $300. The secret of it was that the profits were more than legitimate. The stock sold at fifty dollars a share, and each fifty-dollar sale was split two ways, the two gentlemen who ran the place getting half, and the other half going to the concern that was to manufacture the machines.

Purchasers of stock, therefore, got a fifty cents-on-the-dollar run for their money, besides taking chances that the machine would prove a money-maker after it was actually put on the market. As a matter of fact, the two promoters got even better than a fifty-fifty split, on account of a valuable by-product. They would, they told me at the close of their operations in the city, have a very valuable list of the names of clients which they could sell for a considerable sum to some other promoter.

In the field of town boosting, perhaps, there is more effort wasted in trying to beat the game than in any other activity. Many men who are conservative enough in their own lines have an idea that regular business rules are suspended in the matter of city building. A few years ago the boosters in a Western town, which had attained a population of 20,000, decided something ought to be done to hurry its growth, and someone suggested that the best thing would be to issue bonds and do a lot of paving. Municipal bond issues then were a less familiar thing than now, but the incentive was just the same; it appeared almost like getting something for nothing, because the bonds could be sold for cash, while the payments would be strung out into the distant future.

Making Progress Backwards

The boosters decided to do a good job while they were about it, and put over an issue of bonds big enough to pave all the streets in town, and some of the alleys. Then they got out literature which stated truthfully their's was the only city of 20,000 which could boast of fifty miles of paving, and sat back to watch the effect. But contrary to expectations, this improvement did not result in a rush of new factories and industrial plants or of moneyed citizens looking for investments. The population remained firm at 20,000, and bank clearings stayed at the old figures.

Things remained this way for a year or two, and then there began a pinch when the interest had to be met. The only way to meet the interest charges was by extra taxation, and taxes were already high enough. People who had bought property on installments began to surrender their equities and move away, and new citizens did not come in. Actual records show that in the course of three or four years the town lost a fourth of its population. It has now taken up the slack and is about where it was before the big paving venture; but the attempt to beat the game set the town back a good ten years.

Another town a few years ago became imbued with the spirit of progress and also resolved to lift itself by its boot straps. It was a good solid place of around 25,000 people, situated in the center of a rich farming country, and ought to have been a very satisfactory place to live in; but some of the more ardent spirits got to thinking that it ought to go ahead faster. The town had never done much in the way of manufacturing, which was natural, in as much as it had only a single railroad and was remote from supplies of raw materials and labor centers; but the optimists believed these handicaps might be overcome by hustling methods, and they set about to make their town a manufacturing center.

A boosters' club was formed from members of various civic organizations, and in preparation for their campaign a pageant was staged entitled The Burial of Old Man Mossback, which consisted of the mock interment of a dummy human figure with long whiskers, emblematic of the fact that reactionaries no longer had any place in the community, and if there were any such it was time for them to keep under cover. Then the boosters' club started out to raise the money for its campaign. For a month committees were out on the streets every day, soliciting subscriptions, not, as is usual in such events, merely taking in the storekeepers and other ground-floor tenants, but combing the office buildings for professional men and even going out into the residence

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districts. It was no use for a man to try to hide out from any committee, because the committeemen had instructions to keep on calling. Neither was it any use for any citizen to state that he was not interested in the movement; ways and means were somehow found to convince him that it was safer to align himself with the livewires.

By such thoroughgoing methods the boosters' club eventually raised more than $100,000, which was a good deal of money for such a sized town, and everything was set to gather in some new manufacturing enterprises. There was no trouble in getting offers, because as soon as it became known that the town had cash in hand with which to subsidize new factories, promoters came in on almost every train, willing to promote every conceivable sort of enterprise. But the boosters' club had passed a resolution which contained the very wise proviso that it would do business with no one who did not have some money of his own to invest; and as none of these eager promoters could meet that proviso, there was nothing doing. What the boosters' club really had in mind was to get in touch with some factory already doing business successfully elsewhere and induce it to come to town by the offer of additional capital. Eventually such a concern was found. It was a textile-manufacturing concern that had been doing business in a small town in another part of the state, and its owners intimated they might be induced to move if proper inducements were offered.

A committee from the boosters' club was appointed to make a personal investigation. Someone suggested that an expert in the line should be hired to accompany the committee; but when it was learned that such a man would charge $1000 for his services, the club decided to dispense with such assistance. This attempt to beat the game, it turned out later, was expensive economy.

The committee returned from its trip quite enthusiastic over the prospects. They reported that the factory was really a going concern, with a large number of customers on its books, turning out what appeared to be a good product, and the owners highly respected men in their home community. On the strength of this somewhat sketchy report it was voted to put up a factory building to be given free to the new enterprise and invest the balance of their fund in its stock.

It was a big day in town when the new factory was completed and ready for business. The Old Man Mossback pageant was repeated; only this time, when the procession moved down the main street, the effigy suddenly came to life, tore off his long whiskers and old clothes and stood revealed to the multitude as a handsomely dressed young man labeled Civic Progress. There was a song service at the factory just before the wheels were started, participated in by hundreds of school children, and the orator of the day stated emotionally that an enterprise begun under such charming circumstances could not fail to be tremendously successful.

Exposition Bubbles

A year and a half later the factory closed its doors, several circumstances contributing to this discouraging end. The concern, it appears, was rapidly going to seed at the time it accepted the town's offer. The committee was not experienced enough to detect it, but the machinery and equipment were antiquated and goods could not be turned out economically enough to compete with other factories. On this account it had been obliged to give extra-long credit terms to its customers, in order to get business, and a good many of these long-credit customers failed to pay their bills. Then when the change in location was effected, a number of the most skillful workmen refused to go along, and new help had to be broken in. Besides all this the boosters' club town was not suitable for such an enterprise. It was distinctly a farming community, in which there was little factory labor; it had no natural power, and on account of its location fuel was expensive; having only one railroad it was a poor distributing center. The boosters' club had tried to beat the game by letting desire stand in the way of plain business judgment, and the result was disastrous.

One does not have to be very old to remember the time when ambitious towns and cities believed they could boost themselves into quick prominence and prosperity by holding expositions. The Centennial at Philadelphia and the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago inspired a long series of similar events, some of them promoted by communities hardly big enough for the job.

Even the most successful expositions have usually failed to bring the full measure of profit expected by citizens of the communities, and in the case of both big ones and little ones the course of events follows a general trend. For a year or so in advance of the show there is pleasing activity, workmen coming in from everywhere to get the big wages offered by contractors, new hotels going up to take care of the expected onrush of exposition visitors, and real estate near the exposition grounds selling at fancy prices. But business during the months of the show is never quite up to expectations. The downtown hotels and restaurants are rushed, but there is seldom enough overflow to make profitable the enterprises promoted for the exposition period only.

All these things, and more, happened in the case of one small town that held a large exposition. Strictly speaking, the town tackled too big a proposition for its size as the citizens will now freely admit.

The big show was financed in the orthodox manner. As large a fund as possible was secured locally, and the state legislature was induced to appropriate as much more. Uncle Sam was talked out of a good-sized loan on the plea of the exposition's educational value, and also agreed to send a government exhibit. A few months before the opening date it looked as though operations might have to be stopped for lack of money, and the state legislature came to the rescue with another appropriation.

A Short-Lived Triumph

As the time for opening approached, the committee in charge realized the show was not going to be ready and there was some talk of putting it off for a year; but there was not enough money to carry it over, and so the show opened as scheduled, although there was nothing much to see except a lot of unfinished exhibit booths and large quantities of building materials scattered about the grounds.

Nevertheless, the opening day went off with considerable éclat and the committee had its hour of triumph, sandwiched in between two fearful periods of vexation. There were in attendance several governors, a couple of cabinet officers, half a dozen senators and other distinguished citizens. Such wheels as were ready were set in motion by the touch of a button in the White House itself. And more satisfying still to the harassed committee was the fact that 200,000 paying customers clicked through the turnstiles.

But there was a morning after. The distinguished citizens went away, and with them the companies of state militia and the one-day excursionists. Local people did not feel like attending again right away after the big opening events, especially after seeing how unfinished the show really was. The second day's attendance was a little over 1000.

Things dragged along at about this rate until midsummer, and the committee began to be deluged with bitter complaints from their fellow townspeople. Proprietors of temporary hotels and householders who had furnished extra rooms to take paying guests reported no business. Merchants who had stocked up heavily for tourist trade learned the oft-proved fact that people do not go to strange towns to spend large chunks of money. The average visitor who did come to town, it was bitterly charged, brought with him only a clean collar and a two-dollar bill—and changed neither.

There was one feature of the exposition that proved quite popular and might have prevented a total loss if handled right, but through an unfortunate attempt on the part of the committee to beat the game this, too, wound up in disaster. The popular feature of the exposition was the amusement street. Early in the game the committee had been advised by those who had gone through the exposition business in other cities that a professional showman should be engaged to handle the amusement concessions; but this they refused to do, feeling quite competent to run things without outside assistance.

Among the concessionaires on the Midway was an Oriental who went by the name of Abdullah and who operated a rather ambitious enterprise called a Street in Cairo. This Abdullah had paid a considerable lump

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his camel and young lady, and so the matter was settled by the committee telling him to go ahead as planned, but warning him if Abdullah entered a complaint the camel would have to be eliminated.

Abdullah entered no complaint; in fact he did not protest even when the Bagdad showman picked up a few extra fifty-cent pieces by renting out his camel for riding purposes, thus coming into direct competition with Abdullah's own enterprise. The committee was delighted to see such evidences of broadmindedness. The Midway part of the exposition did fairly well financially, showing in fact a handsome profit on the season, which the committee planned to apply to the liquidation of debts incurred in other features.

This was not to be. Immediately upon the close of the exposition Abdullah brought suit against the exposition management for $20,000 damages. In his complaint he set forth that the committee had held him strictly to his contract early in the season, when he himself was losing money; that he had paid a large sum for a concession which gave him the exclusive right to use camels on the exposition grounds, and this agreement had been deliberately broken.

There was, of course, no defense against these charges. The committee had tried to beat the game and failed in the attempt. Abdullah got judgment for the amount he asked, and the exposition management had to go again to the citizens for donations to wipe out the balance of the season's debts.

It was not until long afterward that the committee learned how really impossible it is to beat the game when those who try to beat it are amateurs and their opponent is a professional. Abdullah, it appeared, was the owner of both camel shows.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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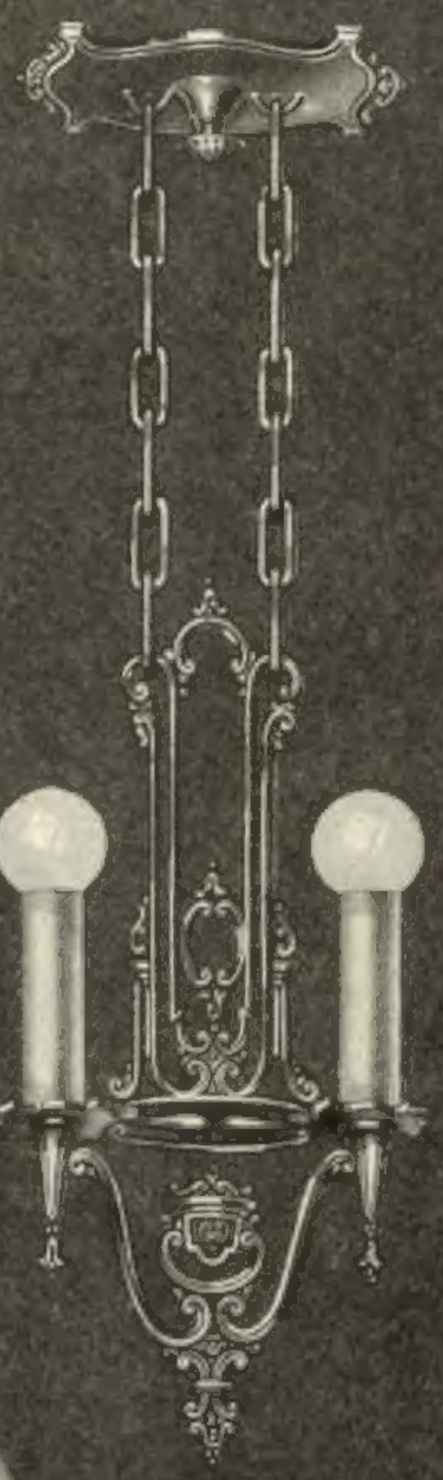

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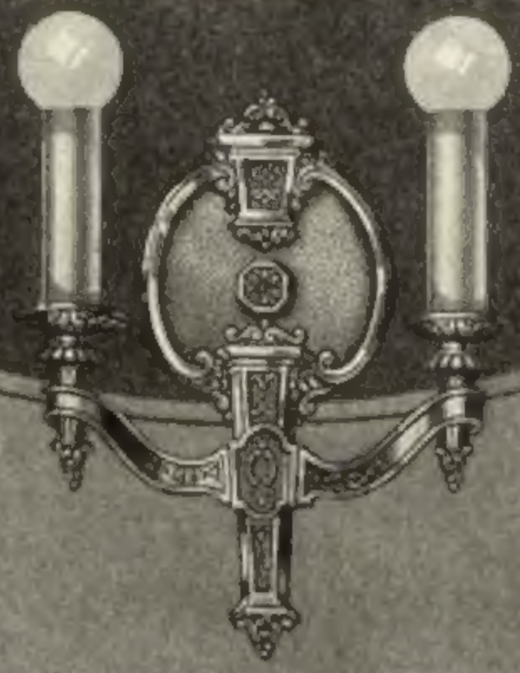

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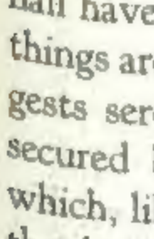

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Work and Time

Bathrooms take on new radiance when Old Dutch does the work. Bathtub, wash-bowl, mirror, floor and walls are made hygienically clean.

Old Dutch makes cleaning so much easier too, because its flat-shaped particles, made that way by nature, erase the dirt quickly and easily. It doesn't scratch and grind in the dirt, making cleaning more difficult.

Old Dutch saves time because every particle works. Economical because a little goes a long way. Millions of housewives know there is nothing else like it!

Doesn't hurt the hands